SPECIMENS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTICES,

AND

AN ESSAY ON ENGLISH POETRY.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. VII.

WHITEHEAD, 1785, TO ANSTEY, 1805

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
1819.

LONDON
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

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OF

VOL. VII.



WILLIAM WHITEHEAD.

BORN 1715.—DIED 1785.

William Whitehead was born in Cambridge. "It would be vain," says his biographer, Mason, the poet, "to conceal that he was of low extraction; "because the secret has been more than once "divulged by those who gain what they think an "honest livelihood by publishing the lives of the "living; and it would be injurious to his memory; "because his having risen much above the level of "his origin bespeaks an intrinsic merit, which mere "ancestry can never confer. Let it then be rather "boasted than whispered, that he was the son of a "baker." This is really making too much of a small thing. Every day certainly witnesses more wonderful events, than the son of a tradesman rising to the honours of a poet laureate, and the post of a travelling tutor. Why Mason should speak of the secret of his extraction being divulged, is difficult to conceive; unless we suppose that Whitehead was weak enough to have wished to conceal it; a suspicion, however, which it is not fair to indulge, when we look to the general respectability of his personal character, and to the honest pride which he evinced, in voluntarily discharging his father's debts. But, with all respect for Whitehead, be it observed, that

the annals of "*Baking*" can boast of much more illustrious individuals having sprung from the loins of its professors.

His father, however, was a man of taste and expenditure, much above the pitch of a baker. He spent most of his time in ornamenting a piece of ground, near Grantchester, which still goes by the name of *Whitehead's Folly;* and he left debts behind him at his death, that would have done honour to the prodigality of a poet. In consequence of his father dying in such circumstances, young Whitehead's education was accomplished with great difficulty, by the strictest economy on his own part, and the assistance of his mother, whose discharge of duty to him he has gratefully recorded. At the age of fourteen, he was put to Winchester school, upon the foundation. He was there distinguished by his love of reading, and by his facility in the production of English verse; and, before he was sixteen, he had written an entire comedy. When the Earl of Peterborough, accompanied by Pope, visited Winchester school, in the year 1733, he gave ten guineas, to be distributed in prizes among the boys. Pope prescribed the subject, which was 'Peterborough,' and young Whitehead was one of the six who shared the prize money. It would appear that Pope had distinguished him on this occasion, as the reputation of his notice was afterwards of advantage to Whitehead when he went to the university. He also gained some applause at Winchester for his powers of act-

ing, in the part of Marcia, in Cato. He was a graceful reciter; and is said to have been very handsome in his youth. Even his likeness, which is given in Mason's edition of his works, though it was taken when he was advanced in years, has an elegant and prepossessing countenance. It was observed, that his school friendships were usually contracted with youths superior to himself in station. Without knowing his individual associates, it is impossible to say whether vanity, worldly prudence, or a taste for refined manners, predominated in this choice; but it is observable, that he made his way to prosperity by such friendships, and he seems to have early felt that he had the power of acquiring them. At Winchester he was school-tutor to Mr. Wallop, afterwards Lord Lymington, son to the Earl of Portsmouth.

At the election to New College, in 1735, he was treated with some injustice, being placed too low in the roll of candidates; and was obliged to leave Winchester, without obtaining from thence a presentation to either university. He, however, obtained a scholarship at Clare-hall, Cambridge, from the very circumstance of that low extraction for which Mason apologizes. Being the orphan son of a baker, in Cambridge, he was thought the best entitled to be put on the foundation of Pyke, who had been of that trade and town. His scholarship was worth only four shillings a week: and he was admitted as a sizer; but the inferiority of his

station did not prevent his introduction to the best society; and, before he left the university, he made himself known by several publications, particularly by his "Essay on the Danger of writing Verse." Having obtained a fellowship, and a master's degree, he was on the point of taking orders, when his intention was prevented, in consequence of his being invited by the Earl of Jersey to be the domestic tutor of his son, Viscount Villiers. This situation was made peculiarly agreeable to him, by the kindness of the Jersey family, and by the abundant leisure which it afforded him, to pursue his studies, as well as to enjoy public amusements. From frequenting the theatre, he was led to attempt dramatic composition. His first effort was a little farce, on the subject of the Pretender, which has never been published. In 1750 he brought upon the stage a regular tragedy, the "Roman Father," an imitation of Corneille's Horace. Mason has employed a good deal of criticism on this drama, to prove something analogous to the connoisseur's remark in Goldsmith, "that the piece would have "been better, if the artist had bestowed more pains "upon it." It is acknowledged, at the same time, by his biographer, that the Roman Father was long enough in its author's hands to receive many alterations; but these had not been for the better. It was put through the mangle of Garrick's criticism; and he, according to Mason, was a lover of no beauties in a play, but those which gave an opportunity

for the display of his own powers of representing sudden and strong effects of passion. This remark of Mason accords with Johnson's complaint of Garrick's projected innovations in his own tragedy; "that fellow," he said, "wants me to make Mahomet mad, that he may have an opportunity of "tossing his hands, and kicking his heels." For the faults of the piece, however, it is but circuitous and conjectural justice to make Garrick responsible; and, among those faults, the mode of the heroine's death is not the slightest. After Corneille's heroine has been stabbed by her brother, she appears no more upon the stage. The piece, to be sure, drags heavily after this event; for, in fact, its interest is concluded. Whitehead endeavours to conquer this difficulty, by keeping her alive, after she has been wounded, in order to have a conference with her father, which she terminates by tearing the bandages off her wounds, and then expires. But the effect of her death by this process, is more disagreeable than even the tedium of Corneille's fifth act. It inspires us with a sore physical shuddering, instead of tragic commiseration [1].

In 1754 he brought out, at Drury Lane, his tragedy of "Creusa," a play which, though seldom read, and never acted, is by no means destitute of

[1] The directions for tearing of the bandages are given in Mason's edition of Whitehead's Works. I observe that in later editions of the play they are omitted; but still, with this improved attention [illegible] the heroine protracts her dying scene too long.

dramatic feeling and conception. The subject is taken from the "Ion" of Euripides; but with bold, and sometimes interesting alterations. In the Greek story, Creusa, Princess of Athens, who had been violated by Apollo, had concealed her shame by exposing her infant. She had afterwards married Xuthus, a military stranger, who, at her father's death, succeeded, in her right, to the throne of Athens. But their marriage-bed having proved fruitless, they arrive at Delphi, to consult the oracle for an heir. The oracle pronounces, that the first whom Xuthus shall meet in going out of the temple is his son. He meets with Ion, a youth of unknown parentage, who had been reared as a servant in the holy place, and who, in fact, is the child of Creusa, whom she had exposed. Xuthus embraces Ion for his son; and, comparing his age with the date of a love adventure, which he recollected in former times, concludes that Ion is the offspring of that amour. It is no sooner known that Xuthus has found a son of his own blood, than the tutor of Creusa exhorts the queen to resent this indignity on her childless state, and to rid herself of a stepson, who may embitter and endanger her future days. The tutor attempts to poison Ion, but fails —Creusa is pursued to the altar by her own son, who is with difficulty prevented from putting her to death; but a discovery of their consanguinity takes place—Minerva descends from heaven to confirm the proofs of it; and having predicted that Ion shall

reign in Athens, and prudently admonished the mother and son to let King Xuthus remain in the old belief of his being father to Ion, leaves the piece to conclude triumphantly.—Such is the bare outline of the ancient drama. Whitehead's story is entirely tragical, and stripped of miraculous agency. He gives a human father (Nicander) to (Ilyssus) the secret child of Creusa. This Nicander, the first lover of the lady, had, on the discovery of their attachment, been driven into banishment by Creusa's father, but had carried with him their new-born offspring: and both he and the infant were supposed to have been murdered in their flight from Athens. Nicander, however, had made his way to Delphi, had entrusted his child to the temple; and, living in the neighbourhood, passed (under the name of Aletes) for the tutor of the mysterious orphan. Having obtained a high character for sagacity, he was consulted by the priestess Pythia herself; and he is represented as having an influence upon her *responses*: (it is an English poet, we must recollect, and not a Greek one, who is telling the story). Meanwhile, Creusa having been forced to give her hand, without her heart, to Xuthus, is still a mourner, like Lady Randolph [1], when, at the end of eighteen years from the birth of Ilyssus, she comes to consult the oracle. Struck at the first

[1] If any recollection of Home's tragedy should occur to the reader of Whitehead's, it is but fair to remind him, that the play of Creusa was produced, a year or two earlier than that of Dou-

sight of Ilyssus, by his likeness to Nicander, she conceives an instinctive fondness for the youth. The oracle declares him heir to the throne of Athens; but this is accompanied with a rumour of bitter intelligence to Creusa, that he is really the son of Xuthus. Her Athenians are indignant at the suspicion of Xuthus's collusion with the oracle, to entail the sceptre of their kingdom on his foreign offspring. Her confidant (like the tutor in Euripides) rouses her pride as a queen, and her jealousy as a mother, against this intruder. He tries every artifice to turn her heart against Ilyssus; still she retains a partiality for him, and resists the proposal of attempting his life. At length, however, her husband insults her with expressing his triumph in his new-found heir, and reproaches her with the plebeian grave of the first object of her affection. In the first transport of her wrath she meets the Athenian enemy of Ion, and a guilty assent is wrung from her, that Ilyssus shall be poisoned at the banquet. Aletes, ignorant of the plot, had hitherto dreaded to disclose himself to Creusa, lest her agitation should prematurely interfere with his project of placing his son on the throne of Athens. He meets her, however, at last, and she swoons at recognizing him to be Nicander. When he tells her that Ilyssus is her son, she has in turn to unfold the dreadful confession of having consented to his death. She flies to the banquet, if possible, to avert his fate; and arrives in time to snatch the poisoned chalice from his hand. But though she

is thus rescued from remorse, she is not extricated from despair. To Nicander she has to say, "Am "I not Xuthus' wife: and what art thou!" She anticipates that the kingdom of Athens must be involved in bloodshed for her sake: one victim she deems would suffice, and determines that it shall be herself. Having, therefore, exacted an oath from Xuthus and the Athenians, that Ilyssus shall succeed to the throne of her fathers, she drinks of the fatal goblet.

The piece contains some strong situations; its language is unaffected; and it fixes the attention (if I may judge from my own experience) from the first to the last scene. The pure and holy character of the young Ilyssus is brought out, I have no hesitation to say, more interestingly than in Euripides, by the display of his reverential gratitude to the queen, upon the first tenderness which she shows him, and by the agony of his ingenuous spirit, on beholding it withdrawn. And, though Creusa's character is not unspotted, she draws our sympathy to some of the deepest conceivable agonies of human nature. I by no means wish to deny that the tragedy has many defects, or to speak of it as a great production; but it does not deserve to be consigned to oblivion.

The exhibition of Creusa was hardly over, when Whitehead was called upon to attend his pupil and Viscount Nuneham, son to Earl Harcourt, upon their travels. The two young noblemen were nearly of an age, and had been intimate from their childhood. They were both so much attached to Whitehead,

as to congratulate each other on his being appointed their common tutor. They continued abroad for about two years, during which they visited France, Italy, and Germany. In his absence, Lady Jersey made interest to obtain for him the offices of secretary and registrar of the order of the Bath. On his return to England, he was pressed by Lord Jersey to remain with the family; and he continued to reside with them for fourteen years, except during his visits to the seat of Lord Harcourt. His pupils, who had now sunk the idea of their governor in the more agreeable one of their friend, showed him through life unremitted marks of affection.

Upon the death of Cibber, in 1757, he succeeded to the place of poet laureate. The appointment had been offered to Gray as a sinecure; but it was not so when it was given to Whitehead. Mason wonders why this was the case, when George the Second had no taste for poetry. His wonder is quite misplaced. If the king had had a taste for poetry, he would have abolished the laureate odes. As he had not, they were continued. Our author's official lyrics are said by Mason to contain no fulsome panegyric, a fact for which I hope his word may be taken; for, to ascertain it by perusing the strains themselves, would be an alarming undertaking. But the laurel was to Whitehead no very enviable distinction. He had something more to pay for it than

"*His quit-rent ode, his peppercorn of praise.*"

At first he was assailed by the hostility of all the

petty tribe, among whom it is lamentable, as Gray remarks, to find beings capable of envying even a poet laureate. He stood their attacks for some time, without a sensible diminution of character; and his comedy of the "School for Lovers," which was brought out in 1762, before it was the fashion to despise him, was pretty well received, as an easy and chaste imitation of the manners of well-bred life. But in the same year the rabid satire of Churchill sorely smote his reputation. Poor Whitehead made no reply. Those who, with Mason, consider his silence as the effect of a pacific disposition, and not of imbecility, will esteem him the more for this forbearance, and will apply to it the maxim, *Rarum est eloquenter loqui varias eloquenter tacere.* Among his unpublished MSS. there were even found verses expressing a compliment to Churchill's talents. There is something, no doubt, very amiable in a good and candid man taking the trouble to cement rhymes upon the genius of a blackguard, who had abused him; but the effect of all this candour upon his own generation, reminds us how much more important it is, for a man's own advantage, that he should be formidable than harmless. His candour could not prevent his poetical character from being completely killed by Churchill. Justly, some will say, he was too stupid to resist his adversary. I have a different opinion, both as to the justice of his fate, and the cause of his abstaining from retaliation. He certainly wrote too many insipid things; but a tolerable se-

lection might be made from his works, that would discover his talents to be no legitimate object of contempt; and there is not a trait of arrogance or vanity, in any one of his compositions, that deserved to be publicly humiliated. He was not a satirist; but he wanted rather the gall than the ingenuity that is requisite for the character. If his heart had been full of spleen, he was not so wholly destitute of humour, as not to have been able to deal some hard blows at Churchill, whose private character was a broad mark; and even whose writings had many vapid parts that were easily assailable. Had Whitehead done so, the world would probably have liked him the better for his pugnacity. As it was, his name sunk into such a by-word of contempt, that Garrick would not admit his "Trip to Scotland" on the stage, unless its author was concealed. He also found it convenient to publish his pleasing tale, entitled "Variety," anonymously. The public applauded both his farce and his poem, because it was not known that they were Whitehead's.

In 1769 he obtained an unwilling permission from Lord Jersey to remove to private lodgings; though he was still a daily expected guest at his lordship's table in town; and he divided his summers between the country residences of the Jersey and Harcourt families. His health began to decline about his seventieth year, and in 1785 he was carried off by a complaint in his chest. His death was sudden, and his peaceable life was closed without a groan.

ILYSSUS MEETING CREUSA.

FROM HIS TRAGEDY OF CREUSA.

Persons.—*Creusa, Ilyssus.*

Ilyssus. PLEASE you, great queen,
In yon pavilion to repose, and wait
Th' arrival of the king.
Creusa. Lycea,—Phorbas,—
What youth is this? There's something in his eyes,
His shape, his voice.—What may we call thee, youth?
Ilyssus. The servant of the god who guards this fane.
Creusa. Bear'st thou no name?
Ilyssus. Ilyssus, gracious queen,
The priests and virgins call me.
Creusa. Ha! Ilyssus!
That name's Athenian. Tell me, gentle youth,
Art thou of Athens then?
Ilyssus. I have no country;
Nor know I whence I am.
Creusa. Who were thy parents?
Thy father, mother?
Ilyssus. Ever honour'd queen,
I never knew a mother's tender cares,
Nor heard th' instructions of a father's tongue.
Creusa. How cam'st thou hither?
Ilyssus. Eighteen years are past
Since in the temple's portal I was found
A sleeping infant.
Creusa. Eighteen years! good heaven!

That fatal time recals a scene of woe—
Let me not think.—Were there no marks to shew
From whom or whence thou wert?
Ilyssus. I have been told
An osier basket, such as shepherds weave,
And a few scatter'd leaves, were all the bed
And cradle I could boast.
Creusa. Unhappy child!
But more, O ten times more unhappy they
Who lost perhaps in thee their only offspring!
What pangs, what anguish, must the mother feel,
Compell'd, no doubt, by some disastrous fate—
—But this is all conjecture.—
Ilyssus. O great queen,
Had those from whom I sprung been form'd like thee,
Had they e'er felt the secret pangs of nature,
They had not left me to the desart world
So totally expos'd. I rather fear
I am the child of lowliness and vice,
And happy only in my ignorance.
—Why should she weep? O if her tears can fall
For ev'n a stranger's but suspected woes,
How is that people blest where she presides
As queen, and mother!—Please you, I retire?
Creusa. No, stay. Thy sentiments at least bespeak
A gen'rous education. Tell me, youth,
How has thy mind been form'd?
Ilyssus. In that, great queen,
I never wanted parents. The good priests
And pious priestess, who with care sustain'd

My helpless infancy, left not my youth
Without instruction. But O, more than all,
The kindest, best good man, a neighb'ring sage,
Who has known better days, though now retir'd
To a small cottage on the mountain's brow,
He deals his blessings to the simple swains
In balms and powerful herbs. He taught me things
Which my soul treasures as its dearest wealth,
And will remember ever. The good priests,
'Tis true, had taught the same, but not with half
That force and energy; conviction's self
Dwelt on Aletes' tongue.

Creusa. Aletes, said'st thou?
Was that the good man's name?

Ilyssus. It is, great queen,
For yet he lives, and guides me by his counsels.

Creusa. What did he teach thee?

Ilyssus. To adore high heaven,
And venerate on earth heaven's image, truth!
To feel for others' woes, and bear my own
With manly resignation.—Yet I own
Some things he taught me, which but ill agree
With my condition here.

Creusa. What things were those?

Ilyssus. They were for exercise, and to confirm
My growing strength. And yet I often told him
The exercise he taught resembled much
What I had heard of war. He was himself
A warrior once.

Creusa. And did those sports delight thee?

Ilyssus. Great queen, I do confess, my soul mix'd with them.
Whene'er I grasp'd the osier-platted shield,
Or sent the mimic javelin to its mark,
I felt I know not what of manhood in me.
But then I knew my duty, and repress'd
The swelling ardour. 'Tis to shades, I cried,
The servant of the temple must confine
His less ambitious, not less virtuous cares.

Creusa. Did the good man observe, and blame thy ardour?

Ilyssus. He only smil'd at my too forward zeal;
Nay, seem'd to think such sports were necessary
To soften, what he call'd, more rig'rous studies.

Creusa.—Suppose when I return to Athens, youth,
Thou should'st attend me thither! would'st thou trust
To me thy future fortunes?

Ilyssus. O most gladly!
—But then to leave these shades where I was nurs'd
The servant of the god, how might that seem?
And good Aletes too, the kind old man
Of whom I spake?—But wherefore talk I thus,
You only throw these tempting lures to try
Th' ambition of my youth.—Please you, retire.

Creusa. Ilyssus, we will find a time to speak
More largely on this subject; for the present
Let all withdraw and leave us. Youth, farewel,
I see the place, and will retire at leisure.
Lycea, Phorbas, stay.

Ilyssus. (Aside.) How my heart beats!

She must mean something sure. Tho' good Aletes
Has told me polish'd courts abound in falsehood.
But I will bear the priestess' message to him,
And open all my doubts. [*Exit.*

VARIETY.

A TALE FOR MARRIED PEOPLE.

A GENTLE maid, of rural breeding,
By Nature first, and then by reading,
Was fill'd with all those soft sensations
Which we restrain in near relations,
Lest future husbands should be jealous,
And think their wives too fond of fellows.
The morning sun beheld her rove
A nymph, or goddess of the grove!
At eve she pac'd the dewy lawn,
And call'd each clown she saw, a faun!
Then, scudding homeward, lock'd her door,
And turn'd some copious volume o'er.
For much she read; and chiefly those
Great authors, who in verse, or prose,
Or something betwixt both, unwind
The secret springs which move the mind.
These much she read; and thought she knew
The human heart's minutest clue;
Yet shrewd observers still declare,
(To shew how shrewd observers are)

Though plays, which breath'd heroic flame,
And novels, in profusion, came,
Imported fresh and fresh from France,
She only read the heart's romance.
The world, no doubt, was well enough
To smooth the manners of the rough;
Might please the giddy and the vain,
Those tinsel'd slaves of folly's train:
But, for her part, the truest taste
She found was in retirement plac'd,
Where, as in verse it sweetly flows,
" On every thorn instruction grows."
Not that she wish'd to " be alone,"
As some affected prudes have done;
She knew it was decreed on high
We should " increase and multiply;"
And therefore, if kind Fate would grant
Her fondest wish, her only want,
A cottage with the man she lov'd
Was what her gentle heart approv'd;
In some delightful solitude
Where step profane might ne'er intrude;
But Hymen guard the sacred ground,
And *virtuous* Cupids hover round.
Not such as flutter on a fan
Round Crete's vile bull, or Leda's swan,
(Who scatter myrtles, scatter roses,
And hold their fingers to their noses)
But simp'ring, mild, and innocent
As angels on a monument.

Fate heard her pray'r: a lover came,
Who felt, like her, th' innoxious flame;
One who had trod, as well as she,
The flow'ry paths of poesy;
Had warm'd himself with Milton's heat,
Could ev'ry line of Pope repeat,
Or chant in Shenstone's tender strains,
" The lover's hopes," " the lover's pains."
Attentive to the charmer's tongue,
With him she thought no evening long;
With him she saunter'd half the day;
And sometimes, in a laughing way,
Ran o'er the catalogue by rote
Of who might marry, and who not;
" Consider, sir, we 're near relations—"
" I hope so in our inclinations."—
In short, she look'd, she blush'd consent;
He grasp'd her hand, to church they went;
And ev'ry matron that was there,
With tongue so voluble and supple,
Said, for her part, she must declare,
She never saw a finer couple.
O Halcyon days! 'Twas Nature's reign,
'Twas Tempe's vale, and Enna's plain,
The fields assum'd unusual bloom,
And ev'ry zephyr breath'd perfume.
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danc'd lightly on th' exulting streams;
And the pale regent of the night,
In dewy softness shed delight.

'Twas transport not to be exprest;
'Twas Paradise!——But mark the rest.
Two smiling springs had wak'd the flow'rs
That paint the meads, or fringe the bow'rs,
(Ye lovers, lend your wond'ring ears,
Who count by months, and not by years)
Two smiling springs had chaplets wove
To crown their solitude, and love:
When lo, they find, they can't tell how,
Their walks are not so pleasant now.
The seasons sure were chang'd; the place
Had, some how, got a diff'rent face.
Some blast had struck the cheerful scene;
The lawns, the woods, were not so green.
The purling rill, which murmur'd by,
And once was liquid harmony,
Became a sluggish, reedy pool:
The days grew hot, the ev'nings cool.
The moon, with all the starry reign,
Were melancholy's silent train.
And then the tedious winter night—
They could not read by candle-light.
Full oft, unknowing why they did,
They call'd in adventitious aid.
A faithful fav'rite dog ('twas thus
With Tobit and Telemachus)
Amus'd their steps; and for a while
They view'd his gambols with a smile.
The kitten too was comical,
She play'd so oddly with her tail,

Or in the glass was pleas'd to find
Another cat, and peep'd behind.
  A courteous neighbour at the door
Was deem'd intrusive noise no more.
For rural visits, now and then,
Are right, as men must live with men.
Then cousin Jenny, fresh from town,
  A new recruit, a dear delight!
Made many a heavy hour go down,
  At morn, at noon, at eve, at night:
Sure they could hear her jokes for ever,
She was so sprightly, and so clever!
  Yet neighbours were not quite the thing;
What joy, alas! could converse bring
With awkward creatures bred at home—
The dog grew dull, or troublesome.
The cat had spoil'd the kitten's merit,
And, with her youth, had lost her spirit.
And jokes repeated o'er and o'er,
Had quite exhausted Jenny's store.
—"And then, my dear, I can't abide
This always saunt'ring side by side."
"Enough!" he cries, "the reason's plain:
For causes never rack your brain.
Our neighbours are like other folks,
Skip's playful tricks, and Jenny's jokes,
Are still delightful, still would please,
Were we, my dear, ourselves at ease.
Look round, with an impartial eye,
On yonder fields, on yonder sky;

The azure cope, the flow'rs below,
With all their wonted colours glow.
The rill still murmurs; and the moon
Shines, as she did, a softer sun.
No change has made the seasons fail,
No comet brush'd us with his tail.
The scene's the same, the same the weather—.
We live, my dear, too much together."
Agreed. A rich old uncle dies,
And added wealth the means supplies.
With eager haste to town they flew,
Where all must please, for all was new.
But here, by strict poetic laws,
Description claims its proper pause.
The rosy morn had rais'd her head
From old Tithonus' saffron bed;
And embryo sunbeams from the east,
Half chok'd, were struggling through the mist,
When forth advanc'd the gilded chaise,
The village crowded round to gaze.
The pert postillion, now promoted
From driving plough, and neatly booted,
His jacket, cap, and baldric on,
(As greater folks than he have done)
Look'd round; and, with a coxcomb air,
Smack'd loud his lash. The happy pair
Bow'd graceful, from a sep'rate door,
And Jenny, from the stool before.
Roll swift, ye wheels! to willing eyes
New objects ev'ry moment rise.

Each carriage passing on the road,
From the broad waggon's pond'rous load
To the light car, where mounted high
The giddy driver seems to fly,
Were themes for harmless satire fit,
And gave fresh force to Jenny's wit.
Whate'er occurr'd, 'twas all delightful,
No noise was harsh, no danger frightful.
The dash and splash through thick and thin,
The hair-breadth 'scapes, the bustling inn,
(Where well-bred landlords were so ready
To welcome in the 'squire and lady.)
Dirt, dust, and sun, they bore with ease,
Determin'd to be pleas'd, and please.
Now nearer town and all agog
They know dear London by its fog.
Bridges they cross, through lanes they wind,
Leave Hounslow's dang'rous heath behind,
Through Brentford win a passage free
By roaring, " Wilkes and Liberty!"
At Knightsbridge bless the short'ning way,
(Where Bays's troops in ambush lay)
O'er Piccadilly's pavement glide,
(With palaces to grace its side)
Till Bond-street with its lamps a-blaze
Concludes the journey of three days.
Why should we paint, in tedious song,
How ev'ry day, and all day long,
They drove at first with curious haste
Through Lud's vast town; or, as they pass'd

Midst risings, fallings, and repairs
Of streets on streets, and squares on squares
Describe how strong their wonder grew
At buildings—and at builders too?
Scarce less astonishment arose
At architects more fair than those—
Who built as high, as widely spread
Th' enormous loads that cloth'd their head.
For British dames new follies love,
And, if they can't invent, improve.
Some with erect pagodas vie,
Some nod, like Pisa's tow'r, awry,
Medusa's snakes, with Pallas' crest,
Convolv'd, contorted, and compress'd;
With intermingling trees, and flow'rs,
And corn, and grass, and shepherds' bow'rs
Stage above stage the turrets run,
Like pendent groves of Babylon,
Till nodding from the topmost wall
Otranto's plumes envelope all!
Whilst the black ewes, who own'd the hair,
Feed harmless on, in pastures fair,
Unconscious that *their* tails perfume,
In scented curls, the drawing-room.
When Night her murky pinions spread,
And sober folks retire to bed,
To ev'ry public place they flew,
Where Jenny told them who was who
Money was always at command,
And tripp'd with pleasure hand in hand

Money was equipage, was show,
Gallini's, Almack's, and Soho;
The *passe par tout* through ev'ry vein
Of dissipation's hydra reign.
O London, thou prolific source,
Parent of vice, and folly's nurse!
Fruitful as Nile thy copious springs
Spawn hourly births,—and all with stings:
But happiest far the he, or she,
I know not which, that livelier dunce
Who first contriv'd the coterie,
To crush domestic bliss at once.
Then grinn'd, no doubt, amidst the dames,
As Nero fiddled to the flames.
Of thee, Pantheon, let me speak
With rev'rence, though in numbers weak;
Thy beauties satire's frown beguile,
We spare the follies for the pile.
Flounc'd, furbelow'd, and trick'd for show,
With lamps above, and lamps below,
Thy charms even modern taste defied,
They could not spoil thee, though they tried.
Ah, pity that Time's hasty wings
Must sweep thee off with vulgar things!
Let architects of humbler name
On *frail* materials build their fame,
Their noblest works the world might want,
Wyatt should build in adamant.
But what are these to scenes which lie
Secreted from the vulgar eye,

And baffle all the pow'rs of song?—
A brazen throat, an iron tongue,
(Which poets wish for, when at length
Their subject soars above their strength)
Would shun the task. Our humbler Muse,
(Who only reads the public news,
And idly utters what she gleans
From chronicles and magazines)
Recoiling feels her feeble fires,
And blushing to her shades retires.
Alas! she knows not how to treat
The finer follies of the great,
Where ev'n, Democritus, thy sneer
Were vain as Heraclitus' tear.
Suffice it that by just degrees
They reach'd all heights, and rose with ease
(For beauty wins its way, uncall'd,
And ready dupes are ne'er black-ball'd)
Each gambling dame she knew, and he
Knew every shark of quality;
From the grave, cautious few, who live
On thoughtless youth, and living thrive,
To the light train who mimic France,
And the soft sons of *nonchalance*.
While Jenny, now no more of use,
Excuse succeeding to excuse,
Grew piqued, and prudently withdrew
To shilling whist, and chicken loo.
Advanc'd to fashion's wav'ring head,
They now, where once they follow'd, led

Devis'd new systems of delight,
A-bed all day, and up all night,
In diff'rent circles reign'd supreme.
Wives copied her, and husbands him;
Till so *divinely* life ran on,
So separate, so quite *bon-ton*,
That meeting in a public place,
They scarcely knew each other's face.
At last they met, by his desire,
A tête-à-tête across the fire;
Look'd in each other's face awhile,
With half a tear, and half a smile.
The ruddy health, which wont to grace
With manly glow his rural face,
Now scarce retain'd its faintest streak;
So sallow was his leathern cheek.
She lank, and pale, and hollow-ey'd,
With *rouge* had striven in vain to hide
What once was beauty, and repair
The rapine of the midnight air.
Silence is eloquence, 'tis said.
Both wish'd to speak, both hung the head.
At length it burst.——" 'Tis time," he cries,
" When tir'd of folly, to be wise.
Are you too tir'd?"—then check'd a groan.
She wept consent, and he went on.
" How delicate the married life!
You love your husband, I my wife.
Not ev'n satiety could tame,
Nor dissipation quench the flame.

"True to the bias of our kind
'Tis happiness we wish to find.
In rural scenes retir'd we sought
In vain the dear, delicious draught,
Though blest with love's indulgent store,
We found we wanted something more.
'Twas company, 'twas friends to share
The bliss we languish'd to declare.
'Twas social converse, change of scene,
To soothe the sullen hour of spleen;
Short absences to wake desire,
And sweet regrets to fan the fire.
"We left the lonesome place; and found,
In dissipation's giddy round,
A thousand novelties to wake
The springs of life and not to break.
As, from the nest not wand'ring far,
In light excursions through the air,
The feather'd tenants of the grove
Around in mazy circles move,
(Sip the cool springs that murm'ring flow,
Or taste the blossom on the bough)
We sported freely with the rest;
And, still returning to the nest,
In easy mirth we chatted o'er
The trifles of the day before.
"Behold us now, dissolving quite
In the full ocean of delight;
In pleasures ev'ry hour employ,
Immers'd in all the world calls joy;

Our affluence easing the expense
Of splendour, and magnificence;
Our company, the exalted set
Of all that's gay, and all that's great:
Nor happy yet!—and where's the wonder!—
We live, my dear, too much asunder."

The moral of my tale is this,
Variety's the soul of bliss.
But such variety alone
As makes our home the more our own.
As from the heart's impelling pow'r
The life-blood pours its genial store;
Though, taking each a various way,
The active streams meand'ring play
Through ev'ry artery, ev'ry vein,
All to the heart return again;
From thence resume their new career,
But still return, and centre there:
So real happiness below
Must from the heart sincerely flow;
Nor, list'ning to the syren's song,
Must stray too far, or rest too long.
All human pleasures thither tend;
Must there begin, and there must end;
Must there recruit their languid force,
And gain fresh vigour from their source.

RICHARD GLOVER.

BORN 1712.—DIED 1785.

RICHARD GLOVER was the son of a Hamburgh merchant, in London, and was born in St. Martin's-lane, Cannon-street. He was educated at the school of Cheam, in Surrey; but, being intended for trade, was never sent to the university. This circumstance did not prevent him from applying assiduously to classical learning; and he was, in the competent opinion of Dr. Warton, one of the best Greek scholars of his time. This fact is worth mentioning, as it exhibits how far a determined mind may connect the pursuits, and even distinctions of literature, with an active employment. His first poetical effort was a poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, which was written at the age of sixteen; and which his friend, Dr. Pemberton, thought fit to prefix to a "View of the Newtonian Philosophy," which he published Dr. Pemberton, who was a man of more science than taste, on this and on some other occasions, addressed the public with critical eulogies on the genius of Glover, written with an excess of admiration, which could be pardoned only for its sincerity. It gives us a higher idea of the youthful promises of his mind, to find that the intelligent poet Green had the same prepossession in his favour. Green says of him, in the "Spleen,"

"But there's a youth, that you can name,
"Who needs no leading-strings to fame;
"Whose quick maturity of brain,
"The birth of Pallas may explain."

At the age of twenty-five he published nine books of his "Leonidas." The poem was immediately taken up with ardour by Lord Cobham, to whom it was inscribed, and by all the readers of verse, and leaders of politics, who professed the strongest attachment to liberty. It ran rapidly through three editions, and was publicly extolled by the pen of Fielding, and by the lips of Chatham. Even Swift, in one of his letters from Ireland, drily inquires of Pope, "*who is this Mr. Glover who writ 'Leonidas,' "which is reprinting here, and hath great vogue?*" Over-rated as "Leonidas" might be, Glover stands acquitted of all attempts or artifice to promote its popularity by false means. He betrayed no irritation in the disputes which were raised about its merit; and his personal character appears as respectable in the ebb as in the flow of his poetical reputation.

In the year 1739 he published his poem "London; or the Progress of Commerce," in which, instead of selecting some of those interesting views of the progress of social life and civilization, which the subject might have afforded, he confined himself to exciting the national spirit against the Spaniards. This purpose was better effected by his nearly cotemporary ballad of "Hosier's Ghost."

His talents and politics introduced him to the notice and favour of Frederick, Prince of Wales, whilst he maintained an intimate friendship with the chiefs of the opposition. In the mean time, he pursued the business of a merchant in the city, and was an able auxiliary to his party by his eloquence at public meetings, and by his influence with the mercantile body. Such was the confidence in his knowledge and talents, that in 1743 the merchants of London deputed him to plead, in behalf of their neglected rights, at the bar of the house of commons, a duty which he fulfilled with great ability. In 1744, he was offered an employment of a very different kind, being left a bequest of 500*l.* by the Duchess of Marlborough, on condition of his writing the duke's life, in conjunction with Mallet. He renounced this legacy, while Mallet accepted it, but never fulfilled the terms. Glover's rejection of the offer was the more honourable, as it came at a time when his own affairs were so embarrassed, as to oblige him to retire from business, for several years, and to lead a life of the strictest economy. During his distresses, he is said to have received from the Prince of Wales, a present of 500*l.* In the year 1751, his friends in the city made an attempt to obtain for him the office of city chamberlain; but he was unfortunately not named as a candidate, till the majority of votes had been engaged to Sir Thomas Harrison. The speech which he made to the livery on this occasion did him much honour, both for the liberality with which he spoke of his success-

ful opponent, and for the manly but unassuming manner in which he expressed the consciousness of his own integrity, amidst his private misfortunes, and asserted the merit of his public conduct as a citizen. The name of Guildhall is certainly not apt to inspire us with high ideas either of oratory, or of personal sympathy; yet there is something in the history of this transaction, which increases our respect, not only for Glover, but for the scene itself, in which his eloquence is said to have warmly touched his audience with a feeling of his worth as an individual, of his spirit as a politician, and of his powers as an accomplished speaker. He carried the sentiments and endowments of a polished scholar into the most popular meeting of trading life, and showed that they could be welcomed there. Such men elevate the character of a mercantile country.

During his retirement from business, he finished his tragedy of "Boadicea," which was brought out at Drury Lane in 1753, and was acted for nine nights, it is said, successfully, perhaps a misprint for successively. Boadicea is certainly not a contemptible drama: it has some scenes of tender interest between Venusia and Dumnorix; but the defectiveness of its incidents, and the phrenzied character of the British queen, render it, upon the whole, unpleasing. Beaumont and Fletcher, in their play on the same subject, have left Boadicea, with all her rashness and revengeful disposition, still a heroine; but Glover makes her a beldam and a fury, whom we

could scarcely condemn the Romans for having carted. The disgusting novelty of this impression is at variance with a traditionary regard for her name, from which the mind is unwilling to part. It is told of an eminent portrait-painter, that the picture of each individual, which he took, had some resemblance to the last sitter: when he painted a comic actress, she resembled a doctor of divinity, because his imagination had not yet been delivered of the doctor. The converse of this seems to have happened to Glover. He anticipated the hideous traits of Medea, when he produced the British queen. With a singular degree of poetical injustice, he leans to the side of compassion in delineating Medea, a monster of infanticide, and prepossesses us against a high-spirited woman, who avenged the wrongs of her country, and the violation of her daughters. His tragedy of "Medea" appeared in 1761; and the spirited acting of Mrs. Yates gave it considerable effect.

In his later years, his circumstances were greatly improved, though we are not informed from what causes. He returned again to public life; was elected to parliament, and there distinguished himself, whenever mercantile prosperity was concerned, by his knowledge of commerce, and his attention to its interests. In 1770 he enlarged his "Leonidas" from nine to twelve books, and afterwards wrote its sequel, the "Athenaid," and a sequel to "Medea." The latter was never acted, and the former seldom

read. The close of his life was spent in retirement from business, but amidst the intimacy of the most eminent scholars of his time.

Some contemporary writers, calling themselves critics, preferred " Leonidas" in its day to " Paradise Lost;" because it had smoother versification, and fewer hard words of learning. The re-action of popular opinion, against a work that has been once over-rated, is apt to depress it beneath its just estimation. It is due to " Leonidas" to say, that its narrative, descriptions, and imagery, have a general and chaste congruity with the Grecism of its subject. It is far, indeed, from being a vivid or arresting picture of antiquity; but it has an air of classical taste and propriety in its design; and it sometimes places the religion and manners of Greece in a pleasing and impressive light. The poet's description of Dithyrambus making his way from the cave of Œta, by a secret ascent, to the temple of the Muses, and bursting, unexpectedly, into the hallowed presence of their priestess Melissa, is a passage fraught with a considerable degree of the fanciful and beautiful in superstition. The abode of Oïleus is also traced with a suavity of local description, which is not unusual to Glover; and the speech of Melissa, when she first receives the tidings of her venerable father's death, supports a fine consistency with the august and poetical character which is ascribed to her.

"A sigh
"Broke from her heart, these accents from her lips.
"The full of days and honours through the gate
"Of painless slumber is retir'd. His tomb
"Shall stand among his fathers, in the shade
"Of his own trophies. Placid were his days,
"Which flow'd through blessings. As a river pure,
"Whose sides are flow'ry, and whose meadows fair,
"Meets in his course a subterranean void;
"There dips his silver head, again to rise,
"And, rising, glide through flow'rs and meadows new;
"So shall Oïleus in those happier fields,
"Where never gloom of trouble shades the mind.

The undeniable fault of the entire poem is, that it wants impetuosity of progress, and that its characters are without warm and interesting individuality. What a great genius might have made of the subject it may be difficult to pronounce by supposition; for it is the very character of genius to produce effects which cannot be calculated. But imposing as the names of Leonidas and Thermopylæ may appear, the subject which they formed for an epic poem was such, that we cannot wonder at its baffling the powers of Glover. A poet, with such a theme, was furnished indeed with a grand outline of actions and sentiments; but how difficult was it, after all that books could teach him, to give the close and veracious

appearance of life to characters and manners beheld so remotely on the verge of the horizon of history! What difficulty to avoid coldness and generality, on the one hand, if he delineated his human beings only with the manners which history could authenticate; and to shun grotesqueness and inconsistency on the other, if he filled up the vague outline of the antique with the particular and familiar traits of modern life! Neither Fenelon, with all his genius, nor Barthelemy, with all his learning, have kept entirely free of this latter fault of incongruity, in modernizing the aspect of ancient manners. The characters of Barthelemy, in particular, often remind us of statues in modern clothes. Glover has not fallen into this impurity; but his purity is cold: his heroes are like outlines of Grecian faces, with no distinct or minute physiognomy. They are not so much poetical characters, as historical recollections. There are, indeed, some touches of spirit in Artemisia's character, and of pathos in the episode of Teribazus; but Leonidas is too good a Spartan, and Xerxes too bad a Persian, to be pitied; and most of the subordinate agents, that fall or triumph in battle, only load our memories with their names. The local descriptions of "Leonidas," however, its pure sentiments, and the classical images which it recals, render it interesting, as the monument of an accomplished and amiable mind.

OPENING OF THE POEM—OFFER OF LEONIDAS TO DEVOTE HIMSELF FOR HIS COUNTRY.

FROM LEONIDAS, BOOK I.

THE virtuous Spartan, who resign'd his life
To save his country at th' Œtæan straits,
Thermopylæ, when all the peopled east
In arms with Xerxes fill'd the Grecian plains,
O Muse, record! The Hellespont they pass'd,
O'erpow'ring Thrace. The dreadful tidings swift
To Corinth flew. Her Isthmus was the seat
Of Grecian council. Alpheus thence returns
To Lacedemon. In assembly full
He finds the Spartan people with their kings;
Their kings, who boast an origin divine,
From Hercules descended. They the sons
Of Lacedemon had conven'd, to learn
The sacred mandates of th' immortal gods,
That morn expected from the Delphian dome.
But Alpheus sudden their attention drew,
And thus address'd them: For immediate war,
My countrymen, prepare. Barbarian tents
Already fill the trembling bounds of Thrace.
The Isthmian council hath decreed to guard
Thermopylæ, the Locrian gate of Greece.
Here Alpheus paus'd. Leutychides, who shar'd
With great Leonidas the sway, uprose
And spake. Ye citizens of Sparta, hear.
Why from her bosom should Laconia send

Her valiant race to wage a distant war
Beyond the Isthmus? There the gods have plac'd
Our native barrier. In this favour'd land,
Which Pelops govern'd, us of Doric blood
That Isthmus inaccessible secures.
There let our standards rest. Your solid strength,
If once you scatter in defence of states
Remote and feeble, you betray your own,
And merit Jove's derision. With assent
The Spartans heard. Leonidas replied:
O most ungen'rous counsel! Most unwise!
Shall we, confining to that Isthmian fence
Our efforts, leave beyond it ev'ry state
Disown'd, expos'd? Shall Athens, while her fleets
Unceasing watch th' innumerable foes,
And trust th' impending dangers of the field
To Sparta's well-known valour, shall she hear,
That to barbarian violence we leave
Her unprotected walls? Her hoary sires,
Her helpless matrons, and their infant race,
To servitude and shame? Her guardian gods
Will yet preserve them. Neptune o'er his main,
With Pallas, pow'r of wisdom, at their helms,
Will soon transport them to a happier clime,
Safe from insulting foes, from false allies,
And Eleutherian Jove will bless their flight.
Then shall we feel the unresisted force
Of Persia's navy, deluging our plains
With inexhausted numbers. Half the Greeks,
By us betray'd to bondage, will support

A Persian lord, and lift th' avenging spear
For our destruction. But, my friends, reject
Such mean, such dang'rous counsels, which would
blast
Your long-establish'd honours, and assist
The proud invader. O eternal king
Of gods and mortals, elevate our minds!
Each low and partial passion thence expel!
Greece is our gen'ral mother. All must join
In her defence, or, sep'rate, each must fall.
This said, authority and shame control'd
The mute assembly. Agis too appear'd.
He from the Delphian cavern was return'd,
Where, taught by Phœbus on Parnassian cliffs,
The Pythian maid unfolded Heav'n's decrees.
He came; but discontent and grief o'ercast
His anxious brow. Reluctant was his tongue,
Yet seem'd full charg'd to speak. Religious dread
Each heart relax'd. On ev'ry visage hung
Sad expectation. Not a whisper told
The silent fear. Intensely all were fix'd,
All still as death, to hear the solemn tale.
As o'er the western waves, when ev'ry storm
Is hush'd within its cavern, and a breeze,
Soft-breathing, lightly with its wings along
The slacken'd cordage glides, the sailor's ear
Perceives no sound throughout the vast expanse;
None, but the murmurs of the sliding prow,
Which slowly parts the smooth and yielding main:
So through the wide and listening crowd no sound,

No voice, but thine, O Agis, broke the air!
While thus the issue of thy awful charge
Thy lips deliver'd. Spartans, in your name
I went to Delphi. I inquir'd the doom
Of Lacedemon from th' impending war,
When in these words the deity replied:
"Inhabitants of Sparta, Persia's arms
"Shall lay your proud and ancient seat in dust;
"Unless a king, from Hercules deriv'd,
"Cause Lacedemon for his death to mourn."
As when the hand of Perseus had disclos'd
The snakes of dire Medusa, all who view'd
The Gorgon features were congeal'd to stone,
With ghastly eyeballs on the hero bent,
And horror, living in their marble form;
Thus with amazement rooted, where they stood,
In speechless terror frozen, on their kings
The Spartans gaz'd: but soon their anxious looks
All on the great Leonidas unite,
Long known his country's refuge. He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising, he displays
His godlike presence. Dignity and grace
Adorn his frame, where manly beauty joins
With strength Herculean. On his aspect shine
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame,
Where justice gives the laurel, in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The souls of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valour, and contempt of death.
Serene he cast his looks around, and spake:

Why this astonishment on ev'ry face,
Ye men of Sparta? Does the name of death
Create this fear and wonder? O my friends,
Why do we labour through the arduous paths,
Which lead to virtue? Fruitless were the toil,
Above the reach of human feet were plac'd
The distant summit, if the fear of death
Could intercept our passage. But a frown
Of unavailing terror he assumes,
To shake the firmness of a mind, which knows
That, wanting virtue, life is pain and woe,
That, wanting liberty, ev'n virtue mourns,
And looks around for happiness in vain.
Then speak, O Sparta, and demand my life!
My heart, exulting, answers to thy call,
And smiles on glorious fate. To live with fame,
The gods allow to many; but to die
With equal lustre is a blessing, Jove
Among the choicest of his boons reserves,
Which but on few his sparing hand bestows.
Salvation thus to Sparta he proclaim'd.
Joy, wrapt awhile in admiration, paus'd,
Suspending praise; nor praise at last resounds
In high acclaim to rend the arch of heav'n:
A reverential murmur breathes applause.
So were the pupils of Lycurgus train'd
To bridle nature. Public fear was dumb
Before their senate, ephori, and kings,
Nor exultation into clamour broke.
Amidst them rose Dieneces, and thus:

Haste to Thermopylæ. To Xerxes show
The discipline of Spartans, long renown'd
In rigid warfare, with enduring minds,
Which neither pain, nor want, nor danger bend.
Fly to the gate of Greece, which open stands
To slavery and rapine. They will shrink
Before your standard, and their native seats
Resume in abject Asia. Arm, ye sires,
Who with a growing race have bless'd the state.
That race, your parents, gen'ral Greece forbid
Delay. Heaven summons. Equal to the cause
A chief behold. Can Spartans ask for more?
Bold Alpheus next. Command my swift return
Amid the Isthmian council, to declare
Your instant march. His dictates all approve.
Back to the Isthmus he unwearied speeds.

Description of the Dwelling of Oileus, at which the Spartan Army halt on their march to Thermopylæ.

FROM BOOK II.

The moon rode high and clear. Her light benign
To their pleas'd eyes a rural dwelling show'd,
All unadorn'd, but seemly. Either side
Was fenc'd by trees high-shadowing. The front
Look'd on a crystal pool, by feather'd tribes
At ev'ry dawn frequented. From the springs
A small redundance fed a shallow brook,
O'er smoothest pebbles rippling just to wake,
Not startle silence, and the ear of night

Entice to listen undisturb'd. Around
The grass was cover'd by reposing sheep,
Whose drowsy guard no longer bay'd the moon.
The warriors stopp'd, contemplating the seat
Of rural quiet. Suddenly a swain
Steps forth. His fingers touch the breathing reed.
Uprise the fleecy train. Each faithful dog
Is rous'd. All heedful of the wonted sound
Their known conductor follow. Slow behind
Th' observing warriors move. Ere long they reach
A broad and verdant circle, thick enclos'd
With birches straight and tall, whose glossy rind
Is clad in silver from Diana's car.
The ground was holy, and the central spot
An altar bore to Pan. Beyond the orb
Of skreening trees th' external circuit swarm'd
With sheep and beeves, each neighb'ring hamlet's wealth
Collected. Thither soon the swain arriv'd,
Whom, by the name of Melibœus hail'd,
A peasant throng surrounded. As their chief,
He nigh the altar to his rural friends
Address'd these words: O sent from diff'rent lords
With contribution to the public wants,
Time presses. God of peasants, bless our course!
Speed to the slow-pac'd ox for once impart!
That o'er these valleys, cool'd by dewy night,
We to our summons true, ere noon-tide blaze,
May join Oïleus, and his praise obtain.
He ceas'd. To rustic madrigals and pipes,

Combin'd with bleating notes and tinkling bells,
With clamour shrill from busy tongues of dogs,
Or hollow-sounding from the deep-mouth'd ox,
Along the valley herd and flock are driv'n
Successive, halting oft to harmless spoil
Of flow'rs and herbage, springing in their sight.
While Melibœus marshall'd with address
The inoffensive host, unseen in shades
Dieneces applauded, and the youth
Of Menalippus caution'd. Let no word
Impede the careful peasant. On his charge
Depends our welfare. Diligent and staid
He suits his godlike master. Thou wilt see
That righteous hero soon. Now sleep demands
Our debt to nature. On a carpet dry
Of moss beneath a wholesome beech they lay,
Arm'd as they were. Their slumber short retires
With night's last shadow. At their warning rous'd,
The troops proceed. Th' admiring eye of youth
In Menalippus caught the morning rays
To guide its travel o'er the landscape wide
Of cultivated hillocks, dales, and lawns,
Where mansions, hamlets interpos'd; where domes
Rose to their gods through consecrated shades.
He then exclaims. O say, can Jove devote
These fields to ravage, those abodes to flames?
  The Spartan answers: Ravage, sword, and fire,
Must be endur'd as incidental ills.
Suffice it, these invaders, soon or late,
Will leave this soil more fertile by their blood

With spoils abundant to rebuild the fanes.
Precarious benefits are these, thou see'st,
So fram'd by heav'n; but virtue is a good
No foe can spoil, and lasting to the grave.
  Beside the public way an oval fount
Of marble sparkled with a silver spray
Of falling rills, collected from above.
The army halted, and their hollow casques
Dipp'd in the limpid stream. Behind it rose
An edifice, compos'd of native roots,
And oaken trunks of knotted girth unwrought.
Within were beds of moss. Old, batter'd arms
Hung from the roof. The curious chiefs approach.
These words, engraven on a tablet rude,
Megistias reads; the rest in silence hear.
" Yon marble fountain, by Oïleus plac'd,
" To thirsty lips in living water flows;
" For weary steps he fram'd this cool retreat;
" A grateful off'ring here to rural peace,
" His dinted shield, his helmet he resign'd.
" O passenger, if born to noble deeds
" Thou would'st obtain perpetual grace from Jove,
" Devote thy vigour to heroic toils,
" And thy decline to hospitable cares.
" Rest here; then seek Oïleus in his vale."

The Grecian commanders, after a battle, having retired to a cave on the side of Mount Œta, Dithyrambus, discovering a passage through it, ascends to the Temple of the Muses.

FROM BOOK VI.

A CAVE not distant from the Phocian wall
Through Œta's cloven side had nature form'd
In spacious windings. This in moss she clad;
O'er half the entrance downward from the roots
She hung the shaggy trunks of branching firs,
To heav'n's hot ray impervious. Near the mouth
Relucent laurels spread before the sun
A broad and vivid foliage. High above,
The hill was darken'd by a solemn shade,
Diffus'd from ancient cedars. To this cave
Diomedon, Demophilus resort,
And Thespia's youth. A deep recess appears,
Cool as the azure grot where Thetis sleeps
Beneath the vaulted ocean. Whisper'd sounds
Of waters, trilling from the riven stone
To feed a fountain on the rocky floor,
In purest streams o'erflowing to the sea,
Allure the warriors, hot with toil and thirst,
To this retreat serene. Against the sides
Their disincumber'd hands repose their shields;
The helms they loosen from their glowing cheeks;
Propp'd on their spears, they rest: when Agis brings
From Lacedemon's leader these commands.
  Leonidas recals you from your toils,
Ye meritorious Grecians. You have reap'd

The first bright harvest on the field of fame.
Our eyes in wonder from the Phocian wall
On your unequall'd deeds incessant gaz'd.
To whom Platæa's chief. Go, Agis, say
To Lacedemon's ruler, that, untir'd,
Diomedon can yet exalt his spear,
Nor feels the armour heavy on his limbs.
Then shall I quit the contest? Ere he sinks,
Shall not this early sun again behold
The slaves of Xerxes tremble at my lance,
Should they adventure on a fresh assault?
To him the Thespian youth. My friend, my guide
To noble actions, since thy gen'rous heart
Intent on fame disdains to rest, O grant
I too thy glorious labours may partake,
May learn once more to imitate thy deeds.
Thou, gentlest Agis, Sparta's king entreat
Not to command us from the field of war.
Yes, persevering heroes, he replied,
I will return, will Sparta's king entreat
Not to command you from the field of war.
Then interpos'd Demophilus. O friend,
Who lead'st to conquest brave Platæa's sons,
Thou too, lov'd offspring of the dearest man,
Who dost restore a brother to my eyes;
My soul your magnanimity applauds:
But, O reflect, that unabating toil
Subdues the mightiest. Valour will repine,
When the weak hand obeys the heart no more.
Yet I, declining through the weight of years,

Will not assign a measure to your strength.
If still you find your vigour undecay'd,
Stay and augment your glory. So, when time
Casts from your whiten'd heads the helm aside;
When in the temples your enfeebled arms
Have hung their consecrated shields, the land
Which gave you life, in her defence employ'd,
Shall then by honours, doubled on your age,
Bequit the gen'rous labours of your prime.
So spake the senior, and forsook the cave.
But from the fount Diomedon receives
Th' o'erflowing waters in his concave helm,
Addressing thus the genius of the stream.
Whoe'er thou art, divinity unstain'd
Of this fair fountain, till unsparing Mars
Heap'd carnage round thee, bounteous are thy streams
To me, who ill repay thee. I again
Thy silver-gleaming current must pollute,
Which, mix'd with gore, shall tinge the Malian slime.
He said, and lifted in his brimming casque
The bright, refreshing moisture. Thus repairs
The spotted panther to Hydaspes' side,
Or eastern Indus, feasted on the blood
Of some torn deer, which nigh his cruel grasp
Had roam'd, unheeding, in the secret shade;
Rapacious o'er the humid brink he stoops,
And in the pure and fluid crystal cools
His reeking jaws. Meantime the Thespian's eye
Roves round the vaulted space; when sudden sounds

Of music, utter'd by melodious harps,
And melting voices, distant, but in tones
By distance soften'd, while the echoes sigh'd
In lulling replication, fill the vault
With harmony. In admiration mute,
With nerves unbrac'd by rapture, he, entranc'd,
Stands like an eagle, when his parting plumes
The balm of sleep relaxes, and his wings
Fall from his languid side. Platæa's chief,
Observing, rous'd the warrior. Son of Mars,
Shall music's softness from thy bosom steal
The sense of glory? From his neighb'ring camp
Perhaps the Persian sends fresh nations down.
Soon in bright steel Thermopylæ will blaze.
Awake. Accustom'd to the clang of arms,
Intent on vengeance for invăded Greece,
My ear, my spirit in this hour admit
No new sensation, nor a change of thought.
The Thespian, starting from oblivious sloth
Of ravishment and wonder, quick replied.
These sounds were more than human. Hark! Again!
O honour'd friend, no adverse banner streams
In sight. No shout proclaims the Persian freed
From his late terror. Deeper let us plunge
In this mysterious dwelling of the nymphs,
Whose voices charm its gloom. In smiles rejoin'd
Diomedon. I see thy soul enthrall'd.
Me thou would'st rank among th' unletter'd rout
Of yon barbarians, should I press thy stay.

Time favours too. Till Agis be return'd,
We cannot act. Indulge thy eager search.
Here will I wait, a centinel unmov'd,
To watch thy coming. In exploring haste
Th' impatient Thespian penetrates the cave.
He finds it bounded by a steep ascent
Of rugged steps; where down the hollow rock
A modulation clear, distinct, and slow
In movement solemn from a lyric string,
Dissolves the stagnant air to sweet accord
With these sonorous lays. Celestial maids!
While, from our cliffs contemplating the war,
We celebrate our heroes, O impart
Orphean magic to the pious strain!
That from the mountain we may call the groves,
Swift motion through these marble fragments breathe
To overleap the high Œtæan ridge,
And crush the fell invaders of our peace.
The animated hero upward springs
Light, as a kindled vapour, which, confin'd
In subterranean cavities, at length
Pervading, rives the surface to enlarge
The long-imprison'd flame. Ascending soon,
He sees, he stands abash'd, then rev'rend kneels.
An aged temple with insculptur'd forms
Of Jove's harmonious daughters, and a train
Of nine bright virgins, round their priestess rang'd,
Who stood in awful majesty, receive
His unexpected feet. The song is hush'd.
The measur'd movement on the lyric chord

In faint vibration dies. The priestess sage,
Whose elevated port and aspect rose
To more than mortal dignity, her lyre
Consigning graceful to attendant hands,
Looks with reproof. The loose, uncover'd hair
Shades his inclining forehead, while a flush
Of modest crimson dyes his youthful cheek.
Her pensive visage softens to a smile
On worth so blooming, which she thus accosts.
  I should reprove thee, inadvertent youth,
Who through the sole access by nature left
To this pure mansion, with intruding steps
Dost interrupt our lays. But rise. Thy sword
Perhaps embellish'd that triumphant scene,
Which wak'd these harps to celebrating notes.
What is the impress on thy warlike shield?
  A golden eagle on my shield I bear,
Still bending low, he answers. She pursues.
  Art thou possessor of that glorious orb,
By me distinguish'd in the late defeat
Of Asia, driven before thee? Speak thy name.
Who is thy sire? Where lies thy native seat?
Com'st thou for glory to this fatal spot,
Or from barbarian violence to guard
A parent's age, a spouse, and tender babes,
Who call thee father? Humbly he again.
  I am of Thespia, Dithyrambus nam'd,
The son of Harmatides. Snatch'd by fate,
He to his brother, and my second sire,
Demophilus, consign'd me. Thespia's sons

By him are led. His dictates I obey,
Him to resemble strive. No infant voice
Calls me a father. To the nuptial vow
I am a stranger, and among the Greeks
The least entitled to thy partial praise.
None more entitled, interpos'd the dame.
Deserving hero, thy demeanour speaks,
It justifies the fame, so widely spread,
Of Harmatides' heir. O grace and pride
Of that fair city, which the Muses love,
Thee an acceptant visitant I hail
In this their ancient temple. Thou shalt view
Their sacred haunts. Descending from the dome,
She thus pursues. First know, my youthful hours
Were exercis'd in knowledge. Homer's muse
To daily meditation won my soul,
With my young spirit mix'd undying sparks
Of her own rapture. By a father sage
Conducted, cities, manners, men I saw,
Their institutes and customs. I return'd.
The voice of Locris call'd me to sustain
The holy function here. Now throw thy sight
Across that meadow, whose enliven'd blades
Wave in the breeze, and glisten in the sun
Behind the hoary fane. My bleating train
Are nourish'd there, a spot of plenty spar'd
From this surrounding wilderness. Remark
That fluid mirror, edg'd by shrubs and flow'rs,
Shrubs of my culture, flow'rs by Iris dress'd.
Nor pass that smiling concave in the hill,

Whose pointed crags are soften'd to the sight
By figs and grapes. She pauses; while around
His eye, delighted, roves, in more delight
Soon to the spot returning, where she stood
A deity in semblance, o'er the place
Presiding awful, as Minerva wise,
August like Juno, like Diana pure,
But not more pure than fair.

FROM THE EPISODE OF TERIBAZUS AND ARIANA.

BOOK VIII.

AMID the van of Persia was a youth,
Nam'd Teribazus, not for golden stores,
Not for wide pastures, travers'd o'er by herds,
By fleece-abounding sheep, or gen'rous steeds,
Nor yet for pow'r, nor splendid honours fam'd.
Rich was his mind in ev'ry art divine;
Through ev'ry path of science had he walk'd,
The votary of wisdom. In the years,
When tender down invests the ruddy cheek,
He with the Magi turn'd the hallow'd page
Of Zoroastres. Then his tow'ring thoughts
High on the plumes of contemplation soar'd.
He from the lofty Babylonian fane
With learn'd Chaldæans trac'd the heav'nly sphere,
There number'd o'er the vivid fires, which gleam
On night's bespangled bosom. Nor unheard
Were Indian sages from sequester'd bow'rs,

While on the banks of Ganges they disclos'd
The pow'rs of nature, whether in the woods,
The fruitful glebe, or flow'r, the healing plant,
The limpid waters, or the ambient air,
Or in the purer element of fire.
The realm of old Sesostris next he view'd,
Mysterious Egypt with her hidden rites
Of Isis and Osiris. Last he sought
Th' Ionian Greeks, from Athens sprung, nor pass'd
Miletus by, which once in rapture heard
The tongue of Thales, nor Priene's walls,
Where wisdom dwelt with Bias, nor the seat
Of Pittacus, rever'd on Lesbian shores.
  Th' enlighten'd youth to Susa now return'd,
Place of his birth. His merit soon was dear
To Hyperanthes. It was now the time,
That discontent and murmur on the banks
Of Nile were loud and threat'ning. Chembes there
The only faithful stood, a potent lord,
Whom Xerxes held by promis'd nuptial ties
With his own blood. To this Egyptian prince
Bright Ariana was the destin'd spouse,
From the same bed with Hyperanthes born.
Among her guards was Teribazus nam'd
By that fond brother, tender of her weal.
  Th' Egyptian boundaries they gain. They hear
Of insurrection, of the Pharian tribes
In arms, and Chembes in the tumult slain.
They pitch their tents, at midnight are assail'd,
Surpris'd, their leaders massacred, the slaves

Of Ariana captives borne away,
Her own pavilion forc'd, her person seiz'd
By ruffian hands: when timely to redeem
Her and th' invaded camp from further spoil
Flies Teribazus with a rallied band,
Swift on her chariot seats the royal fair,
Nor waits the dawn. Of all her menial train
None but three female slaves are left. Her guide,
Her comforter and guardian fate provides
In him, distinguish'd by his worth alone,
No prince, nor satrap, now the single chief
Of her surviving guard. Of regal birth,
But with excelling graces in her soul,
Unlike an eastern princess, she inclines
To his consoling, his instructive tongue
An humbled ear. Amid the converse sweet
Her charms, her mind, her virtues he explores,
Admiring. Soon his admiration chang'd
To love; nor loves he sooner than despairs.
From morn till eve her passing wheels he guards
Back to Euphrates. Often, as she mounts,
Or quits the car, his arm her weight sustains
With trembling pleasure. His assiduous hand
From purest fountains wafts the living flood.
Nor seldom by the fair one's soft command
Would he repose him, at her feet reclin'd;
While o'er his lips her lovely forehead bow'd,
Won by his grateful eloquence, which sooth'd
With sweet variety the tedious march,
Beguiling time. He toò would then forget

His pains awhile, in raptures vain entranc'd,
Delusion all, and fleeting rays of joy,
Soon overcast by more intense despair;
Like wint'ry clouds, which, op'ning for a time,
Tinge their black folds with gleams of scatter'd
light,
Then, swiftly closing, on the brow of morn
Condense their horrors, and in thickest gloom
The ruddy beauty veil. They now approach
The tow'r of Belus. Hyperanthes leads
Through Babylon an army to chastise
The crime of Egypt. Teribazus here
Parts from his princess, marches bright in steel
Beneath his patron's banner, gathers palms
On conquer'd Nile. To Susa he returns,
To Ariana's residence, and bears
Deep in his heart th' immedicable wound.
But unreveal'd and silent was his pain;
Nor yet in solitary shades he roam'd,
Nor shunn'd resort: but o'er his sorrows cast
A sickly dawn of gladness, and in smiles
Conceal'd his anguish; while the secret flame
Rag'd in his bosom, and its peace consum'd:
His soul still brooding o'er these mournful thoughts.

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The day arriv'd, when Xerxes first advanc'd
His arms from Susa's gates. The Persian dames,
So were accustom'd all the eastern fair,
In sumptuous cars accompanied his march,
A beauteous train, by Ariana grac'd.

Her Teribazus follows, on her wheels
Attends and pines. Such woes oppress the youth,
Oppress, but not enervate. From the van
He in this second conflict had withstood
The threat'ning frown of adamantine Mars,
He singly, while his bravest friends recoil'd.
His manly temples no tiara bound.
The slender lance of Asia he disdain'd,
And her light target. Eminent he tow'r'd
In Grecian arms the wonder of his foes;
Among th' Ionians were his strenuous limbs
Train'd in the gymnic school. A fulgent casque
Enclos'd his head. Before his face and chest
Down to the knees an ample shield was spread.
A pond'rous spear he shook. The well-aim'd point
Sent two Phliasians to the realms of death,
With four Tegæans, whose indignant chief,
Brave Hegesander, vengeance breath'd in vain,
With streaming wounds repuls'd. Thus far unmatch'd,
His arm prevail'd; when Hyperanthes call'd
From fight his fainting legions. Now each band
Their languid courage reinforc'd by rest.
Meantime with Teribazus thus conferr'd
Th' applauding prince. Thou much-deserving youth,
Had twenty warriors in the dang'rous van
Like thee maintain'd the onset, Greece had wept
Her prostrate ranks. The wearied fight awhile
I now relax, till Abradates strong,
Orontes and Mazæus are advanc'd.

Then to the conflict will I give no pause.
If not by prowess, yet by endless toil
Successive numbers shall exhaust the foe.
He said. Immers'd in sadness, scarce replied,
But to himself complain'd the am'rous youth.
Still do I languish, mourning o'er the fame
My arm acquires. Tormented heart! thou seat
Of constant sorrow, what deceitful smiles
Yet canst thou borrow from unreal hope
To flatter life? at Ariana's feet
What if with supplicating knees I bow,
Implore her pity, and reveal my love.
Wretch! canst thou climb to yon effulgent orb,
And share the splendours which irradiate heav'n?
Dost thou aspire to that exalted maid,
Great Xerxes' sister, rivalling the claim
Of Asia's proudest potentates and kings?
Unless within her bosom I inspir'd
A passion fervent as my own, nay more,
Such, as dispelling ev'ry virgin fear,
Might, unrestrain'd, disclose its fond desire,
My love is hopeless; and her willing hand,
Should she bestow it, draws from Asia's lord
On both perdition. By despair benumb'd,
His limbs their action lose. A wish for death
O'ercasts and chills his soul. When sudden cries
From Ariamnes rouse his drooping pow'rs.
Alike in manners, they of equal age
Were friends, and partners in the glorious toil
Of war. Together they victorious chas'd

The bleeding sons of Nile, when Egypt's pride
Before the sword of Hyperanthes fell.
That lov'd companion Teribazus views
By all abandon'd, in his gore outstretch'd,
The victor's spoil. His languid spirit starts;
He rushes ardent from the Persian line;
The wounded warrior in his strong embrace
He bears away. By indignation stung,
Fierce from the Grecians Diophantus sends
A loud defiance. Teribazus leaves
His rescu'd friend. His massy shield he rears;
High-brandishing his formidable spear,
He turns intrepid on th' approaching foe.
Amazement follows. On he strides, and shakes
The plumed honours of his shining crest.
Th' ill-fated Greek awaits th' unequal fight,
Pierc'd in the throat, with sounding arms he falls.
Through ev'ry file the Mantineans mourn.
Long on the slain the victor fix'd his sight
With these reflections. By thy splendid arms
Thou art a Greek of no ignoble rank.
From thy ill fortune I perhaps derive
A more conspicuous lustre—What if heav'n
Should add new victims, such as thou, to grace
My undeserving hand? who knows, but she
Might smile upon my trophies. Oh! vain thought!
I see the pride of Asia's monarch swell
With vengeance fatal to her beauteous head.
Disperse, ye phantom hopes. Too long, torn heart,
Hast thou with grief contended. Lo! I plant

My foot this moment on the verge of death,
By fame invited, by despair impell'd
To pass th' irremeable bound. No more
Shall Teribazus backward turn his step,
But here conclude his doom. Then cease to heave,
Thou troubled bosom, ev'ry thought be calm
Now at th' approach of everlasting peace.
He ended; when a mighty foe drew nigh,
Not less than Dithyrambus. Ere they join'd,
The Persian warrior to the Greek began:
Art thou th' unconquerable chief, who mow'd
Our battle down? That eagle on thy shield
Too well proclaims thee. To attempt thy force
I rashly purpos'd. That my single arm
Thou deign'st to meet, accept my thanks, and know,
The thought of conquest less employs my soul,
Than admiration of thy glorious deeds,
And that by thee I cannot fall disgrac'd.
He ceas'd. These words the Thespian youth return'd:
Of all the praises from thy gen'rous mouth,
The only portion my desert may claim,
Is this my bold adventure to confront
Thee, yet unmatch'd. What Grecian hath not mark'd
Thy flaming steel? from Asia's boundless camp
Not one hath equall'd thy victorious might.
But whence thy armour of the Grecian form?
Whence thy tall spear, thy helmet? Whence the weight
Of that strong shield? Unlike thy eastern friends,

O if thou be'st some fugitive, who, lost
To liberty and virtue, art become
A tyrant's vile stipendiary, that arm,
That valour thus triumphant I deplore,
Which after all their efforts and success
Deserve no honour from the gods, or men.
Here Teribazus in a sigh rejoin'd,
I am to Greece a stranger, am a wretch
To thee unknown, who courts this hour to die,
Yet not ignobly, but in death to raise
My name from darkness, while I end my woes.
The Grecian then: I view thee, and I mourn.
A dignity, which virtue only bears,
Firm resolution, seated on thy brow,
Though grief hath dimm'd thy drooping eye, demand
My veneration: and whatever be
The malice of thy fortune, what the cares,
Infesting thus thy quiet, they create
Within my breast the pity of a friend.
Why then, constraining my reluctant hand
To act against thee, will thy might support
Th' unjust ambition of malignant kings,
The foes to virtue, liberty, and peace?
Yet free from rage or enmity I lift
My adverse weapon. Victory I ask.
Thy life may fate for happier days reserve.
This said, their beaming lances they protend,
Of hostile hate, or fury both devoid,
As on the Isthmian, or Olympic sands
For fame alone contending. Either host,

Pois'd on their arms, in silent wonder gaze.
The fight commences. Soon the Grecian spear,
Which all the day in constant battle worn,
Unnumber'd shields and corselets had transfix'd,
Against the Persian buckler, shiv'ring, breaks,
Its master's hand disarming. Then began
The sense of honour, and the dread of shame
To swell in Dithyrambus. Undismay'd,
He grappled with his foe, and instant seiz'd
His threat'ning spear, before th' uplifted arm
Could execute the meditated wound.
The weapon burst between their struggling grasp.
Their hold they loosen, bare their shining swords.
With equal swiftness to defend or charge,
Each active youth advances and recedes.
On ev'ry side they traverse. Now direct,
Obliquely now the wheeling blades descend.
Still is the conflict dubious; when the Greek,
Dissembling, points his falchion to the ground,
His arm depressing, as o'ercome by toil:
While with his buckler cautious he repels
The blows, repeated by his active foe.
Greece trembles for her hero. Joy pervades
The ranks of Asia. Hyperanthes strides
Before the line, preparing to receive
His friend triumphant: while the wary Greek,
Calm and defensive, bears th' assault. At last,
As by th' incautious fury of his strokes,
The Persian swung his covering shield aside,
The fatal moment Dithyrambus seiz'd.

Light darting forward with his feet outstretch'd,
Between th' unguarded ribs he plung'd his steel.
Affection, grief, and terror, wing the speed
Of Hyperanthes. From his bleeding foe
The Greek retires, not distant, and awaits
The Persian prince. But he with wat'ry cheeks
In speechless anguish clasps his dying friend;
From whose cold lip, with interrupted phrase,
These accents break: O dearest, best of men!
Ten thousand thoughts of gratitude and love
Are struggling in my heart—O'erpow'ring fate
Denies my voice the utt'rance—O my friend!
O Hyperanthes! Hear my tongue unfold
What, had I liv'd, thou never should'st have known.
I lov'd thy sister. With despair I lov'd.
Soliciting this honourable doom,
Without regret in Persia's sight and thine
I fall. Th' inexorable hand of fate
Weighs down his eyelids, and the gloom of death
His fleeting light eternally o'ershades.
Him on Choaspes o'er the blooming verge
A frantic mother shall bewail; shall strew
Her silver tresses in the crystal wave:
While all the shores re-echo to the name
Of Teribazus lost.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

FROM BOOK IX.

In sable vesture, spangled o'er with stars,
The Night assum'd her throne. Recall'd from war,
Their toil, protracted long, the Greeks forget,
Dissolv'd in silent slumber, all but those
Who watch th' uncertain perils of the dark,
A hundred warriors. Agis was their chief.
High on the wall intent the hero sat.
Fresh winds across the undulating bay
From Asia's host the various din convey'd
In one deep murmur, swelling on his ear.
When by the sound of footsteps down the pass
Alarm'd, he calls aloud. What feet are these
Which beat the echoing pavement of the rock?
Reply, nor tempt inevitable fate.
A voice replied. No enemies we come,
But crave admittance in an humble tone.
The Spartan answers. Through the midnight shade
What purpose draws your wand'ring steps abroad?
To whom the stranger. We are friends to Greece.
Through thy assistance we implore access
To Lacedemon's king. The cautious Greek
Still hesitates; when musically sweet
A tender voice his wond'ring ear allures.
O gen'rous warrior, listen to the pray'r
Of one distress'd, whom grief alone hath led

Through midnight shades to these victorious tents,
A wretched woman, innocent of fraud.
The chief, descending, through th' unfolded gates
Upheld a flaming torch. The light disclos'd
One first in servile garments. Near his side
A woman graceful and majestic stood,
Not with an aspect, rivalling the pow'r
Of fatal Helen, or th' ensnaring charms
Of love's soft queen, but such as far surpass'd
Whate'er the lily, blending with the rose,
Spreads on the cheek of beauty soon to fade;
Such as express'd a mind by wisdom rul'd,
By sweetness temper'd; virtue's purest light
Illumining the countenance divine:
Yet could not soften rig'rous fate, nor charm
Malignant fortune to revere the good;
Which oft with anguish rends a spotless heart,
And oft associates wisdom with despair.
In courteous phrase began the chief humane.
Exalted fair, whose form adorns the night,
Forbear to blame the vigilance of war.
My slow compliance to the rigid laws
Of Mars impute. In me no longer pause
Shall from the presence of our king withhold
This thy apparent dignity and worth.
Here ending, he conducts her. At the call
Of his lov'd brother, from his couch arose
Leonidas. In wonder he survey'd
Th' illustrious virgin, whom his presence aw'd.
Her eye submissive to the ground declin'd

In veneration of the godlike man.
His mien, his voice, her anxious dread dispel,
Benevolent and hospitable thus.
Thy looks, fair stranger, amiable and great,
A mind delineate, which from all commands
Supreme regard. Relate, thou noble dame,
By what relentless destiny compell'd,
Thy tender feet the paths of darkness tread;
Rehearse th' afflictions whence thy virtue mourns.
On her wan cheek a sudden blush arose
Like day, first dawning on the twilight pale;
When, wrapt in grief, these words a passage found.
If to be most unhappy, and to know
That hope is irrecoverably fled;
If to be great and wretched may deserve
Commiseration from the brave; behold,
Thou glorious leader of unconquer'd bands,
Behold, descended from Darius' loins,
Th' afflicted Ariana; and my pray'r
Accept with pity, nor my tears disdain.
First, that I lov'd the best of human race,
Heroic, wise, adorn'd by ev'ry art,
Of shame unconscious doth my heart reveal.
This day, in Grecian arms conspicuous clad,
He fought, he fell. A passion, long conceal'd,
For me, alas! within my brother's arms
His dying breath resigning, he disclos'd.
Oh! I will stay my sorrows! will forbid
My eyes to stream before thee, and my breast,
O'erwhelm'd by anguish, will from sighs restrain!

For why should thy humanity be griev'd
At my distress? why learn from me to mourn
The lot of mortals, doom'd to pain and woe.
Hear then, O king, and grant my sole request,
To seek his body in the heaps of slain.
Thus to the hero su'd the royal maid,
Resembling Ceres in majestic woe,
When supplicating Jove, from Stygian gloom,
And Pluto's black embraces, to redeem
Her lov'd and lost Proserpina. A while
On Ariana fixing stedfast eyes,
These tender thoughts Leonidas recall'd.
Such are thy sorrows, O for ever dear,
Who now at Lacedæmon dost deplore
My everlasting absence. Then aside
He turn'd and sigh'd. Recov'ring, he address'd
His brother. Most beneficent of men,
Attend, assist this princess. Night retires
Before the purple-winged morn. A band
Is call'd. The well-remember'd spot they find,
Where Teribazus from his dying hand
Dropt in their sight his formidable sword.
Soon from beneath a pile of Asian dead
They draw the hero, by his armour known.
Then, Ariana, what transcending pangs
Were thine! what horrors! In thy tender breast
Love still was mightiest. On the bosom cold
Of Teribazus, grief-distracted maid,
Thy beauteous limbs were thrown. Thy snowy hue
The clotted gore disfigur'd. . On his wounds

Loose flow'd thy hair; and, bubbling from thy eyes,
Impetuous sorrow lav'd th' empurpled clay.
* * * * * * * * *

Then, with no trembling hand, no change of look,
She drew a poniard, which her garment veil'd;
And instant sheathing in her heart the blade,
On her slain lover silent sunk in death.
The unexpected stroke prevents the care
Of Agis, pierc'd by horror and distress,
Like one, who, standing on a stormy beach,
Beholds a found'ring vessel, by the deep
At once enguff'd; his pity feels and mourns,
Depriv'd of pow'r to save: so Agis view'd
The prostrate pair. He dropp'd a tear, and thus.
Oh! much lamented! Heavy on your heads
Hath evil fall'n, which o'er your pale remains
Commands this sorrow from a stranger's eye.
Illustrious ruins! May the grave impart
That peace which life denied! and now receive
This pious office from a hand unknown.
He spake, unclasping from his shoulders broad
His ample robe. He strew'd the waving folds
O'er each wan visage; turning then, address'd
The slave, in mute dejection standing near.
Thou, who, attendant on this hapless fair,
Hast view'd this dreadful spectacle, return.
These bleeding relics bear to Persia's king,
Thou with four captives, whom I free from bonds.

Song of the Priestess of the Muses to the chosen Band after their Return from the Inroad into the Persian Camp, on the Night before the Battle of Thermopylæ.

FROM BOOK XII.

Back to the pass in gentle march he leads
Th' embattled warriors. They, behind the shrubs,
Where Medon sent such numbers to the shades,
In ambush lie. The tempest is o'erblown.
Soft breezes only from the Malian wave
O'er each grim face, besmear'd with smoke and gore,
Their cool refreshment breathe. The healing gale,
A crystal rill near Œta's verdant feet,
Dispel the languor from their harass'd nerves,
Fresh brac'd by strength returning. O'er their heads
Lo! in full blaze of majesty appears
Melissa, bearing in her hand divine
Th' eternal guardian of illustrious deeds,
The sweet Phœbean lyre. Her graceful train
Of white-rob'd virgins, seated on a range
Half down the cliff, o'ershadowing the Greeks,
All with concordant strings, and accents clear,
A torrent pour of melody, and swell
A high, triumphal, solemn dirge of praise,
Anticipating fame. Of endless joys
In bless'd Elysium was the song. Go, meet
Lycurgus, Solon, and Zaleucus sage,
Let them salute the children of their laws.
Meet Homer, Orpheus and th' Ascræan bard,
Who with a spirit, by ambrosial food

Refin'd, and more exalted, shall contend
Your splendid fate to warble through the bow'rs
Of amaranth and myrtle ever young,
Like your renown. Your ashes we will cull.
In yonder fane deposited, your urns,
Dear to the Muses, shall our lays inspire.
Whatever off'rings, genius, science, art
Can dedicate to virtue, shall be yours,
The gifts of all the Muses, to transmit
You on th' enliven'd canvas, marble, brass,
In wisdom's volume, in the poet's song,
In ev'ry tongue, through ev'ry age and clime,
You of this earth the brightest flow'rs, not cropt,
Transplanted only to immortal bloom
Of praise with men, of happiness with gods.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST.

As near Porto-Bello lying
On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying,
Our triumphant navy rode;
There while Vernon sat all-glorious
From the Spaniard's late defeat;
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard:

Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
All in dreary hammocs shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster,
Rising from their wat'ry grave:
O'er the glimm'ring wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

"Heed, O heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
You, who now have purchas'd glory
At this place where I was lost;
Though in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres, sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan checks are stain'd with weeping;
These were English captains brave:

Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold,
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight:
O! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of Spain.

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achiev'd with six alone.
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemn'd for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom;
To have fall'n, my country crying
He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
 Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
 And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

"Hence, with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
Through the hoary foam ascending,
 Here I feed my constant woe:
Here the Bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander through the midnight gloom.

"O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
If to Britain's shores returning,
 You neglect my just request.
After this proud foe subduing,
 When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me."

JOHN HALL STEPHENSON.

BORN 1718.—DIED 1785.

I HAVE met with no account of this writer's life, nor have I been very anxious to seek for it, as a volume of poems, which bears his name, is disgraced by obscenity.

THE BLACKBIRD.

A MACARONI FABLE.

In concert with the curfew bell,
An Owl was chaunting vespers in his cell;
Upon the outside of the wall,
A Blackbird, famous in that age,
From a bow-window in the hall,
Hung dangling in a wicker cage;
Instead of psalmody and pray'rs,
Like those good children of St. Francis,
He secularized all his airs,
And took delight in wanton fancies.
Whilst the bell toll'd, and the Owl chaunted,
Every thing was calm and still;
All nature seem'd rapt and enchanted,
Except the querulous, unthankful rill;
Unawed by this imposing scene,
Our Blackbird the enchantment broke;

Flourish'd a sprightly air between,
And whistled the Black Joke.
This lively unexpected motion
Set nature in a gayer light;
Quite overturn'd the monks' devotion,
And scatter'd all the gloom of night.
I have been taught in early youth,
By an expert metaphysician,
That ridicule's the test of truth,
And only match for superstition.
Imposing rogues, with looks demure,
At Rome keep all the world in awe;
Wit is profane, learning impure,
And reasoning against the law.
Between two tapers and a book,
Upon a dresser clean and neat,
Behold a sacerdotal cook,
Cooking a dish of heavenly meat!
How fine he curtsies! Make your bow;
Thump your breast soundly, beat your poll;
Lo! he has toss'd up a ragout,
To fill the belly of your soul.
Even here there are some holy men
Would fain lead people by the nose;
Did not a Blackbird, now and then,
Benevolently interpose.
My good Lord Bishop, Mr. Dean,
You shall get nothing by your spite;
Tristram shall whistle at your spleen,
And put Hypocrisy to flight.

TO MISS ——.

THANKS to your wiles, deceitful fair,
The gods, so long in vain implor'd,
At last have heard a wretch's prayer;
At last I find myself restor'd,

From thy bewitching snares and thee:
I feel for once this is no dream;
I feel my captive soul is free;
And I am truly what I seem.

* * * * * * *

Without a blush your name I hear,
No transient glow my bosom heats;
And, when I meet your eye, my dear,
My fluttering heart no longer beats.

I dream, but I no longer find
Your form still present to my view;
I wake, but now my vacant mind
No longer waking dreams of you.

* * * * * * *

I meet you now without alarms,
Nor longer fearful to displease,
I talk with ease about your charms,
E'en with my rival talk with ease.

Whether in angry mood you rise,
Or sweetly sit with placid guile,
Vain is the lightning of your eyes,
And vainer still your gilded smile.

Loves, in your smiles, no longer play;
Your lips, your tongue have lost their art;
Those eyes have now forgot the way
That led directly to my heart.

* * * * * * *

Hear me; and judge if I'm sincere;
That you are beauteous still I swear;
But oh! no longer you appear
The fairest, and the only fair.

Hear me; but let not truth offend,
In that fine form, in many places,
I now spy faults, my lovely friend,
Which I mistook before for graces.

And yet, though free, I thought at first,
With shame my weakness I confess,
My agonizing heart would burst,
The agonies of death are less.

* * * * * * *

The little songster thus you see
Caught in the cruel schoolboy's toils,

Struggling for life, at last, like me,
  Escapes, and leaves his feather'd spoils.

His plumage soon resumes its gloss,
  His little heart soon waxes gay;
Nor falls, grown cautious from his loss,
  To artifice again a prey.

* * * * * * *

It is not love, it is not pique,
  That gives my whole discourse this cast;
'Tis nature, that delights to speak
  Eternally of dangers past.

Carousing o'er the midnight bowl
  The soldier never-ceasing prates,
Shews every scar to every soul,
  And every hair-breadth 'scape relates.

* * * * * * *

Which of us has most cause to grieve?
  Which situation would you choose?
I, a capricious tyrant leave,
  And you, a faithful lover lose.

I can find maids in every rout,
  With smiles as false, and forms as fine;
But you must search the world throughout,
  To find a heart as true as mine.

EDWARD THOMPSON.

BORN 1738.—DIED 1786.

CAPTAIN EDWARD THOMPSON was a native of Hull, and went to sea so early in life as to be precluded from the advantages of a liberal education. At the age of nineteen, he acted as lieutenant on board the Jason, in the engagement off Ushant, between Hawke and Conflans. Coming to London, after the peace, he resided, for some time, in Kew-lane, where he wrote some light pieces for the stage, and some licentious poems; the titles of which need not be revived. At the breaking out of the American war, Garrick's interest obtained promotion for him in his own profession; and he was appointed to the command of the Hyæna frigate, and made his fortune by the single capture of a French East Indiaman. He was afterwards in Rodney's action off Cape St. Vincent, and brought home the tidings of the victory. His death was occasioned by a fever, which he caught on board the Grampus, while he commanded that vessel, off the coast of Africa. Though a dissolute man, he had the character of an able and humane commander.

A few of his sea songs are entitled to remembrance. Besides his poems and dramatic pieces, he published "Letters of a Sailor;" and edited the

works of John Oldham, P. Whitehead, and Andrew Marvell. For the last of those tasks he was grossly unqualified.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWELL.

THE topsails shiver in the wind,
The ship she casts to sea;
But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
Are, Mary, moor'd by thee:
For though thy sailor's bound afar,
Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
O doubt their artful tales;
No gallant sailor ever fail'd,
If Cupid fill'd his sails:
Thou art the compass of my soul,
Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
More fell than rocks and waves;
But sailors of the British fleet
Are lovers, and not slaves:
No foes our courage shall subdue,
Although we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares; but if you're kind,
We'll scorn the dashing main,

The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
  The pow'rs of France and Spain.
Now Britain's glory rests with you,
Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu!

SONG.

Behold upon the swelling wave,
  With streaming pendants gay,
Our gallant ship invites the brave,
  While glory leads the way;
      And a cruizing we will go.

Whene'er Monsieur comes in view,
  From India richly fraught,
To gain the prize we're firm and true,
  And fire as quick as thought.

With hearts of oak we ply each gun,
  Nor fear the least dismay;
We either take, or sink, or burn,
  Or make them run away.

The lovely maids of Britain's isle
  We sailors ne'er despise;
Our courage rises with each smile,
  For them we take each prize.

The wind sits fair, the vessel's trim,
  Then let us boldly go;

Old Neptune guides us while we swim,
To check the haughty foe.

United let each Briton join,
Courageously advance,
We'll baffle every vain design,
And check the pride of France.

SONG.

Loose ev'ry sail to the breeze,
The course of my vessel improve:
I've done with the toils of the seas,
Ye sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is true as she's fair,
My griefs I fling all to the wind:
'Tis a pleasing return for my care,
My mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are all fill'd to my dear;
What tropic bird swifter can move?
Who, cruel, shall hold his career
That returns to the nest of his love?

Hoist ev'ry sail to the breeze,
Come, shipmates, and join in the song;
Let's drink, while the ship cuts the seas,
To the gale that may drive her along.

HENRY HEADLEY.

BORN 1766.—DIED 1788.

HENRY HEADLEY, whose uncommon talents were lost to the world at the age of twenty-two, was born at Instead, in Norfolk. He received his education at the grammar school of Norwich, under Dr. Parr; and, at the age of sixteen, was admitted a member of Trinity college, Oxford. There the example of Warton led him to explore the beauties of our elder poets. About the age of twenty he published some pieces of verse, which exhibit no very remarkable promise; but his "Select Beauties of the Ancient English Poets," which appeared in the following year, were accompanied with critical observations, that shewed an unparalleled ripeness of mind for his years. On leaving the university, after a residence of four years, he married, and retired to Matlock, in Derbyshire. His matrimonial choice is said to have been hastily formed, amidst the anguish of disappointment in a previous attachment. But, short as his life was, he survived the lady whom he married.

The symptoms of consumption having appeared in his constitution, he was advised to try the benefit of a warmer climate; and he took the resolution of repairing to Lisbon, unattended by a single friend. On landing at Lisbon, far from feeling any relief

from the climate, he found himself oppressed by its sultriness; and, in this forlorn state, was on the point of expiring, when Mr. De Visme, to whom he had received a letter of introduction from the late Mr. Windham, conveyed him to his healthful villa, near Cintra, allotted spacious apartments for his use, procured for him the ablest medical assistance, and treated him with every kindness and amusement that could console his sickly existence. But his malady proved incurable; and, returning to England at the end of a few months, he expired at Norwich.

FROM HIS INVOCATION TO MELANCHOLY.

* * * * * * * *

Child of the potent spell and nimble eye,
Young Fancy, oft in rainbow vest array'd,
Points to new scenes that in succession pass
Across the wond'rous mirror that she bears,
And bids thy unsated soul and wandering eye
A wider range o'er all her prospects take;
Lo, at her call, New Zealand's wastes arise!
Casting their shadows far along the main,
Whose brows, cloud-cap'd in joyless majesty,
No human foot hath trod since time began;
Here death-like silence ever-brooding dwells,
Save when the watching sailor startled hears,
Far from his native land at darksome night,
The shrill-ton'd petrel, or the penguin's voice,
That skim their trackless flight on lonely wing,

Through the bleak regions of a nameless main:
Here danger stalks, and drinks with glutted ear
The wearied sailor's moan, and fruitless sigh,
Who, as he slowly cuts his daring way,
Affrighted drops his axe, and stops awhile,
To hear the jarring echoes lengthen'd din,
That fling from pathless cliffs their sullen sound:
Oft here the fiend his grisly visage shews,
His limbs, of giant form, in vesture clad
Of drear collected ice and stiffened snow,
The same he wore a thousand years ago,
That thwarts the sunbeam, and endures the day.
'Tis thus, by Fancy shewn, thou kenn'st entranc'd
Lone tangled woods, and ever stagnant lakes,
That know no zephyr pure, or temperate gale,
By baleful Tigris banks, where, oft they say,
As late in sullen march for prey he prowls,
The tawny lion sees his shadow'd form,
At silent midnight by the moon's pale gleam,
On the broad surface of the dark deep wave;
Here, parch'd at mid-day, oft the passenger
Invokes with lingering hope the tardy breeze,
And oft with silent anguish thinks in vain
On Europe's milder air and silver springs.
Thou, unappall'd, canst view astounding fear
With ghastly visions wild, and train unbless'd
Of ashy fiends, at dead of murky night,
Who catch the fleeting soul, and slowly pace,
With visage dimly seen, and beckoning hand,
Of shadowy forms, that, ever on the wing,

Flit by the tedious couch of wan despair.
Methinks I hear him, with impatient tongue,
The lagging minutes chide, whilst sad he sits
And notes their secret lapse with shaking head.
See, see, with tearless glance they mark his fall,
And close his beamless eye, who, trembling, meets
A late repentance, and an early grave.
With thine and elfin Fancy's dreams well pleas'd,
Safe in the lowly vale of letter'd ease,
From all the dull buffoonery of life,
Thy sacred influence grateful may I own;
Nor till old age shall lead me to my tomb,
Quit thee and all thy charms with many a tear.
On Omole, or cold Soracte's top,
Singing defiance to the threat'ning storm,
Thus the lone bird, in winter's rudest hour,
Hid in some cavern, shrouds its ruffled plumes,
And through the long, long night, regardless hears
The wild wind's keenest blast and dashing rain.

JOHN LOGAN.

BORN 1748.—DIED 1788.

JOHN LOGAN was the son of a farmer, in the parish of Fala, and county of Mid-Lothian, Scotland. He was educated for the church, at the university of Edinburgh. There he contracted an intimacy with Dr. Robertson, who was then a student of his own standing; and he was indebted to that eminent character for many friendly offices in the course of his life. After finishing his theological studies, he lived for some time in the family of Mr. Sinclair, of Ulbster, as tutor to the present Sir John Sinclair. In his twenty-fifth year, he was ordained one of the ministers of Leith; and had a principal share in the scheme for revising the psalmody of the Scottish church, under the authority of the general assembly. He contributed to this undertaking several scriptural translations, and paraphrases, of his own composition. About the same time, he delivered, during two successive seasons, in Edinburgh, Lectures on History, which were attended with so much approbation, that he was brought forward as a candidate for the professorship of history in the university; but, as the chair had been always filled by one of the members of the faculty of advocates, the choice fell upon another competitor, who possessed

that qualification. When disappointed in this object, he published the substance of his lectures in a work, entitled, "Elements of the Philosophy of History;" and, in a separate essay, "On the Manners of Asia."

His poems, which had hitherto been only circulated in MS. or printed in a desultory manner, were collected and published in 1781. The favourable reception which they met with, encouraged him to attempt the composition of a tragedy, and he chose the charter of Runnymede for his subject. This innocent drama was sent to the manager of Covent Garden, by whom it was accepted, and even put into rehearsal; but, on some groundless rumour of its containing dangerous political matter, the Lord Chamberlain thought fit to prohibit its representation. It was, however, acted on the Edinburgh boards, and afterwards published; though without exhibiting in its contents any thing calculated to agitate either poetical or political feelings.

In the mean time our author unhappily drew on himself the displeasure of his parishioners. His connexion with the stage was deemed improper in a clergyman. His literary pursuits interfered with his pastoral diligence; and, what was worse, he was constitutionally subject to fits of depression, from which he took refuge in inebriety. Whatever his irregularities were, (for they have been differently described,) he was obliged to compound for them, by resigning his flock, and retiring upon a small annuity. He came to London, where his principal literary

employments were, furnishing articles for the English Review, and writing in vindication of Warren Hastings. He died, at the age of forty, at his lodgings, in Marlborough-street. His Sermons, which were published two years after his death, have obtained considerable popularity.

His "Ode to the Cuckoo" is the most agreeable effusion of his fancy. Burke was so much pleased with it, that, when he came to Edinburgh, he made himself acquainted with its author. His claim to this piece has indeed been disputed by the relatives of Michael Bruce; and it is certain, that when Bruce's poems were sent to Logan, he published them intermixed with his own, without any marks to discriminate the respective authors. He is farther accused of having refused to restore the MSS. But as the charge of stealing the Cuckoo from Bruce was not brought against Logan in his life-time, it cannot, in charity, stand against his memory on the bare assertion of his accusers.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;

Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
  Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
  I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
  From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
  To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
  And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
  Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
  Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

THE LOVERS.

Har. 'Tis midnight dark: 'tis silence deep,
My father's house is hush'd in sleep;
In dreams the lover meets his bride,
She sees her lover at her side;
The mourner's voice is now supprest,
A while the weary are at rest:
'Tis midnight dark; 'tis silence deep;
I only wake, and wake to weep.

The window's drawn, the ladder waits,
I spy no watchman at the gates;
No tread re-echoes through the hall,
No shadow moves along the wall.
I am alone. 'Tis dreary night,
O come, thou partner of my flight!
Shield me from darkness, from alarms;
O take me trembling to thine arms!

The dog howls dismal in the heath,
The raven croaks the dirge of death;
Ah me! disaster's in the sound!
The terrors of the night are round;
A sad mischance my fears forebode,
The demon of the dark 's abroad,
And lures, with apparition dire,
The night-struck man through flood and fire.

The owlet screams ill-boding sounds,
The spirit walks unholy rounds;
The wizard's hour eclipsing rolls;
The shades of hell usurp the poles;
The moon retires; the heaven departs.
From opening earth a spectre starts:
My spirit dies—Away my fears,
My love, my life, my lord appears!

Hen. I come, I come, my love! my life!
And nature's dearest name, my wife!
Long have I lov'd thee; long have sought;
And dangers brav'd, and battles fought;
In this embrace our evils end;
From this our better days ascend;
The year of suffering now is o'er,
At last we meet to part no more!

My lovely bride! my consort, come!
The rapid chariot rolls thee home.

Har. I fear to go——I dare not stay.
Look back.——I dare not look that way.

Hen. No evil ever shall betide
My love, while I am at her side.
Lo! thy protector and thy friend,
The arms that fold thee will defend.

Har. Still beats my bosom with alarms:
I tremble while I'm in thy arms!

What will impassion'd lovers do?
What have I done—to follow you?
I leave a father torn with fears;
I leave a mother bath'd in tears;
A brother, girding on his sword,
Against my life, against my lord.

Now, without father, mother, friend,
On thee my future days depend;
Wilt thou, for ever true to love,
A father, mother, brother prove?
O Henry!——to thy arms I fall,
My friend! my husband! and my all!
Alas! what hazards may I run?
Shouldst thou forsake me—I'm undone.

Hen. My Harriet, dissipate thy fears,
And let a husband wipe thy tears;
For ever join'd our fates combine,
And I am yours, and you are mine.
The fires the firmament that rend,
On this devoted head descend,
If e'er in thought from thee I rove,
Or love thee less than now I love!

Although our fathers have been foes,
From hatred stronger, love arose;
From adverse briars that threat'ning stood,
And threw a horror o'er the wood,

Two lovely roses met on high,
Transplanted to a better sky;
And, grafted in one stock, they grow,
In union spring, in beauty blow.

Har. My heart believes my love; but still
My boding mind presages ill:
For luckless ever was our love,
Dark as the sky that hung above.
While we embraced, we shook with fears,
And with our kisses mingled tears;
We met with murmurs and with sighs,
And parted still with watery eyes.

An unforeseen and fatal hand
Cross'd all the measures love had plann'd;
Intrusion marr'd the tender hour,
A demon started in the bower;
If, like the past, the future run,
And my dark day is but begun,
What clouds may hang above my head?
What tears may I have yet to shed?

Hen. O do not wound that gentle breast,
Nor sink, with fancied ills opprest;
For softness, sweetness, all, thou art,
And love is virtue in thy heart.
That bosom ne'er shall heave again
But to the poet's tender strain;

And never more these eyes o'erflow
But for a hapless lover's woe.

Long on the ocean tempest-tost,
At last we gain the happy coast;
And safe recount upon the shore
Our sufferings past, and dangers o'er:
Past scenes; the woes we wept erewhile
Will make our future minutes smile:
When sudden joy from sorrow springs,
How the heart thrills through all its strings!

Har. My father's castle springs to sight;
Ye towers that gave me to the light!
O hills! O vales! where I have play'd;
Ye woods, that wrap me in your shade!
O scenes I've often wander'd o'er!
O scenes I shall behold no more!
I take a long, last, lingering view:
Adieu! my native land, adieu!

O father, mother, brother dear!
O names still utter'd with a tear!
Upon whose knees I've sat and smil'd,
Whose griefs my blandishments beguil'd;
Whom I forsake in sorrows old,
Whom I shall never more behold!
Farewell, my friends, a long farewell,
Till time shall toll the funeral knell.

Hen. Thy friends, thy father's house resign;
My friends, my house, my all is thine,
Awake, arise, my wedded wife,
To higher thoughts, and happier life!
For thee the marriage feast is spread,
For thee the virgins deck the bed;
The star of Venus shines above,
And all thy future life is love.

They rise, the dear domestic hours!
The May of love unfolds her flow'rs;
Youth, beauty, pleasure spread the feast,
And friendship sits a constant guest;
In cheerful peace the morn ascends,
In wine and love the evening ends;
At distance grandeur sheds a ray,
To gild the evening of our day.

Connubial love has dearer names,
And finer ties, and sweeter claims,
Than e'er unwedded hearts can feel,
Than wedded hearts can e'er reveal;
Pure as the charities above,
Rise the sweet sympathies of love;
And closer cords than those of life
Unite the husband to the wife.

Like cherubs new come from the skies,
Henrys and Harriets round us rise;

And playing wanton in the hall,
With accent sweet their parents call;
To your fair images I run,
You clasp the husband in the son;
O how the mother's heart will bound!
O how the father's joy be crown'd!

ROBERT CRAGGS,

EARL NUGENT.

BORN 1709.—DIED 1788.

ROBERT CRAGGS was descended from the Nugents of Carlanstown, in the county of Westmeath, and was a younger son of Michael Nugent, by the daughter of Robert Lord Trimleston. In the year 1741, he was elected member of parliament for St. Mawes, in Cornwall; and, becoming attached to the party of the Prince of Wales, was appointed (in 1747) comptroller of his Royal Highness's household. On the death of the Prince he made his peace with the court, and was named successively a lord of the treasury, one of the vice-treasurers of Ireland, and a lord of trade. In 1767 he was created Viscount Nugent and Baron Clare. He was twice married. His second wife, with whom he acquired a large fortune, was sister and heiress to Secretary Craggs, the friend of Addison.

His political character was neither independent nor eminent, except for such honours as the court could bestow; but we are told, that in some instances he stood forth as an advocate for the interests of Ireland. His zeal for the manufactures of his native island induced him, on one occasion, to present the Queen with a new-year's gift of Irish grogram, accompanied with a copy of verses; and it was wickedly alleged, that her Majesty had returned her thanks to the noble author for *both his pieces of stuff*.

A volume of his poems was published, anonymously, by Dodsley in 1739. Lord Orford remarks, that "he was one of those men of parts, whose dawn "was the brightest moment of a long life." He was first known by a very spirited ode on his conversion from popery; yet he relapsed to the faith which he had abjured. On the circumstance of his re-conversion it is uncharitable to lay much stress against his memory. There have been instances of it in men, whom either church would have been proud to appropriate. But it cannot be denied, that his poem on Faith formed, at a late period of his life, an anti-climax to the first promise of his literary talents; and though he possessed abilities, and turned them to his private account, he rose to no public confidence as a statesman.

ODE TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

Remote from liberty and truth,
By fortune's crime, my early youth
Drank error's poison'd springs,
Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
Wrapt up in reverential awe,
I bow'd to priests and kings.

Soon reason dawn'd, with troubled sight
I caught the glimpse of painful light,
Afflicted and afraid,
Too weak it shone to mark my way,
Enough to tempt my steps to stray
Along the dubious shade.

Restless I roam'd, when from afar
Lo, Hooker shines! the friendly star
Sends forth a steady ray.
Thus cheer'd, and eager to pursue,
I mount, till glorious to my view,
Locke spreads the realms of day.

Now warm'd with noble Sidney's page,
I pant with all the patriot's rage;
Now wrapt in Plato's dream,
With More and Harrington around
I tread fair Freedom's magic ground,
And trace the flatt'ring scheme.

But soon the beauteous vision flies;
And hideous spectres now arise,
Corruption's direful train:
The partial judge perverting laws,
The priest forsaking virtue's cause,
And senates slaves to gain.

Vainly the pious artist's toil
Would rear to heaven a mortal pile,
On some immortal plan;
Within a sure, though varying date,
Confin'd, alas! is every state
Of empire and of man.

What though the good, the brave, the wise,
With adverse force undaunted rise,
To break th' eternal doom!
Though Cato liv'd, though Tully spoke,
Though Brutus dealt the godlike stroke,
Yet perish'd fated Rome.

To swell some future tyrant's pride,
Good Fleury pours the golden tide
On Gallia's smiling shores;
Once more her fields shall thirst in vain
For wholesome streams of honest gain,
While rapine wastes her stores.

Yet glorious is the great design,
And such, O Pulteney! such is thine,
To prop a nation's frame.

If crush'd beneath the sacred weight,
The ruins of a falling state
  Shall tell the patriot's name.

ODE TO MANKIND.

Is there, or do the schoolmen dream?
Is there on earth a pow'r supreme,
  The delegate of heav'n,
To whom an uncontrol'd command,
In every realm o'er sea and land,
  By special grace is giv'n?

Then say, what signs this god proclaim?
Dwells he amidst the diamond's flame,
  A throne his hallow'd shrine?
The borrow'd pomp, the arm'd array,
Want, fear, and impotence betray:
  Strange proofs of pow'r divine!

If service due from human kind,
To men in slothful ease reclin'd,
  Can form a sov'reign's claim:
Hail, monarchs! ye, whom heav'n ordains,
Our toils unshar'd, to share our gains,
  Ye ideots, blind and lame!

Superior virtue, wisdom, might,
Create and mark the ruler's right,
  So reason must conclude:

Then thine it is, to whom belong
The wise, the virtuous, and the strong,
  Thrice sacred multitude!

In thee, vast All! are these contain'd,
For thee are those, thy parts ordain'd,
  So nature's systems roll:
The sceptre's thine, if such there be;
If none there is, then thou art free,
  Great monarch! mighty whole!

Let the proud tyrant rest his cause
On faith, prescription, force, or laws,
  An host's or senate's voice!
His voice affirms thy stronger due,
Who for the many made the few,
  And gave the species choice.

Unsanctified by thy command,
Unown'd by thee, the scepter'd hand
  The trembling slave may bind.
But loose from nature's moral ties,
The oath by force impos'd belies
  The unassenting mind.

Thy will's thy rule, thy good its end;
You punish only to defend
  What parent nature gave:
And he who dares her gifts invade,
By nature's oldest law is made
  Thy victim or thy slave.

Thus reason founds the just degree
On universal liberty,
Not private rights resign'd:
Through various nature's wide extent,
No private beings ere were meant
To hurt the gen'ral kind.

Thee justice guides, thee right maintains,
Th' oppressor's wrongs, the pilf'rer's gains,
Thy injur'd weal impair.
Thy warmest passions soon subside,
Nor partial envy, hate, nor pride,
Thy temper'd counsels share.

Each instance of thy vengeful rage,
Collected from each clime and age,
Though malice swell the sum,
Would seem a spotless scanty scroll,
Compar'd with Marius' bloody roll,
Or Sylla's hippodrome.

But thine has been imputed blame,
Th' unworthy few assume thy name,
The rabble weak and loud;
Or those who on thy ruins feast,
The lord, the lawyer, and the priest;
A more ignoble crowd.

Avails it thee, if one devours,
Or lesser spoilers share his pow'rs,
While both thy claim oppose?

Monsters who wore thy sullied crown,
Tyrants who pull'd those monsters down,
Alike to thee were foes.

Far other shone fair Freedom's hand,
Far other was th' immortal stand,
When Hampden fought for thee:
They snatch'd from rapine's gripe thy spoils,
The fruits and prize of glorious toils,
Of arts and industry.

On thee yet foams the preacher's rage,
On thee fierce frowns th' historian's page,
A false apostate train:
Tears stream adown the martyr's tomb;
Unpity'd in their harder doom,
Thy thousands strow the plain.

These had no charms to please the sense,
No graceful port, no eloquence,
To win the Muse's throng:
Unknown, unsung, unmark'd they lie;
But Cæsar's fate o'ercasts the sky,
And Nature mourns his wrong.

Thy foes, a frontless band, invade;
Thy friends afford a timid aid,
And yield up half the right.
Ev'n Locke beams forth a mingled ray,
Afraid to pour the flood of day
On man's too feeble sight.

Hence are the motley systems fram'd,
Of right transferr'd, of power reclaim'd;
 Distinctions weak and vain.
Wise nature mocks the wrangling herd;
For unreclaim'd, and untransferr'd,
 Her pow'rs and rights remain.

While law the royal agent moves,
The instrument thy choice approves,
 We bow through him to you.
But change, or cease th' inspiring choice,
The sov'reign sinks a private voice,
 Alike in one, or few!

Shall then the wretch, whose dastard heart
Shrinks at a tyrant's nobler part,
 And only dares betray;
With reptile wiles, alas! prevail,
Where force, and rage, and priestcraft fail,
 To pilfer pow'r away?

O! shall the bought, and buying tribe,
The slaves who take, and deal the bribe,
 A people's claims enjoy!
So Indian murd'rers hope to gain
The pow'rs and virtues of the slain,
 Of wretches they destroy.

" Avert it, heav'n! you love the brave,
" You hate the treach'rous, willing slave,
 " The self-devoted head.

"Nor shall an hireling's voice convey
"That sacred prize to lawless sway,
"For which a nation bled."

Vain pray'r, the coward's weak resource!
Directing reason, active force,
Propitious heaven bestows.
But ne'er shall flame the thund'ring sky,
To aid the trembling herd that fly
Before their weaker foes.

In names there dwell no magic charms,
The British virtues, British arms
Unlocs'd our fathers' band:
Say, Greece and Rome! if these should fail,
What names, what ancestors avail,
To save a sinking land?

Far, far from us such ills shall be,
Mankind shall boast one nation free,
One monarch truly great:
Whose title speaks a people's choice,
Whose sovereign will a people's voice,
Whose strength a prosp'rous state.

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

BORN 1734.—DIED 1788.

William Julius Mickle was born at Langholm, in Dumfrieshire. His father, who was a clergyman of the Scottish church, had lived for some time in London, and had preached in the dissenting meeting-house of the celebrated Dr. Watts. He returned to Scotland, on being presented to the living of Langholm, the duties of which he fulfilled for many years; and, in consideration of his long services, was permitted to retain the stipend after he had removed to Edinburgh, for the better education of his children. His brother-in-law was a brewer in Edinburgh, on whose death the old clergyman unfortunately embarked his property, in order to continue his business, under the name of his eldest son. William, who was a younger son, was taken from the high-school of Edinburgh, and placed as a clerk in the concern; and, on coming of age, took the whole responsibility of it upon himself. When it is mentioned, that Mickle had, from his boyish years, been an enthusiastic reader of Spenser, and that, before he was twenty, he had composed two tragedies and half an epic poem, which were in due time consigned to the flames, it may be easily conceived that his habits of mind were not peculiarly fitted for close and minute attention to a trade, which required incessant superintendance. He was, be-

sides, unfortunate, in becoming security for an insolvent acquaintance. In the year 1763 he became a bankrupt; and, being apprehensive of the severity of one of his creditors, he repaired to London, feeling the misery of his own circumstances aggravated by those of the relations whom he had left behind him.

Before leaving Scotland, he had corresponded with Lord Lyttleton, to whom he had submitted some of his poems in MS. and one, entitled "Providence," which he had printed in 1762. Lord Lyttleton patronized his Muse rather than his fortune. He undertook (to use his Lordship's own phrase) to be his "schoolmaster in poetry;" but his fastidious blottings could be of no service to any man who had a particle of genius: and the only personal benefit which he attempted to render him was, to write to his brother, the governor of Jamaica, in Mickle's behalf, when our poet had thoughts of going out to that island. Mickle, however, always spoke with becoming liberality of this connexion. He was pleased with the suavity of Lord Lyttleton's manners, and knew that his means of patronage were very slender. In the mean time, he lived nearly two years in London, upon remittances from his friends in Scotland, and by writing for the daily papers.

After having fluctuated between several schemes for subsistence, he at length accepted of the situation of corrector to the Clarendon press, at Oxford.

Whilst he retained that office, he published a poem, which he at first named "The Concubine;" but on finding that the title alarmed delicate ears, and suggested a false idea of its spirit and contents, he changed it to "Sir Martyn." At Oxford he also engaged in polemical divinity, and published some severe animadversions on Dr. Harwood's recent translation of the New Testament. He also shewed his fidelity to the cause of religion in a tract, entitled "Voltaire in the Shades; or Dialogues on the Deistical Controversy."

His greatest poetical undertaking was the translation of "The Lusiad," which he began in 1770, and finished in five years. For the sake of leisure and retirement, he gave up his situation at the Clarendon Press, and resided at the house of a Mr. Tomkins, a farmer, at Forest Hill, near Oxford. The English Lusiad was dedicated, by permission, to the Duke of Buccleugh; but his Grace returned not the slightest notice or kindness to his ingenious countryman. Whatever might be the Duke's reasons, good or bad, for this neglect, he was a man fully capable of acting on his own judgment; and there was no necessity for making any other person responsible for his conduct. But Mickle, or his friends, suspected that Adam Smith and David Hume had maliciously stood between him and the Buccleugh patronage. This was a mere suspicion, which our author and his friends ought either to have proved or suppressed. Mickle was indeed

the declared antagonist of Hume; he had written against him, and could not hear his name mentioned with temper: but there is not the slightest evidence that the hatred was mutual. That Adam Smith should have done him a mean injury, no one will believe probable, who is acquainted with the traditional private character of that philosopher. But Mickle was also the antagonist of Smith's doctrines on political economy, as may be seen in his "Dissertation on the Charter of the East India Company." The author of the "Wealth of Nations," forsooth, was jealous of his opinions on monopolies! Even this paltry supposition is contradicted by dates, for Mickle's tract upon the subject of Monopolies was published several years after the preface to the Lusiad. Upon the whole, the suspicion of his philosophical enemies having poisoned the ear of the Duke of Buccleugh, seems to have proceeded from the same irritable vanity, which made him threaten to celebrate Garrick as the hero of a second Dunciad, when he refused to accept of his tragedy, "The Siege of Marseilles."

Though the Lusiad had a tolerable sale, his circumstances still made his friends solicitous that he should obtain some settled provision. Dr. Lowth offered to provide for him in the church. He refused the offer with honourable delicacy, lest his former writings in favour of religion should be attributed to the prospect of reward. At length the friendship of his kinsman, Commodore Johnstone, relieved him

from unsettled prospects. Being appointed to the command of a squadron destined for the coast of Portugal, he took out the translator of Camoens as his private secretary. Mickle was received with distinguished honours at Lisbon. The Duke of Braganza, in admitting him a member of the Royal Academy of Lisbon, presented him with his own picture.

He returned to England in 1780, with a considerable acquisition of prize money, and was appointed an agent for the distribution of the prize profits of the cruize. His fortune now enabled him to discharge the debts of his early and mercantile life. He married the daughter of Mr. Tomkins, with whom he had resided while translating the Lusiad; and, with every prospect of spending the remainder of his life in affluence and tranquillity, purchased a house, and settled at Wheatley, near Oxford. So far his circumstances have almost the agreeable air of a concluding novel; but the failure of a banker, with whom he was connected as prize agent, and a chancery suit in which he was involved, greatly diminished his finances, and disturbed the peace of his latter years. He died at Forest Hill, after a short illness.

His reputation principally rests upon the translation of the Lusiad, which no Englishman had attempted before him, except Sir Richard Fanshawe. Sir Richard's version is quaint, flat, and harsh; and he has interwoven many ridiculously conceited ex-

pressions, which are foreign both to the spirit and style of his original; but in general it is closer than the modern translation to the literal meaning of Camoens. Altogether, Fanshawe's representation of the Portuguese poem may be compared to the wrong side of the tapestry. Mickle, on the other hand, is free, flowery, and periphrastical; he is incomparably more spirited than Fanshawe; but still he departs from the majestic simplicity of Camoens' diction as widely as Pope has done from that of Homer[1]. The sonorous and simple language of the

[1] A happy example of this occurs in the description of De Gama's fleet anchoring by moonlight in the harbour of Mozambique.

"The moon, full orb'd, forsakes her watery cave,
"And lifts her lovely head above the wave;
"The snowy splendours of her modest ray
"Stream o'er the glistening waves, and glistening play:
"Around her, glittering on the Heaven's arch'd brow,
"Unnumber'd stars enclosed in azure glow,
"Thick as the dewdrops in the April dawn,
"Or May flowers crowding o'er the daisy lawn.
"The canvas whitens in the silvery beam,
"And with a mild pale-red the pendants gleam;
"The mast's tall shadows tremble o'er the deep,
"The peaceful lines a holy silence keep;
"The watchman's carol, echoed from the prows,
"Alone, at times, awakes the still repose."

In this beautiful sea-piece, the circumstance of "the mast's tall shadow trembling on the deep," and of the "carol of the watchman echoed from the prows," are touches of the translator's addition. Mickle has, however, got more credit for improving the Lusiad than he deserves.

Lusitanian epic is like the sound of a trumpet; and Mickle's imitation like the shakes and flourishes of the flute.

Although he was not responsible for the faults of the original, he has taken abundance of pains to defend them in his notes and preface. In this he has not been successful. The long lecture on geography and Portuguese history, which Gama delivers to the King of Melinda, is a wearisome interruption to the narrative; and the use of Pagan mythology is a radical and unanswerable defect. Mickle informs us, as an apology for the latter circumstance, that all this Pagan machinery was allegorical, and that the gods and goddesses of Homer were allegorical also; an assertion which would require to be proved, before it can be admitted. Camoens himself has said something about his concealment of a moral meaning under his Pagan deities; but if he has any such morality, it is so well hidden that it is impossible to discover it. The Venus of the Lusiad, we are told, is Divine Love; and how is this Divine Love employed? For no other end than to give the poet an opportunity of displaying a scene of sensual gratification, an island is purposely raised up in the ocean; and Venus conducts De Gama and his followers to this blessed spot, where a bevy of the nymphs of Venus are very goodnaturedly prepared to treat them to their favours; not as a trial, but as a reward for their virtues! Voltaire was certainly justified in pronouncing this episode a piece of

gratuitous indecency. In the same allegorical spirit no doubt, Bacchus, who opposes the Portuguese discoverers in the councils of Heaven, disguises himself as a popish priest, and celebrates the rites of the catholic religion. The imagination is somewhat puzzled to discover, why Bacchus should be an enemy to the natives of a country, the soil of which is so productive of his beverage; and a friend to the Mahometans, who forbid the use of it: although there is something amusing in the idea of the jolly god officiating as a Romish clergyman.

Mickle's story of Syr Martyn is the most pleasing of his original pieces. The object of the narrative is to exhibit the degrading effects of concubinage, in the history of an amiable man, who is reduced to despondency and sottishness, under the dominion of a beldam and a slattern. The defect of the moral is, that the same evils might have happened to Syr Martyn in a state of matrimony. The simplicity of the tale is also, unhappily, overlaid by a weight of allegory and of obsolete phraseology, which it has not importance to sustain. Such a style, applied to the history of a man and his housekeeper, is like building a diminutive dwelling in all the pomp of Gothic architecture.

FROM SYR MARTYN.

* * * * * * * *

" Fleet past the months ere yet the giddy boy
One thought bestowd on what would surely be;
But well his aunt perceiv'd his dangerous toy,
And sore she feard her auncient familie
Should now be staind with blood of base degree:
For sooth to tell, her liefest hearts delight
Was still to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute ysprong of Venus bright.

" But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baselie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights she schemd to shonne thilke foull disgrace,
And Kathrins bale in wondrous wrath she vowd:
Yet could she not with cunning portaunce shroud,
So as might best succede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild slut aloud;
That soon she should her gracelesse thewes repent,
And stand in long white sheet before the parson shent."

So spake the wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the scceneric rose, where listless lay
The knight in shady bowre, by streamlet lavd,
While Philomela soothd the parting day:

Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her store of blandishments and wiles;
The knight was touchd—but she with soft delay
And gentle teares yblends her languid smiles,
And of base falsitie th' enamourd boy reviles.

Amazd the boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultring oft, exclaims with wondring stare,
"What mean these sighs? dispell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, thy griefes declare."
"And need," quoth she, "need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Lost is my friends goodwill, my mothers care—
By you deserted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your aunts fell spight, and wreakfull crueltie."

"My aunt!" quoth he, "forsooth shall she command?
No; sooner shall yond hill forsake his place,"
He laughing said, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand she shifted to her blubberd face,
With prudish modestie, and sobd, "Alas!
Grant me your bond, or else on yonder tree
These silken garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! shall hang thy babe and me,
And everie night our ghostes shall bring all Hell to thee."

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareless wight,
As when, aloft on well-stored cherrie-tree,

The thievish elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
"And will my bond forefend thilke miserie?
That shalt thou have; and for thy peace beside,
What mote I more? housekeeper shalt thou be"—
An awfull oath forthwith his promise tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blythesome bride.

His aunt fell sick for very dole to see
Her kindest counsels scornd, and sore did pine
To think what well she knew would shortly be,
Cadwallins blood debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole she died. O sad propine,
Syr knight, for all that care which she did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has she sat up, rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee so kind with many a daintie cake!

Soft as the gossamer in summer shades
Extends its twinkling line from spray to spray,
Gently as sleep the weary lids invades,
So soft, so gently pleasure mines her way:
But whither will the smiling fiend betray,
Ah, let the knights approaching days declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxom May
Bestrew her path, to deserts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

"Ah!" says the wizard, "what may now availe
His manlie sense that fairest blossoms bore,

His temper gentle as the whispering gale,
His native goodnesse, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of dissipation hight
Has shedd, with subtil stealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poison, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

" So the Canadian, traind in drery wastes
To chase the foming bore and fallow deer,
At first the traders beverage shylie tastes;
But soon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he lusts for the delirious cheer:
So bursts the boy disdainful of restrent,
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrksome hangs the day in sports unspent.

" Now fly the wassal seasons wingd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
The springs green months ycharmd with cocking flee,
The jolly horce-race summers grand employ,
His harvest sports the foxe and hare destroy;
But the substantial comforts of the bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the boy
With Englands cause, and swell his mightie soul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

"Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hang many a badgers snout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge persewd,
Through marsh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and delve
and dale;
To hear his hair-breadth scapes would make you pale;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumstance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting sett.

"Now on the turf the knight with sparkling eyes
Beholds the springing racers sweep the ground;
Now lightlie by the post the foremost flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The coursers groan, the cracking whips resound:
And gliding with the gale they rush along
Right to the stand. The knight stares wildly round,
And, rising on his sell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noise of all the noisie throng.

"While thus the knight persewd the shaddow joy,
As youthful spirits thoughtlesse led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to please, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the carelesse wight
Resigns himself to her capricious sway:
Then soon, perdie, was never charme-bound spright
In necromancers thrall in halfe such pitteous plight.

"Her end accomplishd, and her hopes at stay,
What need her now, she recks, one smyle bestow;
Each care to please were trouble thrown away,
And thriftlesse waste, with many maxims moe,
As, What were she the better did she so?
She conns, and freely sues her native bent;
Yet still can she to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with snuff in tawdric gown she went,
Though peevish were her spleen and rude her jolliment.

"As when the linnett hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin sings,
Lively with joy, till on a lucklesse thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings;
The more he flutters still the more foredone:
So fares it with the knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling shun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

"Or, when atop the hoary western hill
The ruddie sunne appears to rest his chin,
When not a breeze disturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gamesome trout then shows her silveric skin,
As wantonly beneath the wave she glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, displays her sides,
While she with frequent leape the ruffled streame divides.

" On the greene banck a truant schoolboy stands;
Well has the urchin markt her merry play,
An ashen rod obeys his guilefull hands,
And leads the mimick fly across her way;
Askaunce, with wistly look and coy delay,
The hungrie trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with speckled wings so gay;
Then, slylie nibbling, prudish from it flies,
Till with a bouncing start she bites the truthless
prize.

" Ah, then the younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze she feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, she runs in dred affright;
In vain the deepest rock, her late delight,
In vain the sedgy nook for help she tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled still the more she flies,
And soon amid the grass the panting captive lies.

" Where now, ah pity! where that sprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivlett bancks, with blushes coy,
April walkd forth—ah! never more to toy
In purling streame, she pants, she gasps, and dies!
Aye me! how like the fortune of the boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noise
Have left him now, involvd, his lemmans hapless
prize.

" See now the changes that attend her sway;
The parke where rural elegance had placed
Her sweet retreat, where cunning art did play
Her happiest freaks, that nature undefacd
Receivd new charmes; ah, see, how foul disgracd
Now lies thilke parke so sweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waste;
The bowling-greene has lost its shaven flore,
And snowd with washing suds now yawns beside the
dore.

" All round the borders where the pansie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus speckld fine,
And daffodils in fayre confusion grew
Emong the rose-bush roots and eglantine;
These now their place to cabbages resign,
And tawdrie pease supply the lillys stead;
Rough artichokes now bristle where the vine
Its purple clusters round the windows spread,
And laisie coucumbers on dung recline the head.

" The fragrant orchard, once the summers pride,
Where oft, by moonshine, on the daisied greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping side by side,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were seene;
Or, where the clear canal stretchd out atweene,
Deftly their locks with blossomes would they brede
Or, resting by the primrose hillocks sheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut shade,
They sung their loves the while the fruitage gaily
spread:

" The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of blossome strewd the plain;
The hillocks gently rising through the land
Must now no trace of natures steps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the swain,
And bluish lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moss-floord filbert bowres had beene,
Is now a turnip-field and cow-yarde nothing cleane

" An auncient crone, yclepd by housewives Thrift,
All this devisd for trim oeconomic;
But certes ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
Coarse were her looks, yet smoothe her courtesie,
Hoyden her shapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And still she plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To save the smallest crombe her pleasure and desyre.

" Bow-bent with eld, her steps were soft and slow,
Fast at her side a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care sat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet sparing though she beene her guests emong,
Ought by herself that she mote gormondise,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her gust suffice;
Albee in varied stream, still was it covetise.

"Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked ronion, for in soothly guise
She was her genius and her counsellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wise
Bedeck each room, and much can she despise
The knights complaints, and thriftlesse judgment ill:
Eke versd in sales, right wondrous cheap she buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though uselesse, cheap they beene, and cheap she
purchasd still.

"His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to sing and worken all the day,
At seedtime never were they left behind,
And at the harvest feast still first did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homespun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the
rear.

"Ah, happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with social hospitable glee
The village hearths at Christmas tide resound,
No more the Whitsun gamboll may you see,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie,
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, heart-sinking penurie
And hopelesse care on every face is seen,
As these the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

" For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering some words with serious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, nolens volens, they must heed the same,
And quight those fieldes their yeomen grandsires plowd
Eer since black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame,
From Cressie field the knights old grandsire prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and each his glebe allowd.

" But now the orphan sees his harvest fielde
Beneath the gripe of laws stern rapine fall,
The friendlesse widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to some poor hutt with earthen wall:
And these, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, sooth to tell, grievd was the knight full sore
Such sinful deeds to see: yet such his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except she willd the same before.

" Oh wondrous powre of womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too secure may be!
Not Circes cup may so transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious powre, like thee;
Lo manly sense, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy spells, thy crowching slave is seen;
Lo, high-browd honour bends the groveling knee,
And every bravest virtue, sooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

" Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthlesse bondage on his slave impose,
As Kathrin on the knight full deffly can;
Ne may the knight escape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs some mountains brows,
With painful struggling up the steep height strains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but strength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a step he gains;
So toils the powrelesse knight beneath his servile
chains.

" His lawyer now assumes the guardians place;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and passing slie;
Slow was his speeche, and solemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt so high;
Pleasd Dullness basking in his glossie eye,
The smyle would oft steal through his native phlegm;
And well he guards syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peasant dares invade the game:
But certes, seven yeares rent was soon his own just
claim.

" Now mortgage follows mortgage: cold delay
Still yawns on everie long-depending case.
The knights gay bloome the while slid fast away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
While everie day renews his vile disgrace,
And straitens still the more his galling thrall:
See now what scenes his household hours debase,
And rise successive in his cheerlesse hall."
So spake the seer, and prompt the scene obeyd his call.

"See," quoth the wizard, "how with foltering mien,
And discomposd yon stranger he receives;
Lo, how with sulkie look, and moapt with spleen,
His frowning mistresse to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will she heed, ne will she sign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward blushes saves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

"A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cause did still his lips inspire;
He begs the knight by friendships long agone
To shelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whose cheerlesse fire
Sat grief, and pale disease. The poor mans wrong
Affects the knight: his inmost harts desire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confus'd, and stung
With inward pain, he looks, and silence guards his tongue.

"See, while his friend entreats and urges still,
See, how with sidelong glaunce and haviour shy
He steals the look to read his lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an assent to spy.
Look as he will, yet will she not comply.
His friend with scorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the bursting laugh restrain,
While manlie honour frowns on his unmanlie stain.

"Let other scenes now rise," the wizard said:
He wavd his hand, and other scenes arose.
"See there," quoth he, "the knight supinely laid
Invokes the household houres of learnd repose;
An auncient song its manly joys bestows:
The melting passion of the nutt-brown mayde
Glides through his breast; his wandering fancy glows.
Till into wildest reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind faire, and wooes the lovely shade.

"Transported he repeats her constant vow,
How to the green wode shade, betide whateer,
She with her banishd love would fearlesse goe,
And sweet would be with him the hardest cheer.
'O Heaven!' he sighs, 'what blessings dwell sincere
In love like this!'—But instant as he sighd,
Bursting into the room, loud in his ear
His lemman thonders, 'Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that trusts in man before she bees his bride!

"'And must some lemman of a whiffling song
Delight your fancy?' she disdainful cries;
When straight her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies.
Him cheife in spleene the father means chastise,
But from his kindlie hand she saves him still;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wise
Yon yellow elfe she little spares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its stubborn will.

" Pale as the ghoste that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aswoon
The knight stares round; yet good nor bad he sed.
Alas! though trembling anguish inward bled,
His best resolve soon as a meteor dies:
His present peace and ease mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks most wondrous wise,
As from himself he hop'd his grief and shame dis-
guise.

" Woe to the wight whose hated home no more
The hallowd temple of content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His mistresse with her liefest companie,
A rude unletterd herd! with dearest glee,
Enjoys each whisper of her neighbours shame;
And still anon the flask of ratifie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Escapes their blasting tongue, or goody, wench, or
dame."

NATHANIEL COTTON.

BORN 1707.—DIED 1788.

NATHANIEL COTTON was a physician, who paid particular attention to the subject of mental disorders; and kept a receptacle for insane patients at St. Albans. Cowper was for some time under his care.

THE FIRESIDE.

DEAR Cloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
  In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
  Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
  Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
  To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
  And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
  And that dear hut our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
  That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursions o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
  Explor'd the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
  By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
  A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right they'll prove a spring
  Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
  And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,

And crown our hoary hairs;
They'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys! they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favours given;

Dear Cloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its checker'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble, or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Of this American poet I am sorry to be able to give the British reader no account. I believe his personal history is as little known as his poetry on this side of the Atlantic.

DEATH OF IRAD, AND LAMENTATION OF SELIMA OVER HIS BODY.

FROM HIS CONQUEST OF CANAAN, BOOK V. LOND. REPRINTED 1788.

Mid countless warriors Irad's limbs were spread,
Ev'n there distinguish'd from the vulgar dead;
Fair as the spring, and bright as rising day,
His snowy bosom open'd as he lay:
From the deep wound a little stream of blood
In silence fell, and on the javelin glow'd.
Grim Jabin, frowning o'er his hapless head,
Deep in his bosom plung'd the cruel blade;
Foes ev'n in death his vengeance ne'er forgave,
But hail'd their doom insatiate as the grave:
No worth, no bravery, could his rage disarm,
Nor smiling love could melt, nor beauty warm.

But now th' approaching clarions' dreadful sound
Denounces flight, and shakes the banner'd ground.

From clouded plains increasing thunders rise,
And drifted volumes roll along the skies;
At once the chief commands th' unnumber'd
throng,
Like gathering tempests darkly pour'd along;
High on the winds, unfurl'd in purple pride,
The imperial standard cast the view aside;
A hero there sublimely seem'd to stand,
To point the conquest, and the flight command:
In arms of burnish'd gold the warrior shone,
And wav'd and brighten'd in the falling sun.
* * * * * * * *

But now sublime, in crimson triumph borne,
The sacred standard mock'd th' etherial morn;
Wide on the winds its waving splendours flow'd,
And call'd the warriors from the distant wood.
Behind great Joshua, Hazor's sons to dare,
Pour the bold thousands to the western war;
Beyond Ai's wall the less'ning heathen train
In well-form'd squadrons cross the distant plain;
Part still in sight their shady files extend,
Part fill the wood, and part the hills ascend:
To cease from toil, the prudent chief commands,
And balmy quiet soothes the wearied bands.

Half lost in mountain groves the sun's broad ray
Shower'd a full splendour round his evening way.
Slow Joshua strode the lovely youth to find,
Th' unwilling bands more slowly mov'd behind.

Soon as the matchless form arose to view,
O'er their sad faces shone the sorrowing dew:
Silent they stood; to speak the leader tried,
But the chok'd accents on his palate died—
His bleeding bosom beat. * * * *

" Ah! best and bravest of thy race," he said,
And gently rais'd the pale reclining head,
" Lost are thy matchless charms; thy glory gone,
Gone is the glory which thy hand hath won.
In vain on thee thy nation cast her eyes,
In vain with joy beheld thy light arise,
In vain she wish'd thy sceptre to obey."
* * * * * * * *

Borne by six chiefs, in silence o'er the plain,
Fair Irad mov'd; before the mournful train
Great Joshua's arm sustain'd his sword and shield,
Th' affected thousands length'ning through the field;
When, crown'd with flow'rs, the maidens at her side,
With gentle steps advanc'd great Caleb's pride;
Her snowy hand, inspir'd by restless love,
Of the lone wild-rose two rich wreaths inwove,
Fresh in her hands the flowers rejoic'd to bloom,
And round the fair one shed a mild perfume.
O'er all the train her active glances rov'd,
She gaz'd, and gazing miss'd the youth she lov'd.
Some dire mischance her boding heart divin'd,
And thronging terrors fill'd her anxious mind.

As near the host her quick'ning footsteps drew,
The breathless hero met her trembling view!
From her chill'd hand the headlong roses fell,
And life's gay beauty bade her cheeks farewell,
And sunk to earth.
* * * * * * * *
With anguish Caleb saw her faded charms,
And caught the favourite in his hast'ning arms.
Reviv'd, with piercing voice that froze his soul,
She forc'd the big round tear unwish'd to roll:
By all his love besought him soon to lead
Where cruel friendship snatch'd the lovely dead.
In vain the chief his anguish strove to hide,
Sighs rent his breast and chill'd the vital tide.

To Joshua then, whose heart beside her mourn'd,
With gaze of keen distress the charmer turn'd.
"Oh! generous chief, to misery ever kind,
Thou lov'st my sire—support his sinking mind.
Thy friendly wish delights to lessen woe,
See how his tears for fallen Irad flow.
He claims thy friendship—Generous hero! see,
Lost to himself, his fondness bleeds for me.
To view the hapless youth distress'd, he fears
Would wound my soul, and force too copious tears;
But lead—oh! lead me where the youth is borne—
Calm is my heart, nor will my bosom mourn:
So cold that heart it yields no pitying sigh;
And see, no tear bedews this marbled eye!"

She said; * * * * reclin'd
On Joshua's arm, she forc'd his melting mind.
Pressing her hand, he trac'd a gentle way,
Where breathless Irad, lost in slumbers, lay.
From the pale face his chilling hand withdrew
The decent veil, and gave the youth to view.
Fix'd o'er the form with solemn gaze she hung,
And strong deep sighs burst o'er her frozen tongue.
On Joshua then she cast a wistful look—
Wild was her tearless eye, and rolling spoke
Anguish unutterable—thrice she tried
To vent her woes, and thrice her efforts died.
At length, in accents of ecstatic grief,
Her voice, bewilder'd, gave her heart relief.

" Is this the doom we dread? Is this to die?
To sleep, to feel no more, to close the eye?
Slight is the change—how vain the childish fear
That trembles and recoils when death is near.
I too, methinks, would share the peaceful doom,
And seek a calm repose in Irad's tomb.
This breath, I know, this useless breath must fail,
These eyes be darken'd, and this face grow pale—
But thou art pale, O youth! thy lot I crave,
And every grief shall vanish in the grave!"

She ceas'd: the tender chief without delay,
Soft pressing, kindly forc'd her steps away.
Slow toward the camp with solemn pace they drew;
The corse moves on, the mournful bands pursue.

Unnumber'd tears their hapless fate bewail,
And voice to voice resounds the dreadful tale.
Unhappy, to their tents the host retir'd,
And gradual o'er the mountains day expir'd.

PREDICTION MADE BY THE ANGEL TO JOSHUA OF THE FUTURE DISCOVERY AND HAPPINESS OF AMERICA—AND OF THE MILLENNIUM.

FROM THE SAME.

Far o'er yon azure main thy view extend,
Where seas and skies in blue confusion blend:
Lo, there a mighty realm, by Heav'n design'd
The last retreat for poor oppress'd mankind;
Form'd with that pomp which marks the hand divine,
And clothes yon vault where worlds unnumber'd shine.
Here spacious plains in solemn grandeur spread,
Here cloudy forests cast eternal shade;
Rich valleys wind, the sky-tall mountains brave,
And inland seas for commerce spread the wave.
With nobler floods the sea-like rivers roll,
And fairer lustre purples round the pole.
Here, warm'd by happy suns, gay mines unfold
The useful iron and the lasting gold;
Pure, changing gems in silence learn to glow,
And mock the splendours of the covenant bow
On countless hills, by savage footsteps trod,
That smile to see the future harvest nod,

In glad succession plants unnumber'd bloom,
And flowers unnumber'd breathe a rich perfume.
Hence life once more a length of days shall claim,
And health, reviving, light her purple flame.

Far from all realms this world imperial lies,
Seas roll between, and threat'ning tempests rise.
Alike remov'd beyond ambition's pale,
And the bold pinions of the vent'rous sail;
Till circling years the destin'd period bring,
And a new Moses lift the daring wing;
Through trackless seas an unknown flight explores,
And hails a new Canaan's promis'd shores.

On yon far strand behold that little train
Ascending vent'rous o'er the unmeasur'd main;
No dangers fright, no ills the course delay,
'Tis virtue prompts, and God directs the way.
Speed—speed, ye sons of truth! let Heav'n be-
friend,
Let angels waft you, and let peace attend.
O! smile, thou sky serene; ye storms, retire;
And airs of Eden every sail inspire.
Swift o'er the main behold the canvas fly,
And fade and fade beneath the farthest sky:
See verdant fields the changing waste unfold;
See sudden harvest dress the plains in gold;
In lofty walls the moving rocks ascend,
And dancing woods to spires and temples bend.

Meantime, expanding o'er earth's distant ends,
Lo, Slavery's gloom in sable pomp ascends!
Far round each eastern clime her volumes roll,
And pour deep shading to the sadden'd pole.
How the world droops beneath the fearful blast,
The plains all wither'd, and the skies o'ercast.
* * * * * * * *

Benumb'd and fix'd the palsied soul expires,
Blank'd all its views, and quench'd its living fires;
In clouds of boundless shade the scenes decay,
Land after land departs, and nature fades away.

In that dread hour, beneath auspicious skies,
To nobler bliss yon western world shall rise;
Unlike all former realms by war that stood,
And saw the guilty throne ascend in blood:
Here union'd choice shall form a rule divine,
Here countless lands in one great system join;
The sway of law, unbroke, unrivall'd grow,
And bid her blessings every land o'erflow.

Here empire's last and brightest throne shall rise,
And Peace, and Right, and Freedom greet the skies.
To morn's far realms her trading ships shall sail,
Or lift their canvas to the evening gale.
In wisdom's walks her sons ambitious soar,
Tread starry fields, and untried scenes explore.

And hark! what strange, what solemn breaking strain
Swells wildly murm'ring o'er the far, far main;
Down Time's long less'ning vale the notes decay,
And, lost in distant ages, roll away.

JAMES WHYTE.

SIMILE.

FROM A COLLECTION OF POEMS, PRINTED AT DUBLIN, 1789.
EDITED BY MR. GRADBERRY.

You say, sir, once a wit allow'd
A woman to be like a cloud,
Accept a simile as soon
Between a woman and the moon;
For let mankind say what they will,
The sex are heavenly bodies still.

Grant me to mimic human life—
The sun and moon are man and wife:
Whate'er kind Sol affords to lend her,
Is squander'd upon midnight splendour;
And when to rest he lays him down,
She's up, and star'd at through the town.

From him her beauties close confining,
And only in his absence shining;
Or else she looks like sullen tapers;
Or else she's fairly in the vapours;
Or owns at once a wife's ambition,
And fully glares in opposition.

Say, are not these a modish pair,
Where each for other feels no care?
Whole days in separate coaches driving,
Whole nights to keep asunder striving;
Both in the dumps in gloomy weather,
And lying once a month together.
In one sole point unlike the case is,
On her own head the horns she places.

THOMAS WARTON.

BORN 1728.—DIED 1790.

THOMAS WARTON was descended from an ancient family, whose residence was at Beverley, in Yorkshire. One of his ancestors was knighted in the civil wars, for his adherence to Charles I.; but by the failure of the same cause, the estate of the family was confiscated, and they were unable to maintain the rank of gentry. The toryism of the historian of English poetry was, therefore, hereditary. His father was fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford; professor of poetry in that university; and vicar of Basingstoke, in Hants, and of Cobham, in Surrey. At the age of sixteen, our author was admitted a commoner of Trinity college, Oxford, of which he continued a member, and an ornament, for forty-seven years. His first poetical appearance in print has been traced to five eclogues in blank verse; the scenes of which are laid among the shepherds, oppressed by the wars in Germany. They appeared in Pearche's "Supplement to Dodsley's Collection of Fugitive Pieces." Warton disavowed those eclogues in his riper years. They are not discreditable to him as the verses of a boy; but it was a superfluous offering to the public, to subjoin them to his other works, in the last edition of the British Poets. His poem, "The

Pleasures of Melancholy," was written not long after. As the composition of a youth, it is entitled to a very indulgent consideration; and perhaps it gives promise of a sensibility, which his subsequent poetry did not fulfil. It was professedly written in his seventeenth, but published in his nineteenth year, so that it must be considered as testifying the state of his genius at the latter period; for until his work had passed through the press, he would continue to improve it. In the year 1749, he published his "Triumph of Isis," in answer to Mason's poetical attack on the loyalty of Oxford. The best passage in this piece, beginning with the lines,

"Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
"Ye towers, that wear the mossy vest of time,"

discovers that fondness for the beauties of architecture, which was an absolute passion in the breast of Warton. Joseph Warton relates, that, at an early period of their youth, his brother and he were taken by their father to see Windsor Castle. Old Dr. Warton complained, that whilst the rest of the party expressed delight at the magnificent spectacle, Thomas made no remarks; but Joseph Warton justly observes, that the silence of his brother was only a proof of the depth of his pleasure; that he was really absorbed in the enjoyment of the sight: and that his subsequent fondness for "*castle imagery*," he believed, might be traced to the impression which he then received from Windsor Castle.

In 1750 he took the degree of a master of arts; and in the following year succeeded to a fellowship. In 1754 he published his "Observations on Spenser's Faëry Queen," in a single volume, which he afterwards expanded into two volumes, in the edition of 1762. In this work he minutely analyses the Classic and Romantic sources of Spenser's fiction; and so far enables us to estimate the power of the poet's genius, that we can compare the scattered ore of his fanciful materials, with their transmuted appearance in the Faëry Queen. This work, probably, contributed to his appointment to the professorship of poetry, in the university, in 1757, which he held, according to custom, for ten years. While possessed of that chair, he delivered a course of lectures on poetry, in which he introduced his translations from the Greek Anthology, as well as the substance of his remarks on the Bucolic poetry of the Greeks, which were afterwards published in his edition of Theocritus. In 1758 he assisted Dr. Johnson in the Idler, with Nos. 33, 93, and 96. About the same time, he published, without name or date, " A Description of the City, College, and Cathedral of Winchester;" and a humorous account of Oxford, intended to burlesque the popular description of that place, entitled, " A Companion to the Guide, or a Guide to the Companion." He also published, anonymously, in 1758, " A Selection of Latin Metrical Inscriptions."

Warton's clerical profession forms no very prominent part of his history. He had an indistinct

and hurried articulation, which was peculiarly unfavourable to his pulpit oratory. His ambition was directed to other objects, than preferment in the church, and he was above solicitation. After having served the curacy of Woodstock for nine years, as well as his avocations would permit, he was appointed, in 1774, to the small living of Kiddington, in Oxfordshire; and, in 1785, to the donative of Hill Farrance, in Somersetshire, by his own college.

The great work to which the studies of his life were subservient, was his "History of English Poetry," an undertaking which had been successively projected by Pope and Gray. Those writers had suggested the imposing plan of arranging the British poets, not by their chronological succession, but by their different schools. Warton deliberately relinquished this scheme; because he felt that it was impracticable, except in a very vague and general manner. Poetry is of too spiritual a nature, to admit of its authors being exactly grouped, by a Linnæan system of classification. Striking resemblances and distinctions will, no doubt, be found among poets; but the shades of variety and gradation are so infinite, that to bring every composer within a given line of resemblance, would require a new language in the philosophy of taste. Warton, therefore, adopted the simpler idea of tracing our poetry by its chronological progress. The work is certainly provokingly digressive, in many places, and those who have subsequently examined the same subject have often complained of

its inaccuracies; but the chief cause of those inaccuracies was that boldness and extent of research, which makes the work so useful and entertaining. Those who detected his mistakes have been, in no small degree, indebted to him for their power of detecting them. The first volume of his History appeared in 1774; the second in 1778; and the third in 1781. Of the fourth volume only a few sheets were printed; and the account of our poetry, which he meant to have extended to the last century, was continued only to the reign of Elizabeth.

In the year 1785, he was appointed to the Camden Professorship of History, in which situation he delivered only one inaugural dissertation. In the same year, upon the death of Whitehead, he received the laureateship. His odes were subjected to the ridicule of the Rolliad; but his head filled the laurel with more learning than it had encompassed for 100 years.

In his sixty-second year, after a life of uninterrupted good health, he was attacked by the gout; went to Bath for a cure, and returned, as he imagined, perfectly recovered; but his appearance betrayed that his constitution had received a fatal shock. At the close of an evening, which he had spent with more than ordinary cheerfulness, in the common-hall of his college, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, and expired on the following day.

Some amusing eccentricities of his character are

mentioned by the writer of his life (Dr. Mant), which the last editor of the British Poets blames that biographer for introducing. I am far from joining in this censure. It is a miserable system of biography, that would never allow us to smile at the foibles and peculiarities of its subject. The historian of English poetry would sometimes forget his own dignity, so far as to drink ale, and smoke tobacco with men of vulgar condition; either wishing, as some have gravely alleged, to study undisguised and unlettered human nature, or, which is more probable, to enjoy a heartier laugh, and broader humour than could be found in polite society. He was also passionately fond (not of critical, but) of military reviews, and delighted in martial music. The same strength of association which made him enjoy the sound of "*the spirit-stirring drum*," led him to be a constant and curious explorer of the architectural monuments of chivalrous times; and, during his summer excursions into the country, he always committed to paper the remarks which he had made on ancient buildings. During his visits to his brother, Dr. J. Warton, the reverend professor became an associate and confidant in all the sports of the school-boys. When engaged with them in some culinary occupation, and when alarmed by the sudden approach of the master, he has been known to hide himself in a dark corner of the kitchen; and has been dragged from thence by the Doctor, who had

taken him for some great boy. He also used to help the boys in their exercises, generally putting in as many faults, as would disguise the assistance.

Every Englishman who values the literature of his country, must feel himself obliged to Warton as a poetical antiquary. As a poet, he is ranked by his brother Joseph in the school of Spenser and Milton; but this classification can only be admitted with a full understanding of the immense distance between him and his great masters. He had, indeed, "spelt the fabled rhyme;" he abounds in allusions to the romantic subjects of Spenser, and he is a sedulous imitator of the rich lyrical manner of Milton: but of the tenderness and peculiar harmony of Spenser he has caught nothing; and in his resemblance to Milton, he is the heir of his phraseology more than his spirit. His imitation of manner, however, is not confined to Milton. His style often exhibits a very composite order of poetical architecture. In his verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds, for instance, he blends the point and succinctness of Pope, with the richness of the elder and more fanciful school. It is one of his happiest compositions; and, in this case, the intermixture of styles has no unpleasing effect. In others, he often tastelessly and elaborately unites his affectation of antiquity, with the case-hardened graces of modern polish.

If we judge of him by the character of the majority of his pieces, I believe that fifty out of sixty of them

are such, that we should not be anxious to give them a second perusal. From that proportion of his works, I conceive that an unprejudiced reader would pronounce him a florid, unaffecting describer, whose images are plentifully scattered, but without selection or relief. To confine our view, however, to some seven or eight of his happier pieces, we shall find, in these, a considerable degree of graphic power, of fancy, and animation. His "Verses to Sir Joshua Reynolds" are splendid and spirited. There is also a softness and sweetness in his ode entitled "The Hamlet," which is the more welcome, for being rare in his productions; and his "Crusade," and "Grave of Arthur," have a genuine air of martial and minstrel enthusiasm. Those pieces exhibit, to the best advantage, the most striking feature of his poetical character, which was a fondness for the recollections of chivalry, and a minute intimacy of imagination with its gorgeous residences, and imposing spectacles. The spirit of chivalry, he may indeed be said, to have revived in the poetry of modern times. His memory was richly stored with all the materials for description, that can be got from books; and he seems not to have been without an original enthusiasm for those objects, which excite strong associations of regard and wonder. Whether he would have ever looked with interest on a shepherd's cottage, if he had not found it described by Virgil or Theocritus,

may be fairly doubted; but objects of terror, splendour, and magnificence, are evidently congenial to his fancy. He is very impressive in sketching the appearance of an ancient Gothic castle, in the following lines:

" High o'er the trackless heath, at midnight seen,
" No more the windows, ranged in long array,
" (Where the tall shaft and fretted nook between
" Thick ivy twines) the taper'd rites betray."

His memory was stored with an uncommon portion of that knowledge which supplies materials for picturesque description; and his universal acquaintance with our poets supplied him with expression, so as to answer the full demand of his original ideas. Of his poetic invention, in the fair sense of the word, of his depth of sensibility, or of his powers of reflection, it is not so easy to say any thing favourable.

VERSES ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW, AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace
Those faultless forms of elegance and grace!
Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,
With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass!
Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,
The fond illusions of my wayward mind!

For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,
A faithless truant to the classic page;
Long have I lov'd to catch the simple chime
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime;
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day;
To mark the mouldering halls of barons bold,
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould;
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,
And muse on the magnificence of yore.
  But chief, enraptur'd have I lov'd to roam,
A lingering votary, the vaulted dome,
Where the tall shafts, that mount in massy pride,
Their mingling branches shoot from side to side;
Where elfin sculptors, with fantastic clew,
O'er the long roof their wild embroidery drew;
Where Superstition with capricious hand
In many a maze the wreathed window plann'd,
With hues romantic ting'd the gorgeous pane,
To fill with holy light the wondrous fane;
To aid the builder's model, richly rude,
By no Vitruvian symmetry subdu'd;
To suit the genius of the mystic pile:
Whilst as around the far-retiring aisle,
And fretted shrines, with hoary trophies hung,
Her dark illumination wide she flung,
With new solemnity, the nooks profound,
The caves of death, and the dim arches frown'd.
From bliss long felt unwillingly we part:
Ah, spare the weakness of a lover's heart!

Chase not the phantoms of my fairy dream,
Phantoms that shrink at Reason's painful gleam!
That softer touch, insidious artist, stay,
Nor to new joys my struggling breast betray!
Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain.—
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain?
No more the matchless skill I call unkind,
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.
For when again I view thy chaste design,
The just proportion, and the genuine line;
Those native portraitures of Attic art,
That from the lucid surface seem to start;
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray:
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise;
'Twixt light and shade the transitory strife;
The feature blooming with immortal life:
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow;
The tread majestic, and the beaming eye,
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky;
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child:
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,
Which late my visionary rapture fed:
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,
And brought my bosom back to truth again;
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind;

To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim;
To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.
Ye brawny Prophets, that in robes so rich,
At distance due, possess the crisped niche;
Ye rows of Patriarchs, that sublimely rear'd
Diffuse a proud primeval length of beard:
Ye Saints, who, clad in crimson's bright array,
More pride than humble poverty display:
Ye Virgins meek, that wear the palmy crown
Of patient faith, and yet so fiercely frown:
Ye Angels, that from clouds of gold recline,
But boast no semblance to a race divine:
Ye tragic Tales of legendary lore,
That draw devotion's ready tear no more;
Ye Martyrdoms of unenlighten'd days,
Ye Miracles, that now no wonder raise:
Shapes, that with one broad glare the gazer strike,
Kings, bishops, nuns, apostles, all alike!
Ye Colours, that th' unwary sight amaze,
And only dazzle in the noontide blaze!
No more the sacred window's round disgrace,
But yield to Grecian groups the shining space.
Lo, from the canvas Beauty shifts her throne,
Lo, Picture's powers a new formation own!
Behold, she prints upon the crystal plain,
With her own energy, th' expressive stain!
The mighty Master spreads his mimic toil
More wide, nor only blends the breathing oil;

But calls the lineaments of life complete
From genial alchymy's creative heat;
Obedient forms to the bright fusion gives,
While in the warm enamel Nature lives.
Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,
To add new lustre to religious light:
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine:
With arts unknown before, to reconcile
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

INSCRIPTION IN A HERMITAGE,

AT ANSLEY-HALL, IN WARWICKSHIRE.

Beneath this stony roof reclin'd,
I sooth to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine;
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits lone and still
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes, and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence, she flies;

Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass-embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heavenly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

THE HAMLET.

AN ODE.

The hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care, and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon with cloudless ray
Mounts, to illume their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.

No riot mars the simple fare,
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfeu's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echoed from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill,
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honey'd flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the small garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

THE SUICIDE.

AN ODE.

Beneath the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A Slayer of himself holds his accurs'd abode.

Lower'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook, that ling'ring laves
Yon rush-grown moor with sable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his sullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd;
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the powers of sleep,
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dews his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th' autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit,
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling flood.

Beckoning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose,
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she rear'd.

" Is this," mistaken Scorn will cry,
" Is this the youth whose genius high
" Could build the genuine rhyme?
" Whose bosom mild the favouring Muse
" Had stor'd with all her ample views,
" Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime."

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild
By treacherous magic was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd,
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of woe.

Though doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love;
To griefs congenial prone,

More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then wish not o'er his earthy tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn,
With spring's green-swelling buds to vegetate anew.

What though no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust,
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine,
To build a visionary shrine,
Hung with unfading flowers, from fairy regions brought.

What though refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In many a pensive pause shall seem to ring his knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivied nook:

Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention took.

" Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise;
Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
The wreath of glory twine:
In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow,
Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds confine.

" Just heaven, man's fortitude to prove,
Permits through life at large to rove
The tribes of hell-born Woe:
Yet the same power that wisely sends
Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends
Religion's golden shield to break th' embattled foe

" Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
And stay'd the rising storm:
Had bade the sun of hope appear
To gild his darken'd hemisphere,
And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted form.

" Vain man. 'tis heaven's prerogative
To take, what first it deign'd to give,
Thy tributary breath:

In awful expectation plac'd,
Await thy doom, nor impious haste
To pluck from God's right hand his instruments of death."

THE CRUSADE.

AN ODE.

BOUND for holy Palestine,
Nimbly we brush'd the level brine,
All in azure steel array'd;
O'er the wave our weapons play'd,
And made the dancing billows glow;
High upon the trophied prow,
Many a warrior-minstrel swung
His sounding harp, and boldly sung:
"Syrian virgins, wail and weep,
"English Richard ploughs the deep!
"Tremble, watchmen, as ye spy,
"From distant towers, with anxious eye,
"The radiant range of shield and lance
"Down Damascus' hills advance:
"From Sion's turrets as afar
"Ye ken the march of Europe's war!
"Saladin, thou paynim king,
"From Albion's isle revenge we bring!
"On Acon's spiry citadel,
"Though to the gale thy banners swell,

" Pictur'd with the silver moon;
" England shall end thy glory soon!
" In vain, to break our firm array,
" Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray:
" Those sounds our rising fury fan:
" English Richard in the van,
" On to victory we go,
" A vaunting infidel the foe."
Blondel led the tuneful band,
And swept the wire with glowing hand.
Cyprus, from her rocky mound,
And Crete, with piny verdure crown'd,
Far along the smiling main
Echoed the prophetic strain.
Soon we kiss'd the sacred earth
That gave a murder'd Saviour birth;
Then, with ardour fresh endu'd,
Thus the solemn song renew'd.
" Lo, the toilsome voyage past,
" Heaven's favour'd hills appear at last!
" Object of our holy vow,
" We tread the Tyrian valleys now.
" From Carmel's almond-shaded steep
" We feel the cheering fragrance creep:
" O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm
" Waves the date-empurpled palm.
" See Lebanon's aspiring head
" Wide his immortal umbrage spread!
" Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,
" Wet with our Redeemer's gore!

" Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,
" Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn;
" Your ravish'd honours to restore,
" Fearless we climb this hostile shore!
" And thou, the sepulchre of God!
" By mocking pagans rudely trod,
" Bereft of every awful rite,
" And quench'd thy lamps that beam'd so bright;
" For thee, from Britain's distant coast,
" Lo, Richard leads his faithful host!
" Aloft in his heroic hand,
" Blazing, like the beacon's brand,
" O'er the far-affrighted fields,
" Resistless Kaliburn he wields.
" Proud Saracen, pollute no more
" The shrines by martyrs built of yore!
" From each wild mountain's trackless crown
" In vain thy gloomy castles frown:
" Thy battering engines, huge and high,
" In vain our steel-clad steeds defy;
" And, rolling in terrific state,
" On giant-wheels harsh thunders grate.
" When eve has hush'd the buzzing camp,
" Amid the moonlight vapours damp,
" Thy necromantic forms, in vain,
" Haunt us on the tented plain:
" We bid those spectre-shapes avaunt,
" Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt!
" With many a demon, pale of hue,
" Doom'd to drink the bitter dew

"That drops from Macon's sooty tree,
"Mid the dread grove of ebony.
"Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,
"The christian's holy courage quell.
"Salem, in ancient majesty
"Arise, and lift thee to the sky!
"Soon on thy battlements divine
"Shall wave the badge of Constantine.
"Ye Barons, to the sun unfold
"Our Cross with crimson wove and gold!"

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

AN ODE.

Stately the feast, and high the cheer:
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,
Sublime in formidable state,
And warlike splendour, Henry sate;
Prepar'd to stain the briny flood
Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.
Illumining the vaulted roof,
A thousand torches flam'd aloof:
From massy cups, with golden gleam
Sparkled the red metheglin's stream:
To grace the gorgeous festival,
Along the lofty-window'd hall,

The storied tapestry was hung:
With minstrelsy the rafters rung
Of harps, that with reflected light
From the proud gallery glitter'd bright:
While gifted bards, a rival throng,
(From distant Mona, nurse of song,
From Teivi, fring'd with umbrage brown,
From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown,
From many a shaggy precipice,
That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
And many a sunless solitude
Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude,)
To crown the banquet's solemn close,
Themes of British glory chose;
And to the strings of various chime
Attemper'd thus the fabling rhyme.
" O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roar'd,
" High the screaming sea-mew soar'd;
" On Tintaggel's topmost tower
" Darksome fell the sleety shower;
" Round the rough castle shrilly sung
" The whirling blast, and wildly flung
" On each tall rampart's thundering side
" The surges of the tumbling tide:
" When Arthur rang'd his red-cross ranks
" On conscious Camlan's crimson'd banks:
" By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
" Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed!
" Yet in vain a paynim foe
" Arm'd with fate the mighty blow;

"For when he fell, an elfin queen,
"All in secret, and unseen,
"O'er the fainting hero threw
"Her mantle of ambrosial blue;
"And bade her spirits bear him far,
"In Merlin's agate-axled car,
"To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
"Far in the navel of the deep.
"O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew
"From flowers that in Arabia grew:
"On a rich inchanted bed
"She pillow'd his majestic head;
"O'er his brow, with whispers bland,
"Thrice she wav'd an opiate wand;
"And to soft music's airy sound,
"Her magic curtains clos'd around.
"There, renew'd the vital spring,
"Again he reigns a mighty king;
"And many a fair and fragrant clime,
"Blooming in immortal prime,
"By gales of Eden ever fann'd,
"Owns the monarch's high command:
"Thence to Britain shall return,
"(If right prophetic rolls I learn)
"Borne on victory's spreading plume,
"His ancient sceptre to resume;
"Once more, in old heroic pride,
"His barbed courser to bestride;
"His knightly table to restore,
"And brave the tournaments of yore."

They ceas'd: when on the tuneful stage
Advanc'd a bard, of aspect sage;
His silver tresses, thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent;
His beard, all white as spangles frore
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flow'd;
With Time's faint rose his features glow'd;
His eyes diffus'd a soften'd fire,
And thus he wak'd the warbling wire.
"Listen, Henry, to my read!
" Not from fairy realms I lead
" Bright-rob'd Tradition, to relate
" In forged colours Arthur's fate;
" Though much of old romantic lore
" On the high theme I keep in store:
" But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
" Where Truth the strain might best become.
" If thine ear may still be won
" With songs of Uther's glorious son,
" Henry, I a tale unfold,
" Never yet in rhyme enroll'd,
" Nor sung nor harp'd in hall or bower;
" Which in my youth's full early flower,
" A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
" Who spoke of kings from old Locrine,
" Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
" Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
" What time the glistening vapours fled
" From cloud-envelop'd Clyder's head;

" And on its sides the torrents gray
" Shone to the morning's orient ray.
" When Arthur bow'd his haughty crest,
" No princess, veil'd in azure vest,
" Snatch'd him, by Merlin's potent spell,
" In groves of golden bliss to dwell;
" Where, crown'd with wreaths of misletoe,
" Slaughter'd kings in glory go:
" But when he fell, with winged speed,
" His champions, on a milk-white steed,
" From the battle's hurricane,
" Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,
" In the fair vale of Avalon:
" There, with chanted orison,
" And the long blaze of tapers clear,
" The stoled fathers met the bier;
" Through the dim aisles, in order dread
" Of martial woe, the chief they led,
" And deep entomb'd in holy ground,
" Before the altar's solemn bound.
" Around no dusky banners wave,
" No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
" Away the ruthless Dane has torn
" Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
" And long, o'er the neglected stone,
" Oblivion's veil its shade has thrown:
" The faded tomb, with honour due,
" 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew!
" Thither, when Conquest has restor'd
" Yon recreant isle, and sheath'd the sword,

" When peace with palm has crown'd thy brows,
" Haste thee, to pay thy pilgrim vows.
" There, observant of my lore,
" The pavement's hallow'd depth explore;
" And thrice a fathom underneath
" Dive into the vaults of death.
" There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
" On his gigantic stature gaze;
" There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
" All in warrior-weeds array'd;
" Wearing in death his helmet-crown,
" And weapons huge of old renown.
" Martial prince, 'tis thine to save
" From dark oblivion Arthur's grave!
" So may thy ships securely stem
" The western frith: thy diadem
" Shine victorious in the van,
" Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan:
" Thy Norman pikemen win their way
" Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay:
" And from the steeps of rough Kildare
" Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare:
" So may thy bow's unerring yew
" Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue."
  Amid the pealing symphony
The spiced goblets mantled high;
With passions new the song impress'd
The listening king's impatient breast:
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes;
He scorns awhile his bold emprise;

E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated floor to trace,
And ope, from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous tomb:
E'en now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish kings:
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-temper'd metal made;
And drag to day the dinted shield
That felt the storm of Camlan's field.
O'er the sepulchre profound
E'en now, with arching sculpture crown'd,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge, and rites divine.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

BORN 1721.—DIED 1791.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK was born at Annan, in Dumfries-shire, where his father was a bricklayer. Before he was six months old, he was totally deprived of sight by the small-pox. From an early age he discovered a fondness for listening to books, especially to those in poetry; and by the kindness of his friends and relations, he acquired a slight acquaintance with the Latin tongue, and with some of the popular English classics. He began also, when very young, to compose verses; and some of these having been shewn to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent physician of the Scottish capital, the doctor benevolently took him to Edinburgh, where Blacklock improved his knowledge of Latin, and completed his studies at the university. The publication of his poems excited a general interest in his favour, and Professor Spence, of Oxford, having prefixed to them an account of his life and character, a second edition of them was liberally encouraged in London. In 1759, he was licensed as a preacher of the Scottish church. He soon afterwards married a Miss Johnston, a very worthy, but homely woman; whose beauty, however, he was accustomed to extol with an ecstasy that made his friends regard his blindness as, in one in-

stance, no misfortune. By the patronage of the Earl of Selkirk, he was presented to the living of Kirkudbright; but, in consequence of the violent objections that were made by the parishioners to having a blind man for their clergyman, he resigned the living, and accepted of a small annuity in its stead. With this slender provision, he returned to Edinburgh; and subsisted, for the rest of his life, by taking young gentlemen as boarders in his house, whom he occasionally assisted in their studies.

He published an interesting article on Blindness in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and a work entitled "Paraclesis, or Consolations of Religion," in two dissertations, the one original, the other translated from a work which has been sometimes ascribed to Cicero, but which is more generally believed to have been written by Vigonius of Padua. He died of a nervous fever, at the age of seventy.

Blacklock was a gentle and social being, but prone to melancholy; probably more from constitution than from the circumstance of his blindness, which he so often and so deeply deplores. From this despondent disposition he sought refuge in conversation and music. He was a tolerable performer on the flute, and used to carry a flageolet in his pocket, on which he was not displeased to be solicited for a tune.

His verses are extraordinary for a man blind from his infancy; but Mr. Henry Mackenzie, in his elegant biographical account of him, has certainly over-rated his genius: and when Mr. Spence, of

Oxford, submitted Blacklock's descriptive powers as a problem for metaphysicians to resolve, he attributed to his writings a degree of descriptive strength which they do not possess. Denina[1] carried exaggeration to the utmost when he declared, that Blacklock would seem a fable to posterity, as he had been a prodigy to his contemporaries. It is no doubt curious, that his memory should have retained so many forms of expression for things which he had never seen; but those who have conversed with intelligent persons, who have been blind from their infancy, must have often remarked in them a familiarity of language respecting the objects of vision which, though not easy to be accounted for, will be found sufficiently common to make the rhymes of Blacklock appear far short of marvellous. Blacklock, on more than one occasion, betrays something like marks of blindness.

THE AUTHOR'S PICTURE.

WHILE in my matchless graces wrapt I stand,
And touch each feature with a trembling hand;
Deign, lovely self! with art and nature's pride,
To mix the colours, and the pencil guide.
  Self is the grand pursuit of half mankind:
How vast a crowd by self, like me, are blind!

[1] In his Discorso della Literatura.

By self the fop in magic colours shown,
Though scorn'd by ev'ry eye, delights his own:
When age and wrinkles seize the conqu'ring maid,
Self, not the glass, reflects the flatt'ring shade.
Then, wonder-working self! begin the lay;
Thy charms to others as to me display.
  Straight is my person, but of little size;
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes:
My youthful down is, like my talents, rare;
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear;
So smooth a child may listen without fear;
Not form'd in cadence soft and warbling lays,
To sooth the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
My form so fine, so regular, so new,
My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
" See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way."
The ravish'd Proserpine at last, we know,
Grew fondly jealous of her sable beau;
But thanks to nature! none from me need fly,
One heart the devil could wound—so cannot I.
  Yet, though my person fearless may be seen,
There is some danger in my graceful mien:
For, as some vessel toss'd by wind and tide,
Bounds o'er the waves, and rocks from side to side;
In just vibration thus I always move:
This who can view and not be forc'd to love?

Hail! charming self! by whose propitious aid
My form in all its glory stands display'd:
Be present still; with inspiration kind,
Let the same faithful colours paint the mind.
Like all mankind, with vanity I'm bless'd,
Conscious of wit I never yet possess'd.
To strong desires my heart an easy prey,
Oft feels their force, but never owns their sway.
This hour, perhaps, as death I hate my foe;
The next I wonder why I should do so.
Though poor, the rich I view with careless eye;
Scorn a vain oath, and hate a serious lie.
I ne'er for satire torture common sense;
Nor show my wit at God's nor man's expense.
Harmless I live, unknowing and unknown;
Wish well to all, and yet do good to none.
Unmerited contempt I hate to bear;
Yet on my faults, like others, am severe.
Dishonest flames my bosom never fire;
The bad I pity, and the good admire:
Fond of the Muse, to her devote my days,
And scribble—not for pudding, but for praise.
These careless lines, if any virgin hears,
Perhaps, in pity to my joyless years,
She may consent a gen'rous flame to own;
And I no longer sigh the nights alone.
But, should the fair, affected, vain, or nice,
Scream with the fears inspir'd by frogs or mice;
Cry, "save us, heav'n! a spectre, not a man!"
Her hartshorn snatch, or interpose her fan:

If I my tender overture repeat;
O! may my vows her kind reception meet!
May she new graces on my form bestow,
And with tall honours dignify my brow!

ODE TO AURORA.

ON MELISSA'S BIRTH-DAY.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn,
Emerge, in purest dress array'd,
And chase from Heav'n night's envious shade,
That I once more may, pleas'd, survey,
And hail Melissa's natal day.

Of time and nature eldest born,
Emerge, thou rosy-finger'd morn:
In order at the eastern gate
The Hours to draw thy chariot wait;
Whilst Zephyr, on his balmy wings,
Mild nature's fragrant tribute brings,
With odours sweet to strew thy way,
And grace the bland, revolving day.

But as thou lead'st the radiant sphere,
That gilds its birth, and marks the year,
And as his stronger glories rise,
Diffus'd around th' expanded skies,

Till cloth'd with beams serenely bright,
All Heav'n's vast concave flames with light;
So, when, through life's protracted day,
Melissa still pursues her way,
Her virtues with thy splendour vie,
Increasing to the mental eye:
Though less conspicuous, not less dear,
Long may they Bion's prospect cheer;
So shall his heart no more repine,
Bless'd with her rays, though robb'd of thine.

WILLIAM HAYWARD ROBERTS.

BORN 1745.—DIED 1791.

He was educated at Eton, and from thence was elected to King's college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of master of arts, and of doctor in divinity. From being an under master at Eton he finally rose to be provost of the college, in the year 1781. He was also chaplain to the king, and rector of Farnham Royal, in Buckinghamshire. In 1771 he published, in three parts, "A Poetical Essay on the Attributes and Providence of the Deity." Two years afterwards, "A Poetical Epistle to Christopher Anstey, on the English Poets, chiefly those who had written in blank verse;" and in 1774 his poem of "Judah Restored," a work of no common merit.

FROM JUDAH RESTORED.

BOOK I.

The Subject proposed—State of the Jews in captivity—Character of Belshazzar—Feast of Baal—Daniel visited by the Angel Gabriel.

THE fall of proud Belshazzar, the return
Of Benjamin, and Judah, captive tribes,
I sing. Spirit of God, who to the eyes
Of holy seers in vision didst reveal
Events far distant; thou, who once didst touch
Their lips with heavenly fire, and tune their harps
To strains, sublimer than the Tuscan stream
Caught from his Latian bards, or echoed round
The wide Ægean from Ionia's shore,
Inspire my soul; blest spirit, aid my song.
The sun full seventy times had pass'd the realm
Of burning Scorpius, and was hastening down
The steep convex of heaven, since Babylon
Receiv'd her mourning prisoners. Savage taunts,
And the rude insult of their barbarous lords,
Embitter all their woe. Meanwhile the Law,
Proclaim'd on Horeb's top, neglected lies;
Nor kid, nor evening lamb, nor heifer bleeds,
Nor incense smokes, nor holy Levite claims
Choice fruits, and rich oblations. On the trees,
That o'er the waters bend, their untun'd harps,
Harps, which their fathers struck to festal hymns,
Hang useless. 'Twas the hill, 'twas Sion's hill,
Which yet Jehovah lov'd. There once he dwelt;

There stood his temple; there from side to side
The cherub stretch'd his wings, and from the cloud
Beam'd bright celestial radiance. Thence, though driven
In early childhood to a stranger's land,
Or born sad heirs of slavery, still they cast
An anxious look from Perath's willowy vale,
Toward Jordan, sacred stream; and when the sun
Sunk in the west, with eager eye pursued
His parting beams; and pointed to the place,
Where from their sight the faint horizon hid
Those hills, which round deserted Salem's walls
Stood like a bulwark. And as some tired hart,
Driven by keen hunters o'er the champain wild,
Pants for the running brook, so long the tribes
Of captive Judah for their native clime,
Again to sing the strains of Jesse's son,
Again to raise a temple to their God.

But oh! what hope, what prospect of return,
While fierce Belshazzar reigns? He, undismay'd
Though hostile banners stream near Babel's towers,
Round his gall'd prisoners binds the griping chain,
And scoffs at Judah's God. Even now a shout
Is heard through every street, and with loud voice
Arioch, an herald tall, proclaims a feast
To Bel, Chaldæan idol; and commands
That when the morrow dawns, soon as is heard
The sound of cornet, dulcimer, and harp,
Sackbut, and psaltery, each knee be bent
Before the mighty dragon. Silent stand

With eyes dejected Solyma's sad sons.
Shall they comply? but will Jehovah then
E'er lead them back to Canaan, pleasant land?
Shall they refuse? but who, oh! who shall check
Belshazzar's waken'd wrath? who shall endure
The burning cauldron, or what lingering death
The tyrant's cruel vengeance may devise?
Thus they irresolute wait the fatal hour.

Now Night invests the pole: wrapt is the world
In awful silence; not a voice is heard,
Nor din of arms, nor sound of distant foot,
Through the still gloom. Euphrates lulls his waves,
Which sparkle to the moon's reflected beam;
Nor does one sage from Babylon's high towers
Descry the planets, or the fix'd, and mark
Their distance, or their number. Sunk to rest,
With all her horrors of the morrow's doom,
Lies Sion's captive daughter: sleep, soft sleep,
His dusky mantle draws o'er every eye.
But not on Daniel's unpillow'd head
One opiate dew-drop falls. Much he revolves
Dark sentences of old; much pious zeal
For great Jehovah's honour fires his soul;
And thus, with lifted hands, the prophet cries.

" Father of truth, and mercy, thou, whose arm
Even from the day when Abraham heard thy voice,
Stretch'd o'er thy chosen race, protects us still,
Though now awhile thou suffer us to groan
Beneath a tyrant's yoke; when, gracious Lord,
O when shall we return? O when again

Shall Siloa's banks, and Sion's holy top,
Be vocal with thy name? Said not thy seer,
When seventy tedious moons had twelve times waned,
We should again be free? Behold, the day
Approaches. God of Israel, hath ought chang'd
Thine everlasting counsel? wilt thou leave
Thy people yet in sad captivity,
And join thy prophet with the despis'd tribe
Of Babel's false diviners? Not to thee,
But to great Bel, Chaldæa's frantic priests
Waft clouds of incense. Soon as morning dawns,
With shouts the noisy revellers will proclaim
The triumph of their God; nor will they cease
To rouse their monarch's rage, should Judah dare
Resist his impious edict. Then, O then,
God of our fathers, rise; and in that day,
Even before night, whose vaulted arch now shines
With clustering stars, shall visit earth again,
Confound their horrid rites, and shew some sign
That yet again thy prisoners shall be free."
He spake, and sudden heard a rushing noise,
As when a north-west gale comes hovering round
Some cape, the point of spacious continent
Or in the Indian, or Pacific main;
The sailor hears it whistling in his shrouds,
And bids it hail. Bright as the summer's noon
Shone all the earth. Before the prophet stood
Gabriel, seraphic form: graceful his port,
Mild was his eye; yet such as might command
Reverence, and sacred awe, by purest love

Soften'd, but not impair'd. In waving curls
O'er his arch'd neck his golden tresses hung;
And on his shoulders two broad wings were plac'd,
Wings, which when clos'd, drew up in many a fold,
But, when extended to their utmost length,
Were twice ten cubits. Two of smaller size
Came shadowing round his feet, with which he trod
The elastic air, and walk'd o'er buoyant space,
As on firm ground. A tunic brac'd his limbs,
Blanch'd in the fields of light; and round his waist
Was clasp'd an azure zone, with lucid stars
All studded, like that circle broad, which cuts
The equator, burning line. The astonish'd seer
With low obeisance bow'd his hoary head,
While thus in voice benign the cherub spake.
"Servant of God, that prayer was not unheard
In heaven. I caught it, as before the throne
I stood, within the emerald bow, and mix'd
With fragrant incense, offer'd it to him,
The white-rob'd Ancient of eternal days,
Even on his golden altar. Forthwith sent
To thee, with speed impetuous, swifter far
Than travels light's meridian beam, through realms
Of space, studded with worlds, which neither thought
Of mortal can conceive, nor numbers count,
I come, God's messenger. Not twice the morn
Shall dawn, ere all the woes which Salem felt
Shall fall on Babylon. This, this is he,
Whose streamers now round these devoted towers
Wave to the western wind, whom God hath rais'd

His instrument of vengeance. Twice hath pass'd
A century, since him the prophet styled
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed. He shall say,
Cities of Judah, rise! He shall command,
And Solyma's unpeopled streets again
Shall throng with busy multitudes. To him
In vision, or in dream, shall God reveal
His secret purpose; or what other way
His power shall mould the victor's ductile will
To execute his promise. One day more
Shall proud Chaldæa triumph. In that day
Let not a knee in Benjamin be bow'd
Save to Jehovah. What though cruel pride
Inflame Belshazzar's soul; what though his wrath
Torments unknown prepare; a sign from heaven
Shall blast each vain device, a sign obscure,
But terrible. Ask not what; for in that hour
Shall beam celestial knowledge on thy soul,
And thou shalt read the mystic characters
Of dark futurity. Fear not his frown;
But in the sight of his assembled peers
Hurl bold defiance at his throne; and speak
As fits a prophet of the living God."
  He spake, nor ended here; but to the seer
Matters of import high disclos'd, which lay
Deep in the womb of time. "And these," he cried,
"Record to distant ages, but conceal
My present errand." Daniel prepar'd
Obedient answer; but before he spake
Gabriel had furl'd his wings, and now had reach'd
The middle space 'twixt earth, and highest heaven.

Procession of the Chaldæans to the Temple of Belus—Refusal of the Jews to worship the Idol—Rage of Belshazzar—The hand-writing on the wall of his palace—Daniel's prophecy.

FROM THE SAME.

Now Morn, with rosy-colour'd finger, rais'd
The sable pall, which provident Night had thrown
O'er mortals, and their works, when every street,
Straight, or transverse, that towards Euphrates turns
Its sloping path, resounds with festive shouts,
And teems with busy multitudes, which press
With zeal impetuous to the towering fane
Of Bel, Chaldæan Jove; surpassing far
That Doric temple, which the Elean chiefs
Rais'd to their thunderer from the spoils of war,
Or that Ionic, where the Ephesian bow'd
To Dian, queen of heaven. Eight towers arise,
Each above each, immeasurable height,
A monument at once of eastern pride,
And slavish superstition. Round, a scale
Of circling steps entwines the conic pile;
And at the bottom on vast hinges grate
Four brazen gates, towards the four winds of heaven
Plac'd in the solid square. Hither at once
Come flocking all the sons of Babylon,
Chaldæan, or Assyrian; but retire
With humblest awe, while through their marshall'd ranks
Stalks proud Belshazzar. From his shoulders flows
A robe, twice steep'd in rich Sidonian hues,

Whose skirts, embroider'd with meand'ring gold,
Sweep o'er the marble pavement. Round his neck
A broad chain glitters, set with richest gems,
Ruby, and amethyst. The priests come next
With knives, and lancets arm'd; two thousand sheep,
And twice two thousand lambs stand bleating round,
Their hungry God's repast: six loaded wains
With wine, and frankincense, and finest flour,
Move slowly. Then advance a gallant band,
Provincial rulers, counsellors, and chiefs,
Judges, and princes: from their essenc'd hair
Steam rich perfumes, exhal'd from flower, or herb,
Assyrian spices: last, the common train
Of humbler citizens. A linen vest
Enfolds their limbs; o'er which a robe of wool
Is clasp'd, while yet a third hangs white as snow,
Even to their sandal'd feet: a signet each,
Each bears a polish'd staff, on whose smooth top
In bold relief some well-carv'd emblem stands,
Bird, fruit, or flower. Determin'd, tho' dismay'd,
Judæa's mourning prisoners close the rear.

And now the unfolded gates on every side
Admit the splendid train, and to their eyes
A scene of rich magnificence display,
Censers, and cups, and vases, nicely wrought
In gold, with pearls and glittering gems inlaid,
The furniture of Baal. An altar stands
Of vast dimensions near the central stone,
On which the God's high-priest strews frankincense,
In weight a thousand talents. There he drags

The struggling elders of the flock; while near,
Stretch'd on a smaller plate of unmix'd gold,
Bleed the reluctant lambs. The ascending smoke,
Impregnate with perfumes, fills all the air.
These rites perform'd, his votaries all advance
Where stands their idol; to compare with whom
That earth-born crew, which scal'd the walls of heaven,
Or that vast champion of Philistia's host,
Whom in the vale of Elah David slew
Unarm'd, were 'minish'd to a span. In height
Twice twenty feet he rises from the ground;
And every massy limb, and every joint,
Is carv'd in due proportion. Not one mine,
Though branching out in many a vein of gold,
Suffic'd for this huge column. Him the priests
Had swept, and burnish'd, and perfum'd with oils,
Essential odours. Now the sign is given,
And forthwith strains of mixed melody
Proclaim their molten thunderer; cornet, flute,
Harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, unite
In loud triumphal hymn, and all at once
The King, the nations, and the languages
Fall prostrate on the ground. But not a head,
But not one head in all thy faithful bands,
O Judah, bows. As when the full-orb'd moon,
What time the reaper chants his harvest song,
Rises behind some horizontal hill,
Flaming with reddest fire; still, as she moves,
The tints all soften, and a yellower light

Gleams through the ridges of a purple cloud:
At length, when midnight holds her silent reign,
Chang'd to a silver white, she holds her lamp
O'er the belated traveller; so thy face,
Belshazzar, from the crimson glow of rage,
Shifting through all the various hues between,
Settles into a wan and bloodless pale.
Thine eye-balls glare with fire. "Now by great Bel,"
Incens'd, exclaims the monarch, "soon as morn
Again shall dawn, my vengeance shall be pour'd
On every head of their detested race."
He spake, and left the fane with hasty step,
Indignant. Him a thousand lords attend,
The minions of his court. And now they reach
The stately palace. In a spacious hall,
From whose high roof seven sparkling lustres hang,
Round the perpetual board high sophas rang'd
Receive the gallant chiefs. The floor is spread
With carpets, work'd in Babylonia's looms,
Exquisite art; rich vessels carv'd in gold,
In silver, and in ivory, beam with gems.
'Midst these is plac'd whate'er of massy plate,
Or holy ornament, Nebassar brought
From Sion's ransack'd temple; lamps, and cups,
And bowls, now sparkling with the richest growth
Of Eastern vineyards. On the table smokes
All that can rouse the languid appetite,
Barbaric luxury. Soft minstrels round
Chant songs of triumph to symphonious harps.
Propt on a golden couch Belshazzar lies,

While on each side fair slaves of Syrian race
By turns solicit with some amorous tale
The monarch's melting heart. " Fill me," he cries,
" That largest bowl, with which the Jewish slaves
Once deck'd the altar of their vanquish'd God.
Never again shall this capacious gold
Receive their victim's blood: Henceforth the kings
Of Babylon, oft as this feast returns,
Shall crown it with rich wine, nectareous draught.
Fill high the foaming goblet; rise, my friends;
And as I quaff the cup, with loud acclaim
Thrice hail to Bel." They rose; when all at once
Such sound was heard, as when the roaring winds
Burst from their cave, and with impetuous rage
Sweep o'er the Caspian, or the Chronian deep.
O'er the devoted walls the gate of heaven
Thunder'd, an hideous peal; and lo! a cloud
Came darkening all the banquet, whence appear'd
A hand, (if hand it were, or airy form,
Compound of light and shade,) on the adverse wall
Tracing strange characters. Belshazzar saw,
And trembled: from his lips the goblet fell:
He look'd again; perhaps it was a dream;
Thrice, four times did he look; and every time
Still plainer did the mystic lines appear,
Indelible. Forthwith he summons all
The wise Chaldæans, who by night consult
The starry signs, and in each planet read
The dark decrees of fate. Silent they stand;
Vain are their boasted charms. With eager step

Merodach's royal widow hastes to cheer
Her trembling son. "O king, for ever live:
Why droops thy soul?" she cries, "what though this herd
Of sage magicians own their vanquish'd art,
Know'st thou not Daniel? In his heart resides
The spirit of holy Gods; 'twas he who told
Thy father strange events, and terrible;
Nor did Nebassar honour one like him
Through all his spacious kingdom. He shall soon
Dispel thy doubts, and all thy fears allay."
She spake, and with obeisance low retir'd.
"Then be it so; haste, Arioch, lead him here,"
Belshazzar cries; "if he interpret right,
Even though my soul in just abhorrence holds
His hated race, I will revoke their doom,
And shower rich honours on their prophet's head."
Nor long he waited, when with graceful step,
And awe-commanding eye, solemn and slow,
As conscious of superior dignity,
Daniel advanc'd. Time o'er his hoary hair
Had shed his whitest snows. Behind him stream'd
A mantle, ensign of prophetic powers,
Like that, with which inspir'd Elisha smote
The parting waters, what time on the bank
Of Jordan from the clouds a fiery car
Descended, and by flaming coursers drawn
Bore the sage Tishbite to celestial climes,
Maugre the gates of death. A wand he bore,
That wand, by whose mysterious properties

The shepherd of Horeb call'd the refluent waves
O'er Pharaoh, and his host, with which he struck
The barren flint, when from the riven cliff
Gush'd streams, and water'd all the thirsty tribes
Of murmuring Israel. Through many an age
Within the temple's unapproached veil,
Fast by the rod, which bloom'd o'er Aaron's name,
Still did the holy relic rest secure.
At length, when Babylonia's arms prevail'd,
Seraiah sav'd it from the flaming shrine,
With all the sacred wardrobe of the priest,
And bore it safe to Riblah. Dying there,
The priest bequeath'd the sacred legacy
To Daniel. He, when summon'd to explain
As now, God's dark decrees, in his right hand
Brandish'd the mystic emblem. "Art thou he,
Art thou that Daniel, whom Nebassar brought
From Salem, whom the vanquish'd tribes adore,
In wisdom excellent? Look there, look there;
Read but those lines," the affrighted monarch cries,
"And cloth'd in scarlet wear this golden chain,
The third great ruler of my spacious realm."
He spake, and thus the reverend seer replied.
"Thy promises, and threats, presumptuous king,
My soul alike despises; yet, so wills
That spirit, who darts his radiance on my mind,
(Hear thou, and tremble,) will I speak the words
Which he shall dictate. 'Number'd is thy realm,
'And finish'd: in the balance art thou weigh'd,
'Where God hath found thee wanting: to the Medes

'And Persians thy divided realm is given.'
Thus saith the Lord; and thus those words import
Graven by his high behest. See'st thou this wand?
Ne'er has it born, since first it left the trunk,
Or bud, or blossom: all its shielding rind
The sharp steel stripp'd, and to dry winds expos'd
The vegetative sap; even so thy race
Shall perish: from thy barren stock shall rise
Nor prince, nor ruler; and that glittering crown,
Won by thy valiant fathers, whose long line
In thee, degenerate monarch, soon must end,
Shall dart its lustre round a stranger's brow."
"Prophet of evils! dar'st thou pour on me
Thy threats ill-ominous, and judgments dark!"
Incens'd the monarch cries: "Hence to thy tribes;
Teach them obedience to their sovereign's will,
Or I will break that wand, and rend in twain
The mantle of thy God.—Or if these marks
Thou wilt erase from that accursed wall,
Take half my realm." He spake, and fix'd his eyes
Wild staring on the mystic characters:
His rage all sunk at once; his fear return'd
Tenfold; when thus the man of God began.
"Go to the shady vales of Palæstine,
Vain prince, or Syrian Lebanon, and tear
The palms and cedars from their native mould
Uprooted; then return, and break this rod.
Believe me, far more arduous were the task:
For it was harden'd in the streams of heaven;
And though not dedicate to sorcerer's arts

By magic incantation, and strange spells;
Yet such a potent virtue doth reside
In every part, that not the united force
Of all thy kingdom can one line, one grain,
Of measure, or of solid weight impair.
Wilt thou that I revoke thy destin'd fate?
Devoted prince, I cannot. Hell beneath
Is moved to meet thee. See the mighty dead,
The kings, that sat on golden thrones, approach,
The chief ones of the earth. 'O Lucifer,
'Son of the morning, thou that vaunting said'st,
"I will ascend the heavens; I will exalt
"My throne above the stars of God; the clouds
"Shall roll beneath my feet," art thou too weak
'As we? art thou become like unto us?
'Where now is all thy pomp? where the sweet sound
'Of viol, and of harp?' with curious eye
Tracing thy mangled corse, the rescued sons
Of Solyma shall say, 'is this *the* man
'That shook the pillars of the trembling earth,
'That made the world a desert?' all the kings,
Each in his house entomb'd, in glory rest,
While unlamented lie thy naked limbs,
The sport of dogs, and vultures. In that day
Shall these imperial towers, this haughty queen,
That in the midst of waters sits secure,
Fall prostrate on the ground. Ill-ominous birds
Shall o'er the unwholesome marshes scream for food;
And hissing serpents by sulphureous pools
Conceal their filthy brood. The traveller

In vain shall ask where stood Assyria's pride:
No trace shall guide his dubious steps; nor sage,
Vers'd in historic lore, shall mark the site
Of desolated Babylon." Thus spake
The seer, and with majestic step retir'd.

The City of Babylon having been taken by the Army of Cyrus, Belshazzar is found in his Pleasure Garden, and slain.

FROM BOOK IV.

* * * * * Within the walls
Of Babylon was rais'd a lofty mound,
Where flowers and aromatic shrubs adorn'd
The pensile garden. For Nebassar's queen,
Fatigu'd with Babylonia's level plains,
Sigh'd for her Median home, where nature's hand
Had scoop'd the vale, and cloth'd the mountain's side
With many a verdant wood; nor long she pin'd
Till that uxorious monarch call'd on art
To rival nature's sweet variety.
Forthwith two hundred thousand slaves uprear'd
This hill, egregious work; rich fruits o'erhang
The sloping walks, and odorous shrubs entwine
Their undulating branches. Thither flocks
A multitude unseen, and, 'mid the groves
And secret arbours all night long conceal'd,
Silent, and sad, escape the victor's sword.
Now the glad sound of loud triumphal notes,

Mix'd with the yells of terror and dismay,
Are wafted through the concave arch of night
To that imperial mansion, where the king
Lies revelling with his minions. Nitocris
First heard, and started. In that spacious room,
On whose rich sides was painted many a chase,
With all the warlike acts of Ninus old,
And great Semiramis, she sat, and wove
Her variegated web. Her slaves around
With sprightly converse cheer'd the midnight hour;
When sudden, chill'd with horror, in their arms
She sinks, a breathless corse. And now the noise
Invades Belshazzar's ear. A messenger,
And still another messenger arrives,
To tell him, all is lost. On the adverse wall
Instant his eye is fix'd: the characters,
Which yet remain, grow blacker, and increase
In magnitude tenfold: "Where, where," exclaims
The affrighted prince, "O where is Daniel? where
Is that interpreter of heaven's decrees,
Whose curse prophetic on mine ear still sounds
More horrible, than these alarming peals,
Which, as I speak, nearer and nearer roll,
The harbingers of slaughter. Haste, arise!
Tell him, I spare the tribes; tell him, I bow
To his Jehovah." Thus Belshazzar spake,
When sudden, with impetuous uproar,
Through the wide portals rush'd an armed band,
Persians and Medes. Gobryas, and Gadatas,
Breathing fierce vengeance, and inveterate hate,

Conduct the bloody troop. Where, monarch, where
Is now thy cruel wrath, thy pride, thy power?
Sunk on his knees behold Belshazzar bows
Before his rebel exiles! "Spare, O spare
My life," the coward tyrant, trembling, cries;
"Let Cyrus wear my crown. To barren sands,
To regions, never trod by human foot,
Banish me, where I ne'er again may know
Sweet social intercourse, but think, O think,
How fearful 'tis to die." Thus while he spake,
With sword uplifted, o'er their bending king
The victors stood. And now perhaps his prayers,
And eyes, which upward rolling, long'd for life
Though miserable, had stopp'd the fatal blow,
Had not his murder'd son forbad the rage
Of Gobryas to subside. On his arch'd neck
The ponderous falchion falls, and at one stroke
Smites from its spouting trunk the sever'd head
Of Babylonia's monarch. Ever thus
Perish fell cruelty, and lawless power!

After the Capture of Babylon, the Jews having been permitted by Cyrus to rebuild their Temple, they reach Jerusalem—Renew the Feasts—Lay the Foundation of the Temple—The old Men weep.

FROM BOOK VI.

Now dawns the morn, and on mount Olivet
The hoar-frost melts before the rising sun,

Which summons to their daily toil the world
Of beasts, of men; and all that wings the air,
And all that swims the level of the lake,
Or creeps the ground, bid universal hail
To day's bright regent. But the tribes were rous'd,
Impatient even of rest, ere yet the stars
Withdrew their feeble light. Through every street
They bend their way: some Ananiah leads,
Some Phanuel, or what elders else were driven
In early youth from Sion. Not a spot
Remains unvisited; each stone, each beam,
Seems sacred. As in legendary tale,
Led by magician's hand some hero treads
Enchanted ground, and hears, or thinks he hears,
Aerial voices, or with secret dread
Sees unembodied shades, by fancy form'd,
Flit through the gloom; so rescued Judah walk'd,
Amid the majesty of Salem's dust,
With reverential awe. Howbeit they soon
Remove the mouldering ruins; soon they clear
The obstructed paths, and every mansion raise,
By force, or time, impair'd. Then Jeshua rose
With all his priests; nor thou, Zorobabel,
Soul of the tribes, wast absent. To the God
Of Jacob, oft as morn and eve returns,
A new-built altar smokes. Nor do they not
Observe the feast, memorial of that age
When Israel dwelt in tents; the Sabbath too,
New moons, and every ritual ordinance,
First fruits, and paschal lamb, and rams, and goats,

Offerings of sin, and peace. Nor yet was laid
The temple's new foundation. Corn, and wine,
Sweet balm, and oil, they mete with liberal hand
To Tyrian, and Sidonian. To the sea
Of Joppa down they heave their stately trees
From Syrian Lebanon. And now they square
Huge blocks of marble, and with ancient rites
Anoint the corner stone. Around the priests,
The Levites, and the sons of Asaph stand
With trumpets, and with cymbals. Jeshua first,
Adorn'd in robes pontifical, conducts
The sacred ceremony. An ephod rich
Purple, and blue, comes mantling o'er his arms,
Clasp'd with smooth studs, round whose meand'ring hem
A girdle twines its folds: to this by chains
Of gold is link'd a breastplate: costly gems,
Jasper, and diamond, sapphire, amethyst,
Unite their hues; twelve stones, memorial apt
Of Judah's ancient tribes. A mitre decks
His head, and on the top a golden crown
Graven, like a signet, by no vulgar hand,
Proclaims him priest of God. Symphonious hymns
Are mix'd with instrumental melody,
And Judah's joyful shouts. But down thy cheeks,
O Ananiah, from thine aged eye,
O Phanuel, drops a tear; for ye have seen
The house of Solomon in all its pride,
And ill can brook this change. Nor ye alone,
But every ancient wept. Loud shrieks of grief,

Mix'd with the voice of joy, are heard beyond
The hills of Salem. Even from Gibeon's walls
The astonish'd peasant turns a listening ear,
And Jordan's shepherds catch the distant sound.



SIR WILLIAM JONES.

BORN 1746.—DIED 1794.



SIR WILLIAM JONES is not a great poet; but his name recals such associations of worth, intellect, and accomplishments, that if these sketches were not necessarily and designedly only miniatures of biography, I should feel it a sort of sacrilege to consign to scanty and inadequate bounds the life of a scholar, who, in feeding the lamp of knowledge, may be truly said to have prematurely exhausted the lamp of life.

He was born in London. His father, who it is said could trace his descent from the ancient princes of North Wales, and who, like his son, was no discredit to his lineage, was so eminent a mathematician as to be distinguished by the esteem of Newton and Halley. His first employment had been that of a schoolmaster, on board a man of war; and in that situation he attracted the notice and friendship of Lord Anson. An anecdote is told of him, that at the siege of Vigo, he was one of a party who had the

liberty of pillaging the captured town. With no very rapacious views, he selected a bookseller's shop for his share; but finding no book worth taking away, he carried off a pair of scissars, which he used to shew his friends, as a trophy of his military success. On his return to England, he established himself as a teacher of mathematics, and published several scientific works, which were remarkable for their neatness of illustration, and brevity of style. By his labours as a teacher he acquired a small fortune; but lost it through the failure of a banker. His friend, Lord Macclesfield, however, in some degree indemnified him for the loss, by procuring for him a sinecure place under government. Sir William Jones lost this valuable parent when he was only three years old; so that the care of his first education devolved upon his mother. She, also, was a person of superior endowments; and cultivated his dawning powers with a sagacious assiduity, which undoubtedly contributed to their quick and surprising growth. We may judge of what a pupil she had, when we are told, that at five years of age, one morning, in turning over the leaves of a Bible, he fixed his attention, with the strongest admiration, on a sublime passage in the Revelations. Human nature perhaps presents no authentic picture of its felicity more pure or satisfactory, than that of such a pupil superintended by a mother capable of directing him.

At the age of seven, he went to Harrow school, where his progress was at first interrupted by an

accident which he met with, in having his thighbone broken, and he was obliged to be taken home for about a twelvemonth. But after his return, his abilities were so distinguished, that before he left Harrow, he was shewn to strangers as an ornament to the seminary. Before he had reached this eminence at school, it is a fact, disgraceful to one of his teachers, that, in consequence of the ground which he had lost by the accident already mentioned, he was frequently subjected to punishment, for exertions which he could not make; or, to use his own expression, for not being able to soar before he had been taught to fly. The system of severity must have been merciless indeed, when it applied to Jones, of whom his master, Dr. Thackery, used to say, that he was a boy of so active a spirit, that if left friendless and naked on Salisbury Plain, he would make his way to fame and fortune It is related of him, that while at Harrow, his fellow scholars having determined to act the play of the Tempest, they were at a loss for a copy, and that young Jones wrote out the whole from memory. Such miracles of human recollection are certainly on record; but it is not easy to conceive the boys at Harrow, when permitted by their masters to act a play, to have been at a loss for a copy of Shakespeare; and some mistake or exaggeration may be suspected in the anecdote. He possibly abridged the play for the particular occasion. Before leaving Harrow school, he learned the Arabic characters,

and studied the Hebrew language, so as to enable him to read some of the original psalms. What would have been labour to others, was Jones's amusement. He used to *relax* his mind with Philidor's Lessons at Chess, and with studying botany and fossils.

In his eighteenth year he was entered of University college, Oxford, where his residence was rendered more agreeable by his mother taking up her abode in the town. He was also, fortunately, permitted by his teachers to forsake the study of dialectic logic, which still haunted the college, for that of Oriental literature; and he was so zealous in this pursuit, that he brought from London to Oxford a native of Aleppo, whom he maintained at his own expense, for the benefit of his instructions in Arabic. He also began the study of modern Persic, and found his exertions rewarded with rapid success. His vacations were spent in London, where he attended schools for riding and fencing, and studied Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. He pursued in theory, and even exceeded in practice, the plan of education projected by Milton; and boasted, that with the fortune of a peasant, he could give himself the education of a prince. He obtained a fellowship at Oxford; but before he obtained it, whilst he was yet fearful of his success, and of burthening the slender finances of an affectionate mother for his support, he accepted of the situation of tutor to Lord Althorpe, the son of Earl Spencer. In the

summer of 1765, he repaired to Wimbledon Park, to take upon himself the charge of his young pupil. He had not been long in Lord Spencer's family, when he was flattered by an offer from the Duke of Grafton, of the place of interpreter of eastern languages. This situation, though it might not have interfered with his other pursuits, he thought fit to decline; but earnestly requested that it might be given to his Syrian teacher, Mirza, whose character he wrote. The solicitation was, however, unnoticed; and the event only gave him an opportunity of regretting his own ignorance of the world, in not accepting the proffered office, that he might consign its emoluments to Mirza. At Wimbledon he first formed his acquaintance with the daughter of Dr. Shipley, the Dean of Winchester, to which he owed the future happiness of his life. The ensuing winter, 1766, he removed with Lord Spencer's family to London, where he renewed his pursuit of external as well as intellectual accomplishments, and received lessons from Gallini as well as Angelo. It is amusing to find his biographer add, that he took lessons at the broad sword from an old Chelsea pensioner, seamed with scars, to whose military narrations he used to listen with delight.

In 1767 he made a short trip with the family of his pupil to the continent, where, at Spa, he pursued the study of German; and availed himself of the opportunity of finding an incomparable teacher of dancing, whose name was Janson. In the following

year he was requested by the secretary of the Duke of Grafton to undertake a task, in which no other scholar in England was found willing to engage, namely, in furnishing a version of an eastern MS. a life of Nadir Shaw, which the King of Denmark had brought with him to England, and which his Danish majesty was anxious to have translated into French. Mr. Jones undertook the translation from a laudable reluctance to allow the MS. to be carried out of the country for want of a translator; although the subject was dry, the style of the original difficult, and although it obliged him to submit his translation to a native of France, in order to give it the idioms of a French style. He was at this time only twenty-one years of age. The only reward which he obtained for his labour was a diploma from the Royal Society of Copenhagen, and a recommendation from the court of Denmark to his own sovereign. To the "History of Nadir Shaw" he added a treatise of his own, on Oriental poetry, in the language of the translation. In the same year he began the study of music, and took some lessons on the Welch harp.

In 1770 he again visited the continent with the Spencer family, and travelled into Italy. The genius which interests us at home redoubles its interest on foreign ground; but it would appear, from Jones's letters, that, in this instance, he was too assiduous a scholar to be an amusing traveller. His mind, during this visit to the continent, was less intent on

men and manners than on objects which he might have studied with equal advantage at home. We find him decyphering Chinese, and composing a tragedy. The tragedy has been irrecoverably lost. Its subject was the death of Mustapha, the son of Soliman; the same on which Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, composed a drama.

On his return to England, he determined to embrace the law as a profession, the study of which he commenced in 1771, being then in his twenty-fourth year. His motives for choosing this profession are best explained in his own words. In a letter to his friend Schultens, he avows at once the public ambition and personal pride which had now grown up with the maturity of his character. "The die" (he says) "is cast. All my books and "MSS., with the exception of those only which "relate to law and oratory, are locked up at Oxford; "and I have determined, for the next twenty years "at least, to renounce all studies but those which "are connected with my profession. It is needless "to trouble you with my reasons at length for this "determination. I will only say, that if I had lived "at Rome or Athens, I should have preferred the "labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and "illustrious citizens, connected as they were with "banishment and even death, to the groves of the "poets, or the gardens of the philosophers. Here "I adopt the same resolution * * * * * * "If the study of the law were really unpleasant and

" disgusting, which is far from the truth, the ex-
" ample of the wisest of the ancients, and of Minerva,
" would justify me in preferring the useful olive to
" the barren laurel. To tell you my mind freely, I
" am not of a disposition to bear the arrogance of
" men of rank, to which poets and men of letters
" are so often obliged to submit."

This letter was written some years after he had resigned his situation in Lord Spencer's family; and entered himself of the Middle Temple. In the mean time, though the motives which guided him to the choice of a profession undoubtedly made him in earnest with his legal studies, he still found spare hours to devote to literature. He finished his tragedy of Mustapha, and sketched two very ambitious plans; the one of an epic poem, the other of a Turkish history. That he could have written an useful and amusing history of Turkey, is easy to suppose; but the outline, and the few specimens of his intended epic, leave little room for regret that it was not finished. Its subject was the discovery of Britain; the characters Tyrian, and the machinery allegorical, in the manner of Spenser. More unpromising symptoms of a poem could hardly be announced.

In 1772 he published his French letter to Du Perron, the French traveller, who, in his account of his travels in India, had treated the University of Oxford, and some of its members, with disrespect. In this publication, he corrected the French writer,

perhaps, with more asperity than his maturer judgment would have approved. In the same year he published a small volume of poems, with two dissertations; one on Oriental literature, and another on the arts commonly called imitative. In his Essay on the Arts, he objects, on very fair grounds, to the Aristotelian doctrine, of the universal object of poetry being imitation. Certainly, no species of poetry can strictly be said to be imitative of nature except that which is dramatic. Mr. Twining, the translator of the "Poetics," has, however, explained this theory of Aristotle pretty satisfactorily, by shewing, that when he spoke of poetry as imitative, he alluded to what he conceived to be the highest department of the art, namely, the drama; or to the dramatic part of epic poetry, the dialogue, which, in recitation, afforded an actual imitation of the passions which were described.

When Mr. Jones had been called to the bar, he found that no human industry could effectively unite the pursuits of literature with the practice of the profession. He therefore took the resolution, already alluded to in one of his letters, of abstaining from all study, but that of the science and eloquence of the bar. He thought, however, that consistently with this resolution, he might translate "the Greek "Orations of Isæus, in cases relating to succession "to doubtful property." This translation appeared in 1778. In the interval, his practice became considerable; and he was made, in 1776, a commissioner

of bankrupts. He was at this time a member of the Royal Society, and maintained an epistolary correspondence with several eminent foreign scholars. Among those correspondents, his favourite seems to have been Reviczki, an Oriental scholar, whom he met in England, and who was afterwards the imperial minister at Warsaw.

From the commencement of the American war, and during its whole progress, Mr. Jones's political principles led him to a decided disapprobation of the measures of government, which were pursued in that contest. But though politically opposed to Lord North, he possessed so much of the personal favour of that minister, as to have some hopes of obtaining, by his influence, a seat on the Bench of Fort William, in Bengal, which became vacant in the year 1780. While this matter was in suspense, he was advised to stand as a candidate for the representation of the University of Oxford; but finding there was no chance of success, he declined the contest before the day of election; his political principles, and an "Ode to Liberty," which he had published, having offended the majority of the academic voters. During the riots of 1780, he published a plan for security against insurrection, and for defence against invasion, which has since been realized in the volunteer system. During the same year, he paid a short visit to Paris; and, at one time, intended to have proceeded to America, for a professional object, namely, to procure for a client and friend the resti-

tution of an estate, which the government of the United States had confiscated. The indisposition of his friend, however, prevented him from crossing the Atlantic. On his return to England, he recurred to his favourite Oriental studies; and completed a translation of the seven ancient Arabian poems, famous for having been once suspended in the Temple of Mecca; as well as another poem, in the same language, more curious than inviting in its subject, which was the Mahomedan law of succession to intestates. The latter work had but few charms to reward his labour; but it gave him an opportunity for displaying his literary and legal fitness for the station in India, to which he still aspired.

Besides retracing his favourite studies with the Eastern Muses, we find him at this period warmly engaged in political as well as professional pursuits. An "Essay on the Law of Bailments," an "Address to the Inhabitants of Westminster on Parliamentary Reform;" these publications, together with occasional pieces of poetry, which he wrote within the last years of his residence in England, attest at once the vigour and elegance of his mind, and the variety of its application.

On the succession of the Shelburne administration, he obtained, through the particular interest of Lord Ashburton, the judicial office in Bengal, for which he had been hitherto an unsuccessful competitor. In March, 1783, he received the honour of knighthood. In the April following he married Anna Maria Ship-

ley, the daughter of the Bishop of St. Asaph, to whom he had been so many years attached. He immediately sailed for India, having secured, as his friend Lord Ashburton congratulated him, the two first objects of human pursuit, those of love and ambition. The joy with which he contemplated his situation, is strongly testified in the descriptions of his feelings, which he gives in his letters, and in the gigantic plans of literature which he sketched out. Happily married; still in the prime of life; leaving at home a reputation, which had reached the hemisphere he was to visit, he bade adieu to the turbulence of party politics, which, though it had not dissolved any of his friendships, had made some of them irksome. The scenes, which he had delighted to contemplate at a distance, were now inviting his closest researches! He approached regions and manners, which gave a living picture of antiquity; and, while his curiosity was heightened, he drew nearer to the means of its gratification.

In December, 1783, he commenced the discharge of his duties as an Indian judge, with his characteristic ardour. He also began the study of Sanscrit. He had been but a few years in India, when his knowledge of that ancient language enabled him, under the auspices of the Governor, to commence a great plan for administering justice among the Indians, by compiling a digest of Hindu and Mahometan laws, similar to that which Justinian gave his Greek and Roman subjects. His part in the project

was only to survey and arrange its materials. To that superintendance the Brahmins themselves submitted with perfect confidence. To detail his share in the labours of the Society of Calcutta, the earliest, or at least the most important, philosophical society established in British India, would be almost to abridge its transactions during his lifetime. He took the lead in founding it, and lived to see three volumes of its Transactions appear. In 1789 he translated the ancient Hindu drama, "Sacontala; or the Fatal Ring," by Callidas, an author whom Sir William Jones calls the Shakspeare of India, and who lived about the time of Terence, in the first century before the Christian era. This antique picture of Hindu manners is certainly the greatest curiosity which the study of Oriental literature by Europeans has brought to light. In 1794 he published, also from the Sanscrit, a translation of the Ordinances of Menu, who is esteemed, by the Hindoos, to be the earliest of created beings, and the holiest of legislators; but who appears, by the English translator's confession, to have lived long after priests, statesmen, and metaphysicians had learned to combine their crafts.

While business required his daily attendance at Calcutta, his usual residence was on the banks of the Ganges, at the distance of five miles from the court. To this spot he returned every evening after sunset; and, in the morning, rose so early as to reach his apartments in time, by setting out on foot

at the first appearance of dawn. He passed the months of vacation at Chrishnagur, a country residence, sixty miles from Calcutta, remarkable for its beauty, and interesting, from having been the seat of an ancient Hindu college. Here he added botany to the other pursuits of his indefatigable curiosity.

In the burning climate of Bengal, it is not surprising that the strongest constitution should have sunk under the weight of his professional duties, and of his extensive literary labours. The former alone occupied him seven hours during the session time. His health, indeed, seems to have been early affected in India. In 1793, the indisposition of Lady Jones rendered it necessary that she should return to England. Sir William proposed to follow her in 1795, delaying only till he should complete the system of Indian legislation. But they parted to meet no more. In 1794 he was attacked with an inflammation of the liver, which acted with uncommon rapidity; and, before a physician was called in, had advanced too far to yield to the efficacy of medicine. He expired in a composed attitude, without a groan, or the appearance of a pang; and retained an expression of complacency on his features to the last.

In the course of a short life, Sir William Jones acquired a degree of knowledge, which the ordinary faculties of men, if they were blest with antediluvian longevity, could scarcely hope to surpass. His learning threw light on the laws of Greece and

India, on the general literature of Asia, and on the history of the family of nations. He carried philosophy, eloquence, and philanthropy, into his character of a lawyer and a judge. Amidst the driest toils of erudition, he retained a sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and a talent for transfusing them into his own language, which has seldom been united with the same degree of industry. Had he written nothing but the delightful ode from Hafiz,

"Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,"

it would alone testify the harmony of his ear, and the elegance of his taste. When he went abroad, it was not to enrich himself with the spoils of avarice or ambition; but to search, amidst the ruins of Oriental literature, for treasures which he would not have exchanged

"For all Boccara's vaunted gold,
"Or all the gems of Zamarcand."

It is, nevertheless, impossible to avoid supposing, that the activity of his mind spread itself in too many directions to be always employed to the best advantage. The impulse that carried him through so many pursuits, has a look of something restless, inordinate, and ostentatious. Useful as he was, he would in all probability have been still more so, had his powers been concentrated to fewer objects. His poetry is sometimes elegant; but altogether, it has too much of the florid luxury of

the East. His taste would appear, in his latter years, to have fallen into a state of Brahminical idolatry, when he recommends to our particular admiration, and translates, in pompous lyrical diction, the Indian description of Cumara, the daughter of Ocean, riding upon a peacock; and enjoins us to admire, as an allegory equally new and beautiful, the unimaginable conceit of Camdeo, the Indian Cupid, having a bow that is made of flowers, and a bowstring which is a string of bees. Industrious as he was, his history is full of abandoned and half-executed projects. While his name reflects credit on poetical biography, his secondary fame as a composer shews, that the palm of poetry is not likely to be won, even by great genius, without exclusive devotion to the pursuit—

> 'Αλλα ὔπως ἅμα πάντα δυνήσεαι αὐτὸς ἑλέσθαι;
> 'Α'λλῳ μὲν γὰρ ἔδωκε Θεὸς πολεμήϊα ἔργα
> 'Α'λλω δε ὀρχηστὺν, ἑτέρω κίθαριν καὶ ἀοιδὴν.
>
> ILIAD. XIV. 729.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame

Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

AN ODE.

IN IMITATION OF ALCÆUS.

WHAT constitutes a State?
Not high-rais'd battlement or labour'd mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crown'd;
Not bays and broad-arm'd ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starr'd and spangled courts,
Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high-minded men,
With pow'rs as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aim'd blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a State,
And sov'reign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heav'n-lov'd isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!

No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

SAMUEL BISHOP.

BORN 1731.—DIED 1795.

SAMUEL BISHOP was a clergyman, and for many years the head master of Merchant Tailors' school. He wrote several essays and poems for the Public Ledger; and published a volume of Latin pieces, entitled "Feriæ Poeticæ." A volume of his sermons, and two volumes of his poetry, were published after his death.

TO MRS. BISHOP.

WITH A PRESENT OF A KNIFE.

"A KNIFE," dear girl, "cuts love," they say!
Mere modish love, perhaps it may—
—For any tool, of any kind,
Can separate——what was never join'd.

The knife, that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, truth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit;
To level yours, with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip, what would dizen out a score.
That self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight, for ever:
All memory of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last;—
All that makes fourteen years with you,
A summer;—and a short one too;—
All, that affection feels and fears,
When hours without you seem like years.
Till that be done, (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon,)
Accept my present, undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat!—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—" cut and come again!"

TO THE SAME,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HER WEDDING-DAY, WHICH WAS ALSO HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH A RING.

"Thee, Mary, with this ring I wed"—
So, fourteen years ago, I said.——
Behold another ring!—"for what?"
"To wed thee o'er again?"—Why not?
With that first ring I married youth,
Grace, beauty, innocence, and truth;
Taste long admir'd, sense long rever'd,
And all my Molly then appear'd.
If she, by merit since disclos'd,
Prove twice the woman I suppos'd,
I plead that double merit now,
To justify a double vow.
Here then to-day, (with faith as sure,
With ardour as intense, as pure,
As when, amidst the rites divine,
I took thy troth, and plighted mine,)
To thee, sweet girl, my second ring
A token and a pledge I bring:
With this I wed, till death us part,
Thy riper virtues to my heart;
Those virtues, which before untried,
The wife has added to the bride:
Those virtues, whose progressive claim,
Endearing wedlock's very name,

My soul enjoys, my song approves,
For conscience' sake, as well as love's.
And why?—They shew me every hour,
Honour's high thought, Affection's power,
Discretion's deed, sound Judgment's sentence,—
And teach me all things—but repentance.

EPIGRAM.

QUOD PETIS, HIC EST.

No plate had John and Joan to hoard,
Plain folk, in humble plight;
One only tankard crown'd their board;
And that was fill'd each night;—

Along whose inner bottom sketch'd,
In pride of chubby grace,
Some rude engraver's hand had etch'd
A baby angel's face.

John swallow'd first a moderate sup;
But Joan was not like John;
For when her lips once touch'd the cup,
She swill'd, till all was gone.

John often urg'd her to drink fair;
But she ne'er chang'd a jot;
She lov'd to see the angel there,
And therefore drain'd the pot.

When John found all remonstrance vain,
  Another card he play'd;
And where the Angel stood so plain,
  He got a Devil portray'd.

Joan saw the horns, Joan saw the tail,
  Yet Joan as stoutly quaff'd;
And ever, when she seiz'd her ale,
  She clear'd it at a draught.—

John star'd, with wonder petrified;
  His hair stood on his pate;
And "why dost guzzle now," he cried,
  "At this enormous rate?"—

"Oh! John," she said, "am I to blame?
  "I can't in conscience stop:
"For sure 'twould be a burning shame,
  "To leave the Devil a drop!"

EPIGRAM.

SPLENDEAT USU.

SEE! stretch'd on nature's couch of grass,
  The foot-sore traveller lies!
Vast treasures let the great amass;
A leathern pouch, and burning glass,
  For all his wants suffice.

For him the sun its power displays,
In either hemisphere;
Pours on Virginia's coast its blaze,
Tobacco for his pipe to raise;
And shines to light it—*here!*

EPIGRAM.

QUOCUNQUE MODO REM.

A VETERAN gambler in a tempest caught,
Once in his life, a church's shelter sought;
Where many an hint, pathetically grave,
On life's precarious lot, the preacher gave.
The sermon ended, and the storm all spent,
Home trudg'd old Cog-die, reasoning as he went;
" Strict truth," quoth he, " this reverend sage declar'd;
" I feel conviction—and will be prepar'd—
" Nor e'er henceforth, since life thus steals away,
" Give credit for a bet, beyond a day!"

JOHN BAMPFYLDE.

BORN 1754.—DIED 1796.

John Bampfylde was the younger brother of Sir Charles Bampfylde. He was educated at Cambridge, and published his sonnets[1] when very young. He soon after fell into mental derangement; and is said to have passed the last years of his life in confinement.

SONNET.

As when, to one, who long hath watch'd the morn
  Advancing, slow forewarns th' approach of day,
  (What time the young and flow'ry-kirtled May
  Decks the green hedge, and dewy grass unshorn
With cowslips pale, and many a whitening thorn ;)
  And now the sun comes forth, with level ray
  Gilding the high-wood top, and mountain gray ;
  And, as he climbs, the meadows 'gins adorn ;
The rivers glisten to the dancing beam,
  Th' awaken'd birds begin their amorous strain,
  And hill and vale with joy and fragrance teem ;
Such is the sight of thee ; thy wish'd return
To eyes, like mine, that long have wak'd to mourn,
  That long have watch'd for light, and wept in vain !

[1] Censura Literaria, vol. iv. p. 301.

SONNET.

TO MR. JACKSON OF EXETER.

THOUGH winter's storms embrown the dusky vale,
And dark and wistful wanes the low'ring year;
Though bleak the moor, forlorn the cots, appear,
And through the hawthorn sighs the sullen gale;
Yet do thy strains most rare, thy lays, ne'er fail
Midst the drear scene my drooping heart to cheer;
Warm the chill blood, and draw the rapturous tear.
Whether thou lov'st in mournful mood to wail
Lycid 'bright genius of the sounding shore,'
Or else with slow and solemn hymns to move
My thoughts to piety and virtue's lore;
But chiefest when, (if Delia grace the measure,)
Thy lyre o'erwhelming all my soul in pleasure,
Rolls the soft song of joy, and endless love.

SONNET.

ON A WET SUMMER.

ALL ye, who far from town, in rural hall,
Like me, were wont to dwell near pleasant field,
Enjoying all the sunny-day did yield,
With me the change lament, in irksome thrall,
By rains incessant held; for now no call
From early swain invites my hand to wield

The scythe; in parlour dim I sit conceal'd,
And mark the lessening sand from hour-glass fall;
Or 'neath my window view the wistful train
Of dripping poultry, whom the vine's broad leaves
Shelter no more.—Mute is the mournful plain,
Silent the swallow sits beneath the thatch,
And vacant hind hangs pensive o'er his hatch,
Counting the frequent drop from reeded eaves.

SONNET.

Cold is the senseless heart that never strove,
With the mild tumult of a real flame;
Rugged the breast that beauty cannot tame,
Nor youth's enlivening graces teach to love
The pathless vale, the long-forsaken grove,
The rocky cave that bears the fair one's name,
With ivy mantled o'er—For empty fame,
Let him amidst the rabble toil, or rove
In search of plunder far to western clime.
Give me to waste the hours in amorous play
With Delia, beauteous maid, and build the rhyme
Praising her flowing hair, her snowy arms,
And all that prodigality of charms
Form'd to enslave my heart and grace my lay.

ROBERT BURNS.

BORN 1758.—DIED 1796.

ROBERT BURNS was born near the town of Ayr, within a few hundred yards of "Alloa's auld haunted kirk," in a clay cottage, which his father, who was a small farmer and gardener, had built with his own hands. A part of this humble edifice gave way when the poet was but a few days old; and his mother and he were carried, at midnight, through the storm, to a neighbour's house that gave them shelter. After having received some lessons in his childhood, from the schoolmaster of the village of Alloa, he was, at seven years of age, put under a teacher of the name of Murdoch, who instructed him in reading and English grammar. This good man, who is still alive, and a teacher of languages in London, boasts, with a very natural triumph, of having accurately instructed Burns in the first principles of composition. At such an age, Burns's study of principles could not be very profound; yet it is due to his early instructor to observe, that his prose style is more accurate than we should expect even from the vigour of an untutored mind, and such as would lead us to suppose that he had been early initiated in the rules of grammar. His father's removal to another farm in Ayrshire, at Mount Oliphant, un-

fortunately deprived him of the benefit of Murdoch as an instructor, after he had been about two years under his care; and for a long time he received no other lessons than those which his father gave him in writing and arithmetic, when he instructed his family by the fireside of their cottage in winter evenings. About the age of thirteen he was sent, during a part of the summer, to the parish-school in Dalrymple, in order to improve his hand-writing. In the following year he had an opportunity of passing several weeks with his old friend Murdoch, with whose assistance he began to study French with intense ardour and assiduity. His proficiency in that language, though it was wonderful, considering his opportunities, was necessarily slight; yet it was in shewing this accomplishment alone, that Burns's weakness ever took the shape of vanity. One of his friends, who carried him into the company of a French lady, remarked, with surprise, that he attempted to converse with her in her own tongue. Their French, however, was soon found to be almost mutually unintelligible. As far as Burns could make himself understood, he unfortunately offended the foreign lady. He meant to tell her, that she was a charming person, and delightful in conversation; but expressed himself so as to appear to her to mean, that she was fond of speaking: to which the Gallic dame indignantly replied, that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent, as for women to be loquacious.

At the age of nineteen he received a few months'

instruction in land surveying.—Such is the scanty history of his education, which is interesting simply because its opportunities were so few and precarious, and such as only a gifted mind could have turned to any account.

Of his early reading, he tells us, that a life of Hannibal, which Murdoch gave him when a boy, raised the first stirrings of his enthusiasm; and, he adds, with his own fervid expression, "that the life "of Sir William Wallace poured a tide of Scottish "prejudices into his veins, which would boil along "there till the floodgates of life were shut in eternal "rest[1]." In his sixteenth year he had read some of the plays of Shakspeare, the works of Pope and Addison, and of the Scottish poets Ramsay and Fergusson. From the volumes of Locke, Ray, Derham, and Stackhouse, he also imbibed a smattering of natural history and theology; but his brother assures us, that until the time of his being known as an author, he continued to be but imperfectly acquainted with the most eminent of our English writers. Thanks to the songs and superstition of his native country, his genius had some fostering aliments, which perhaps the study of classical authors might have led him to neglect. His inspiration grew up like the flower, which owes to heaven, in a barren soil, a natural beauty and wildness of fragrance that would be spoilt by artificial

[1] From his letter to Dr. Moore.

culture. He learned an infinite number of old ballads, from hearing his mother sing them at her wheel; and he was instructed in all the venerable heraldry of devils and witches by an ancient woman in the neighbourhood, "*the Sybelline nurse of his Muse*," who probably first imparted to him the story of Tam o' Shanter. "Song was his favourite and "first pursuit." "The Song-book," he says, "was "my Vade Mecum: I pored over it constantly, "driving my cart, or walking to labour." It would be pleasing to dwell on this era of his youthful sensibility, if his life had been happy; but it was far otherwise. He was the eldest of a family, buffeted by misfortunes, toiling beyond their strength, and living without the support of animal food. At thirteen years of age he used to thresh in his father's barn; and, at fifteen, was the principal labourer on the farm. After the toils of the day, he usually sunk in the evening into dejection of spirits, and was afflicted with dull headachs, the joint result of anxiety, low diet, and fatigue. "This kind of life," (he says) "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, and the "toil of a galley-slave, brought me to my sixteenth "year, when love made me a poet." The object of his first attachment was a highland girl, named Mary Campbell, who was his fellow-reaper in the same harvest-field. She died very young; and when Burns heard of her death, he was thrown into an ecstasy of suffering much beyond what even *his* keen temperament was accustomed to feel. Nor does he

seem ever to have forgotten her. His verses " To Mary in Heaven;" his invocation to the star that rose on the anniversary of her death; his description of the landscape that was the scene of their day of love and parting vows, "where flowers sprang wanton to be press'd;" the whole luxury and exquisite passion of that strain, evince that her image had survived many important changes in himself.

From his seventeenth to his twenty-fourth year he lived, as an assistant to his father, on another farm in Ayrshire, at Lochlea, to which they had removed from Mount Oliphant. During that period his brother Gilbert and he, besides labouring for their father, took a part of the land on their own account, for the purpose of raising flax; and this speculation induced Robert to attempt establishing himself in the business of flax-dressing, in the neighbouring town of Irvine. But the unhealthiness of the business, and the accidental misfortune of his shop taking fire, induced him, at the end of six months, to abandon it. Whilst his father's affairs were growing desperate at Lochlea, the poet and his brother had taken a different farm on their own account, as an asylum for the family in case of the worst; but, from unfavourable seasons and a bad soil, this speculation proved also unfortunate, and was given up. By this time Burns had formed his connexion with Jane Armour, who was afterwards his wife, a connexion which could no longer be concealed, at the moment when the ruinous state of his

affairs had determined him to cross the Atlantic, and to seek his fortune in Jamaica. He had even engaged himself as assistant overseer to a plantation. He proposed, however, to legalize the private contract of marriage which he had made with Jane; and, though he anticipated the necessity of leaving her behind him, he trusted to better days for their being re-united. But the parents of Jane were unwilling to dispose of her to a husband who was thus to be separated from her, and persuaded her to renounce the informal marriage. Burns also agreed to dissolve the connexion, though deeply wounded at the apparent willingness of his mistress to give him up, and overwhelmed with feelings of the most distracting nature. He now prepared to embark for Jamaica, where his first situation would, in all probability, have been that of a negro-driver, when, before bidding a last adieu to his native country, he happily thought of publishing a collection of his poems. By this publication he gained about £20, which seasonably saved him from indenting himself as a servant, for want of money to procure a passage. With nine guineas out of this sum he had taken a steerage passage in the Clyde for Jamaica; and, to avoid the terrors of a jail, he had been for some time skulking from covert to covert. He had taken a last leave of his friends, and had composed the last song which he thought he should ever measure to Caledonia[1], when the

[1] "The gloomy night is gathering fast."

contents of a letter, from Dr. Blacklock of Edinburgh, to one of his friends, describing the encouragement which an edition of his poems would be likely to receive in the Scottish capital, suddenly lighted up all his prospects, and detained him from embarking. "I immediately posted," he says, "to "Edinburgh, without a single acquaintance or letter "of introduction. The baneful star, which had so "long shed its blasting influence on my zenith, for "once made a revolution to the nadir."

Though he speaks of having had no acquaintance in Edinburgh, he had been previously introduced in Ayrshire to Lord Daer, to Professor Stewart, and to several respectable individuals, by the reputation which the first edition of his poems had acquired. He arrived in Edinburgh in 1786, and his reception there was more like an agreeable change of fortune in a romance, than like an event in ordinary life. His company was every where sought for; and it was soon found, that the admiration which his poetry had excited, was but a part of what was due to the general eminence of his mental faculties. His natural eloquence, and his warm and social heart expanding under the influence of prosperity—which, with all the pride of genius, retained a quick and versatile sympathy with every variety of human character—made him equally fascinating in the most refined and convivial societies. For a while he reigned the fashion and idol of his native capital.

The profits of his new edition enabled him, in the succeeding year, 1787, to make a tour through a considerable extent both of the south and north of Scotland. The friend who accompanied him in this excursion gives a very interesting description of the impressions which he saw produced in Burns's mind from some of the romantic scenery which they visited. " When we came" (he says) " to a rustic " hut on the river Till, where the stream descends " in a noble waterfall, and is surrounded by a woody " precipice, that commands a most beautiful view of " its course, he threw himself on a heathy-seat, " and gave himself up to a tender, abstracted, and " voluptuous indulgence of imagination." It may be conceived with what enthusiasm he visited the grave of King Robert Bruce.

After he had been caressed and distinguished so much in Edinburgh, it was natural to anticipate that among the many individuals of public influence and respectability, who had countenanced his genius, some means might have been devised to secure to him a competent livelihood in a proper station of society. It was probably with this hope in his mind that he returned to Edinburgh after his summer excursion; and, unfortunately for his habits, spent the winter of 1788 in accepting a round of convivial invitations. The hospitality of the north was not then what it now is. Refinement had not yet banished to the tavern the custom of bumper-toasts, and of pressing the bottle; and the master of the house was not

thought very hospitable unless the majority of his male guests, at a regular party, were at least half intoxicated. Burns was invited and importuned to those scenes of dissipation; and beset, at least as much by the desire of others to enjoy his society when he was exhilarated, as by his own facility to lend it. He probably deluded his own reflections, by imagining, that in every fresh excess, he was acquiring a new friend, or attaching one already acquired. But with all the admiration and declarations of personal friendship which were lavished on him, the only appointment that could be obtained for him, was that of an officer of excise. In the mean time he had acquired a relish for a new and over-excited state of life. He had been expected to shine in every society; and, to use his own phrase, "had been too often "obliged to give his company a slice of his constitu-"tion." At least he was so infatuated as to think so. He had now to go back to the sphere of society from which he had emerged, with every preparatory circumstance to render him discontented with it, that the most ingenious cruelty could have devised.

After his appointment to the office of a gauger, he took a farm at Ellisland, on the banks of the Nith, and settled in conjugal union with his Jane. But here his unhappy distraction between two employments, and his mode of life as an exciseman, which made the public-house his frequent abode, and his fatigues a temptation to excesses, had so bad an influence on his affairs, that at the end of

three years and a half, he sold his stock, and gave up his farm. By promotion in the excise, his income had risen to £70 a year, and with only this income in immediate prospect, he repaired to Dumfries, the new place of duty that was assigned to him by the board of commissioners. Here his intemperate habits became confirmed, and his conduct and conversation grew daily more unguarded. Times of political rancour had also arrived, in which he was too ardent a spirit to preserve neutrality. He took the popular side, and became exposed to charges of disloyalty. He spurned, indeed, at those charges, and wrote a very spirited explanation of his principles. But his political conversations had been reported to the Board of Excise, and it required the interest of a powerful friend to support him in the humble situation which he held. It was at Dumfries that he wrote the finest of his songs for Thomson's "Musical Collection," and dated many of the most eloquent of his letters.

In the winter of 1795 his constitution, broken by cares, irregularities, and passions, fell into a rapid decline. The summer returned; but only to shine on his sickness and his grave. In July his mind wandered into delirium; and, in the same month, a fever, on the fourth day of its continuance, closed his life and sufferings, in his thirty-eighth year.

Whatever were the faults of Burns, he lived unstained by a mean or dishonest action. To have died without debt, after supporting a family on £70

a year, bespeaks, after all, but little of the spendthrift. That income, on account of his incapacity to perform his duty, was even reduced to one half of its amount, at the period of his dying sickness; and humiliating threats of punishment, for opinions uttered in the confidence of private conversation, were among the last returns which the government of Scotland made to the man, whose genius attaches agreeable associations to the name of his country.

His death seemed to efface the recollection of his faults, and of political differences, still harder to be forgotten. All the respectable inhabitants of Dumfries attended his funeral, whilst the volunteers of the city, and two regiments of native fencibles, attended with solemn music, and paid military honours at the grave of their illustrious countryman.

Burns has given an elixir of life to his native dialect. The Scottish "Tam o' Shanter" will be read as long as any English production of the same century. The impression of his genius is deep and universal; and, viewing him merely as a poet, there is scarcely any other regret connected with his name, than that his productions, with all their merit, fall short of the talents which he possessed. That he never attempted any great work of fiction or invention, may be partly traced to the cast of his genius, and partly to his circumstances and defective education. His poetical temperament was that of fitful transports, rather than steady inspiration.

Whatever he might have written, was likely to have been fraught with passion. There is always enough of *interest* in life to cherish the feelings of a man of genius; but it requires knowledge to enlarge and enrich his *imagination*. Of that knowledge which unrolls the diversities of human manners, adventures, and characters to a poet's study, he could have no great share; although he stamped the little treasure which he possessed in the mintage of sovereign genius. It has been asserted, that he received all the education which is requisite for a poet: he had learned reading, writing, and arithmetic; and he had dipped into French and geometry. To a poet, it must be owned, the three last of those acquisitions were quite superfluous. His education, it is also affirmed, was equal to Shakspeare's; but, without intending to make any comparison between the genius of the two bards, it should be recollected that Shakspeare lived in an age within the verge of chivalry, an age overflowing with chivalrous and romantic reading; that he was led by his vocation to have daily recourse to that kind of reading; that he dwelt on the spot which gave him constant access to it, and was in habitual intercourse with men of genius. Burns, after growing up to manhood under toils which exhausted his physical frame, acquired a scanty knowledge of modern books, of books tending for the most part to regulate the judgment more than to exercise the fancy. In the whole tract of his reading, there seems to be

little that could cherish his inventive faculties. One material of poetry he certainly possessed, independent of books, in the legendary superstitions of his native country. But with all that he tells us of his early love of those superstitions, they seem to have come home to his mind with so many ludicrous associations of vulgar tradition, that it may be doubted if he could have turned them to account in an elevated work of fiction. Strongly and admirably as he paints the supernatural in "Tam o' Shanter," yet there, as every where else, he makes it subservient to comic effect. The fortuitous wildness and sweetness of his strains may, after all, set aside every regret that he did not attempt more superb and regular structures of fancy. He describes, as he says, the sentiments which he saw and felt in himself and his rustic compeers around him. His page is a lively image of the contemporary life and country from which he sprung. He brings back old Scotland to us with all her homefelt endearments, her simple customs, her festivities, her sturdy prejudices, and orthodox zeal, with a power that excites, alternately, the most tender and mirthful sensations. After the full account of his pieces which Dr. Currie has given, the English reader can have nothing new to learn respecting them. On one powerfully comic piece Dr. Currie has not dissertated, namely, "The Holy Fair." It is enough, however, to mention the humour of this production, without recommending its subject. Burns, indeed,

only laughs at the abuses of a sacred institution; but the theme was of unsafe approach, and he ought to have avoided it.

He meets us, in his compositions, undisguisedly as a peasant. At the same time, his observations go extensively into life, like those of a man who felt the proper dignity of human nature in the character of a peasant. The writer of some of the severest strictures that ever have been passed upon his poetry[1] conceives, that his beauties are considerably defaced by a portion of false taste and vulgar sentiment, which adhere to him from his low education. That Burns's education, or rather the want of it, excluded him from much knowledge, which might have fostered his inventive ingenuity, seems to be clear: but his circumstances cannot be admitted to have communicated vulgarity to the tone of his sentiments. They have not the sordid taste of low condition. It is objected to him, that he boasts too much of his own independence; but, in reality, this boast is neither frequent nor obtrusive; and it is in itself the expression of a manly and laudable feeling. So far from calling up disagreeable recollections of rusticity, his sentiments triumph, by their natural energy, over those false and fastidious distinctions which the mind is but too apt to form in allotting its sympathies to the sensibilities of the rich and poor. He carries us into the humble scenes of life,

[1] Critique on the character of Burns, in the Edinburgh Review. Article *Cromek's Reliques of Burns.*

not to make us dole out our tribute of charitable compassion to paupers and cottagers, but to make us feel with them on equal terms, to make us enter into their passions and interests, and share our hearts with them as with brothers and sisters of the human species.

He is taxed, in the same place, with perpetually affecting to deride the virtues of prudence, regularity, and decency; and with being imbued with the sentimentality of German novels. Any thing more remote from German sentiment than Burns's poetry could not easily be mentioned. But is he depraved and licentious in a comprehensive view of the moral character of his pieces? The over-genial freedom of a few assuredly ought not to fix this character upon the whole of them. It is a charge which we should hardly expect to see preferred against the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night." He is the enemy, indeed, of that selfish and niggardly spirit which shelters itself under the name of prudence; but that pharisaical disposition has seldom been a favourite with poets. Nor should his maxims, which inculcate charity and candour in judging of human frailties, be interpreted as a serious defence of them, as when he says,

> " Then gently scan your brother man,
> " Still gentlier sister woman,
> " Though they may gang a kennan wrang;
> " To step aside is human.

"Who made the heart, 'tis he alone
"Decidedly can try us;
"He knows each chord, its various tone,
"Each spring its various bias."

It is still more surprising, that a critic, capable of so eloquently developing the traits of Burns's genius, should have found fault with his amatory strains for want of polish, and "of that chivalrous tone of "gallantry, which uniformly abases itself in the "presence of the object of its devotion." Every reader must recal abundance of thoughts in his love songs, to which any attempt to superadd a tone of gallantry would not be

"To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,
"Or add fresh perfume to the violet,"

but to debase the metal, and to take the odour and colour from the flower. It is exactly this superiority to "abasement" and polish which is the charm that distinguishes Burns from the herd of erotic songsters, from the days of the troubadours to the present time. He wrote from impulses more sincere than the spirit of chivalry; and even Lord Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney are cold and uninteresting lovers in comparison with the rustic Burns.

The praises of his best pieces I have abstained from re-echoing, as there is no epithet of admiration which they deserve which has not been bestowed upon them. One point must be conceded to the strictures on his poetry, to which I have already

alluded, that his personal satire was fierce and acrimonious. I am not, however, disposed to consider his attacks on Rumble John, and Holy Willie, as destitute of wit; and his poem on the clerical settlements at Kilmarnock, blends a good deal of ingenious metaphor with his accustomed humour. Even viewing him as a satirist, the last and humblest light in which he can be regarded as a poet, it may still be said of him,

" His style was witty, though it had some gall;
" Something he might have mended—so may all."

THE TWA DOGS.

A TALE.

'TWAS in that place o' Scotland's isle,
That bears the name o' Auld King Coil,
Upon a bonnie day in June,
When wearing thro' the afternoon,
Twa dogs that were na thrang at hame,
Forgather'd ance upon a time.
  The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
Was keepit for his Honour's pleasure:
His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,
Shew'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His locked, letter'd, braw brass collar
Shew'd him the gentleman and scholar:
But tho' he was o' high degree,
The fient a pride na pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin,
Ev'n with a tinkler-gipsy's messin.
At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sae duddie,
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stroan't on stanes an' hillocks wi' him.
The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, raving billie,
Wha for his friend an' comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Luath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,
Was made lang syne—Lord knows how lang.
He was a gash an' faithful tyke,
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke.
His honest, sonsie, baws'nt face,
Ay gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his towzie back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gawcie tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl.
Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,
An' unco pack an' thick thegither;
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit;
Whyles mice an' moudieworts they howkit;
Whyles scour'd awa in lang excursion,
An' worry'd ither in diversion;

Until wi' daffin weary grown,
Upon a knowe they sat them down,
And there began a lang digression,
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR.

I've aften wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;
An' when the gentry's life I saw,
What way poor bodies liv'd ava.
Our Laird gets in his racked rents,
His coals, his kain, and a' his stents:
He rises when he likes himsel;
His flunkies answer at the bell;
He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
He draws a bonnie silken purse
As lang's my tail, whare, thro' the steeks,
The yellow letter'd Geordie keeks.
Frae morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
At baking, roasting, frying, boiling;
An' tho' the gentry first are stechin,
Yet ev'n the ha' folk fill their pechan
Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic like trashtrie,
That's little short o' downright wastrie.
Our Whipper-in, wee blastit wonner,
Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner,
Better than ony tenant man
His Honour has in a' the lan':
An' what poor cot-folk pit their painch in,
I own it's past my comprehension.

LUATH.

Trowth, Cæsar, whyles they're fash't enough;
A cottar howkin in a sheugh,
Wi' dirty stanes biggin a dyke,
Baring a quarry, and sic like,
Himself, a wife, he thus sustains,
A smytrie o' wee duddie weans,
An' nought but his han' darg, to keep
Them right and tight in thack an' rape.
An' when they meet wi' sair disasters,
Like loss o' health, or want o' masters,
Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
An' they maun starve o' cauld and hunger;
But, how it comes, I never kenn'd it,
They're maistly wonderfu' contented;
An' buirdly chiels, an' clever hizzies,
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

CÆSAR.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
How huff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
L—d, man, our gentry care as little
For delvers, ditchers, an' sic cattle;
They gang as saucy by poor fo'k,
As I wad by a stinking brock.
I've notic'd, on our Laird's court-day,
An' mony a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash;
He'll stamp an' threaten, curse an' swear,
He'll apprehend them, poind their gear;

While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
An' hear it a', an' fear an' tremble!
I see how folk live that hae riches;
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

LUATH.

They're nae sae wretched's ane wad think;
Tho' constantly on poortith's brink:
They're sae accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little fright.
Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They're ay in less or mair provided;
An' tho' fatigu'd wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.
The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattling things are just their pride,
That sweetens a' their fire-side.
An' whyles twalpennie worth o' nappy
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the kirk and state affairs:
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts,
Or tell what new taxation's comin,
An' ferlie at the folk in Lon'on.
As bleak-fac'd Hallowmass returns,
They get the jovial, ranting kirns,
When rural life, o' every station,
Unite in common recreation;

Love blinks, Wit slaps, an' social Mirth,
Forgets there's Care upo' the earth.
That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe, an' sneeshin mill,
Are handed round wi' right guid will;
The cantie auld folks crackin crouse,
The young anes rantin thro' the house,—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.
Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
Sic game is now owre aften play'd.
There's monie a creditable stock
O' decent, honest, fawsont fo'k,
Are riven out baith root and branch,
Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
In favour wi' some gentle master,
Wha' aiblins, thrang a parliamentin,
For Britain's guid his saul indentin—

CÆSAR.

Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:
For Britain's guid!—guid faith, I doubt it!
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him,
An saying *ay* or *no* 's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading;

Or may be, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft,
To make a tour, and tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton* an' see the worl'.
There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails!
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars, and fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
- hunting among groves o' myrtles:
Then bouses drumly German water,
To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid!—for her destruction!
Wi' dissipation, feud, an' faction.

LUATH.

Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harass'd
For gear to gang that gate at last!
O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themselves wi' countra sports,
It wad for every ane be better,
The Laird, the Tenant, an' the Cotter!
For thae frank, rantin, ramblin billies,
Fient haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breaking o'er their timmer,
Or speakin lightly o' their limmer,

Or shootin o' a hare or moor-cock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.
But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life 's a life o' pleasure!
Nae cauld or hunger e'er can steer them,
The vera thought o't need na fear them.

CÆSAR.

L—d, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true, they need na starve or sweat,
Thro' winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae sair wark to craze their banes,
An' fill auld age with grips an' granes:
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themsels to vex them;
An' ay the less they hae to sturt them,
In like proportion less will hurt them;
A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he's right enough;
A country girl at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But gentlemen, an' ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, an' lazy;
Tho' deil haet ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, an' tasteless:
Their nights unquiet, lang, an' restless;

An' ev'n their sports, their balls, an' races,
Their galloping through public places.
There's sic parade, sic pomp, an' art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.
The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther a' in deep debauches:
Ae night they're mad wi' drink an'
Niest day their life is past enduring.
The ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts o' ither,
They're a' run deils an' jads thegither.
Whyles, o'er the wee bit cup an' platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty;
Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks
Pore owre the devil's pictur'd beuks;
Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
An' cheat like onie unhang'd blackguard.
There's some exception, man an' woman;
But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
An' darker gloaming brought the night:
The bum-clock humm'd wi' lazy drone;
The kye stood rowtin i' the loan;
When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
Rejoic'd they were na *men* but *dogs;*
An' each took aff his several way,
Resolv'd to meet some ither day.

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL.

O THOU! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,
Wha in yon cavern grim an' sootie,
Clos'd under hatches,
Spairges about the brunstane cootie,
To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me, auld Hangie, for a wee,
An' let poor damned bodies be;
I'm sure sma' pleasure it can gie,
E'en to a deil,
To skelp an' scaud poor dogs like me,
An' hear us squeel!

Great is thy pow'r, an' great thy fame;
Far kend and noted is thy name;
An' tho' yon lowin heugh's thy hame,
Thou travels far;
An' faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
Nor blate nor scaur.

Whyles, ranging like a roarin lion,
For prey, a' holes an' corners tryin;
Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin,
Tirling the kirks,
Whyles, in the human bosom pryin,
Unseen thou lurks.

I've heard my reverend Graunie say,
In lanely glens ye like to stray;
Or where auld-ruin'd castles, gray,
Nod to the moon,
Ye fright the nightly wand'rer's way,
Wi' eldritch croon.

When twilight did my Graunie summon,
To say her prayers, douce, honest woman!
Aft yont the dyke she's heard you bummin,
Wi' eerie drone;
Or, rustlin, thro' the boortries comin,
Wi' heavy groan.

Ae dreary, windy, winter night,
The stars shot down wi' sklentin light,
Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright,
Ayont the lough;
Ye, like a rash-bush stood in sight,
Wi' waving sugh.

The cudgel in my nieve did shake,
Each bristl'd hair stood like a stake,
When wi' an eldritch stour, quaick—quaick—
Amang the springs,
Awa ye squatter'd, like a drake,
On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, an' wither'd hags,
Tell how wi' you on ragweed nags,

They skim the muirs, an' dizzy crags,
Wi' wicked speed;
And in kirk-yards renew their leagues,
Owre howkit dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil an' pain,
May plunge an' plunge the kirn in vain;
For, oh! the yellow treasure's taen
By witching skill;
An' dawtit, twal-pint Hawkie's gaen
As yell's the Bill.

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse,
On young Guidman, fond, keen an' crouse;
When the best wark-lume i' the house,
By cantrip wit,
Is instant made no worth a louse,
Just at the bit.

When thowes dissolve the snawy hoord,
An float the jinglin icy-boord,
Then Water-kelpies haunt the foord,
By your direction,
An' nighted trav'llers are allur'd,
To their destruction.

An' aft your moss-traversing Spunkies
Decoy the wight that late an' drunk is:
The bleezin, curst, mischievous monkeys
Delude his eyes,

Till in some miry slough he sunk is,
Ne'er mair to rise.

When Masons' mystic word an' grip,
In storms an' tempests raise you up,
Some cock or cat your rage maun stop,
Or, strange to tell!
The youngest Brother ye wad whip
Aff straught to hell!

Lang syne, in Eden's bonie yard,
When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
An' all the soul of love they shar'd,
The raptur'd hour,
Sweet on the fragrant, flow'ry swaird,
In shady bow'r:

Then you, ye auld, snic-drawing dog!
Ye came to Paradise incog.
An' play'd on man a cursed brogue,
(Black be your fa!)
An' gied the infant warld a shog,
'Maist ruin'd a'.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,
Wi' reekit duds, an' reestit gizz,
Ye did present your smoutie phiz
'Mang better fo'k,
An' sklented on the man of Uz
Your spitefu' joke?

An' how ye gat him' i' your thrall,
An' brak him out o' house an' hall,
While scabs an' blotches did him gall,
Wi' bitter claw,
An' lows'd his ill tongu'd, wicked Scawl,
Was warst ava?

But a' your doings to rehearse,
Your wily snares an' fechtin fierce,
Sin' that day Michael did you pierce,
Down to this time,
Wad ding a Lallan tongue, or Erse,
In prose or rhyme.

An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,
Some luckless hour will send him linkin,
To your black pit;
But, faith! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
An' cheat you yet.

But, fare you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
O wad ye tak a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' spreckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble, birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heaven,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;

Stern Ruin's plough-share drives, elate
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses.)
O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;

That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on;
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.
She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.
  Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!
  But to our tale: Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter:
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:

The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.
  Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy;
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
  But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.
The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattlin show'rs rose on the blast:
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd;
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.
  Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,
A better never lifted leg,

Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry—
By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken Charlie brak 's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him Doon pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods!
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.

But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee unchristen'd bairns;
A thief new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape:
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft;

Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.
As Tammie glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!
Now Tam, O Tam! had they been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!
Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies!
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!
But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping and flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.
But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and walie,
That night inlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore!
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear)

Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r:
To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang)
And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne anither,
Tam tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As beez bizz out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!
Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the key-stane of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake!
For Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail:
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

SONG.

O POORTITH cauld, and restless love,
Ye wreck my peace between ye;
Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
An' 'twere na for my Jeanie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

This warld's wealth when I think on,
Its pride, and a' the lave o't;
Fie, fie on silly coward man,
That he should be the slave o't.
O why, &c.

Her een sae bonnie blue betray,
How she repays my passion;
But prudence is her o'erword ay,
She talks of rank and fashion.
O why, &c.

O wha can prudence think upon,
And sic a lassie by him?
O wha can prudence think upon,
And sae in love as I am?
O why, &c.

How blest the humble cotter's fate!
He woos his simple dearie;
The sillie bogles, wealth and state,
Can never make them eerie.
O why should fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining?
Or why sae sweet a flower as love,
Depend on Fortune's shining?

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past:
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
  O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green·
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
  Twin'd amorous round the raptured scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
  The birds sang love on every spray,
'Till *too, too soon*, the glowing west
  Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
  And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
  As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
  Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
  Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

SONG.

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
    skies,
  Now gay with the bright setting sun;
Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
  Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
  Go, frighten the coward and slave;

Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
  No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
  Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;
Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
  He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honor—our swords in our hands,
  Our king and our country to save—
While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
  O! who would not rest with the brave!

A VISION.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
  Where the wa'-flower scents the dewy air,
Where th' howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
  And tells the midnight moon her care.

The winds were laid, the air was still,
  The stars they shot alang the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
  And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
  Was rushing by the ruin'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
  Whase distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And by the moonbeam, shook, to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attir'd as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet grav'd was plain,
The sacred posy—Libertie!

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might rous'd the slumb'ring dead to hear;
But oh, it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wail'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

WILLIAM MASON.

BORN 1725.—DIED 1797.

William Mason was the son of the vicar of St. Trinity, in the East-Riding of Yorkshire. He was entered of St. John's college, Cambridge, in his eighteenth year, having already, as he informs us, blended some attention to painting and poetry with his youthful studies—

"—— soon my hand the mimic colours spread,
"And vainly strove to snatch a double wreath
"From Fame's unfading laurels."

English Garden, B. 1.

At the university, he distinguished himself by his Monody on the death of Pope, which was published in 1747. Two years afterwards, he obtained his degree of master of arts, and a fellowship of Pembroke hall. For his fellowship he was indebted to the interest of Gray, whose acquaintance with him was intimate and lasting; and who describes him, at Cambridge, as a young man "of much fancy, "little judgment, and a good deal of modesty; in "simplicity a child, a little vain, but sincere, in-"offensive, and indolent." At a later period of his life, Thomas Warton gave him the very opposite character of a "*buckram man.*"

He was early attached to Whig principles, and wrote his poem of "Isis," as an attack on the Jacobitism of Oxford. When Thomas Warton produced his "Triumph of Isis," in reply, the two poets had the liberality to compliment the productions of each other; nor were their rival strains much worthy of mutual envy. But Mason, though he was above envy, could not detach his vanity from the subject. One evening, on entering Oxford with a friend, he expressed his happiness that it was dark. His friend not perceiving any advantage in the circumstance, "What," said Mason, "don't you remember my Isis?"

In 1753 he published his "Elfrida," in which the chorus is introduced after the model of the Greek drama. The general unsuitableness of that venerable appendage of the ancient theatre for the modern stage seems to be little disputed. The two predominant features of the Greek chorus were, its music and its abstract morality. Its musical character could not be revived, unless the science of music were by some miracle to be made a thousand years younger, and unless modern ears were restored to a taste for its youthful simplicity. If music were as freely mixed with our tragedy as with that of Greece, the effect would speedily be, to make harmony predominate over words, sound over sense, as in modern operas, and the result would be, not a resemblance to the drama of Greece, but a thing as opposite to it as possible. The moral use

of the ancient chorus is also superseded by the nature of modern dramatic imitation, which incorporates sentiment and reflection so freely with the speeches of the represented characters, as to need no suspension of the dialogue for the sake of lyrical bursts of morality or religious invocation.

The chorus was the oldest part of Greek tragedy; and though Mr. Schlegel has rejected the idea of its having owed its preservation on the Greek stage to its antiquity, I cannot help thinking that that circumstance was partly the cause of its preservation[1]. Certainly the Greek drama, having sprung from a choral origin, would always retain a character congenial with the chorus. The Greek drama preserved a religious and highly rhythmical character. It took its rise from a popular solemnity, and continued to exhibit the public, as it were, personified in a distinct character upon the stage. In this circumstance we may perhaps recognize a trait of the democratic spirit of Athenian manners, which delighted to give

[1] Mr. Schlegel alludes to the tradition of Sophocles having written a prose defence of the chorus against the objections of contemporaries, who blamed his continuance of it. Admitting this tradition, what does it prove? Sophocles found the chorus in his native drama, and no doubt found the genius of that drama congenial with the chorus from which it had sprung. In the opinion of the great German critic, he used the chorus, not from regard to habit, but principle. But have not many persons of the highest genius defended customs on the score of principle, to which they were secretly, perhaps unconsciously, attached from the power of habit? Custom is, in fact, stronger than principle.

the impartial spectators a sort of image and representative voice upon the stage. Music was then simple; the dramatic representation of character and action, though bold, was simple; and this simplicity left in the ancient stage a space for the chorus, which it could not obtain (permanently) on that of the moderns. Our music is so complicated, that when it is allied with words it overwhelms our attention to words. Again, the Greek drama gave strong and decisive outlines of character and passion, but not their minute shadings; our drama gives all the play of moral physiognomy. The great and awful characters of a Greek tragedy spoke in pithy texts, without commentaries of sentiment; while the flexible eloquence of the moderns supplies both text and commentary. Every moral feeling, calm or tumultuous, is expressed in our soliloquies or dialogues. The Greeks made up for the want of soliloquy, and for the short simplicity of their dialogue, which often consisted in interchanges of single lines, by choral speeches, which commented on the passing action, explained occurring motives, and soothed or deepened the moral impressions arising out of the piece. With us every thing is different. The dramatic character is brought, both physically and morally, so much nearer to our perception, with all its fluctuating motives and feelings, as to render it as unnecessary to have interpreters of sentiment or motives, such as the chorus, to magnify, or sooth, or prolong our moral impressions, as

to have buskins to increase the size, or brazen vases to reverberate the voice of the speaker. Nor has the mind any preparation for such juries of reflectors, and processions of confidential advisers.

There is, however, no rule without a possible exception. To make the chorus an habitual part of the modern drama would be a chimerical attempt. There are few subjects in which every part of a plot may not be fulfilled by individuals. Yet it is easy to conceive a subject, in which it may be required, or at least desirable, to incorporate a group of individuals under one common part. And where this grouping shall arise not capriciously, but necessarily out of the nature of the subject, our minds will not be offended by the circumstance, but will thank the dramatist for an agreeable novelty. In order to reconcile us, however, to this plural personage, or chorus, it is necessary that the individuals composing it should be knit not only by a natural, but dignified coalition. The group, in fact, will scarcely please or interest the imagination unless it has a solemn or interesting community of character. Such are the Druids in "Caractacus;" and, perhaps, the chorus of Israelites in Racine's "Esther." In such a case, even a modern audience would be likely to suspend their love of artificial harmony, and to listen with delight to simple music and choral poetry, where the words were not drowned in the music. At all events, there would exist a fair apology for introducing

a chorus, from the natural and imposing bond of unity belonging to the group. But this apology will by no means apply to the tragedy of Elfrida. The chorus is there composed of persons who have no other community of character, than their being the waiting women of a baroness. They are too unimportant personages to be a chorus. They have no right to form so important a ring around Elfrida, in the dramatic hemisphere; and the imagination is puzzled to discover any propriety in those young ladies, who, according to history, ought to have been good Christians, striking up a hymn, in Harewood Forest, to the rising sun.

" Hail to the living light," &c.

In other respects the tragedy of Elfrida is objectionable. It violates the traditional truth of history, without exhibiting a story sufficiently powerful to triumph over our historical belief. The whole concludes with Elfrida's self-devotion to widowhood; but no circumstance is contrived to assure us, that, like many other afflicted widows, she may not marry again. An irreverend and ludicrous, but involuntary, recollection is apt to cross the mind respecting the fragility of widows' vows—

" Vows made in pain, as violent and void."

Elfrida was acted at Covent Garden in 1772, under the direction of Colman, who got it up with splendid scenery, and characteristic music, composed by Dr. Arne; but he made some alterations in the text,

which violently offended its author. Mason threatened the manager with an appeal to the public; and the manager, in turn, threatened the poet with introducing a chorus of Grecian washerwomen on the stage. At the distance of several years it was revived at the same theatre, with the author's own alterations, but with no better success. The play, in spite of its theatrical failure, was still acknowledged to possess poetical beauties.

In 1754 Mason went into orders; and, through the patronage of Lord Holderness, was appointed one of the chaplains to the king. He was also domestic chaplain to the nobleman now mentioned, and accompanied him to Germany, where he speaks of having met with his friend Whitehead, the future laureate, at Hanover, in the year 1755. About the same time, he received the living of Aston. He again courted the attention of the public in 1756, with four Odes, the themes of which were Independence, Memory, Melancholy, and the Fall of Tyranny. Smollett and Shenstone, in their strains to Independence and Memory, have certainly outshone our poet, as well as anticipated him in those subjects. The glittering and alliterative style of those four odes of Mason was severely parodied by Lloyd and Colman; and the public, it is said, were more entertained with the parodies than with the originals. On the death of Cibber, he was proposed to succeed to the laurel; but he received an apology for its not being offered to him, because he was a clergyman.

The apology was certainly both an absurd and false one; for Warton, the succeeding laureate, was in orders. There seems, however, to be no room for doubting the sincerity of Mason's declaration, that he was indifferent about the office.

His reputation was considerably raised by the appearance of "Caractacus," in 1759. Many years after its publication, it was performed at Covent Garden, with applause; though the impression it produced was not sufficient to make it permanent on the stage. This *chef d'œuvre* of Mason may not exhibit strong or minute delineation of human character; but it has enough of dramatic interest to support our admiration of virtue, and our suspense and emotion in behalf of its cause: and it leads the imagination into scenes, delightfully cast amidst the awfulness of superstition, the venerable antiquity of history, and the untamed grandeur of external nature. In this last respect, it may be preferred to the tragedy of Beaumont and Fletcher on the same subject; that it brings forward the persons and abodes of the Druids with more magnificent effect. There is so much of the poet's eye displayed in the choice of his ground, and in the outline of his structure, that Mason seems to challenge something like a generous prepossession of the mind in judging of his drama. It is the work of a man of genius, that calls for regret on its imperfections. Even in the lyrical passages, which are most of all loaded with superfluous ornament and alliteration, we meet with

an enthusiasm that breaks out from amidst encumbering faults. The invocation of the Druids to Snowdon, for which the mind is so well prepared by the preceding scene, begins with peculiar harmony,

"Mona on Snowdon calls:
"Hear, thou king of mountains, hear!"

and the ode, on which Gray bestowed so much approbation, opens with a noble personification, and an impetuous spirit—

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
"That shook the earth with thundering tread?
"'Twas Death. In haste the warrior past,
"High tower'd his helmed head."

In 1764 he published a collection of his works in one volume, containing four elegies, which had been written since the appearance of Caractacus. The language of those elegies is certainly less stiffly embroidered than that of his odes; and they contain some agreeable passages, such as Dryden's character in the first; the description of a friend's happiness in country retirement in the second; and of Lady Coventry's beauty in the fourth; but they are not altogether free from the "*buckram*," and are studies of the head more than the heart.

In 1762 he had been appointed to the canonry and prebend of Driffield, in the cathedral of York, together with the precentorship of the church; but his principal residence continued still to be at Aston,

where he indulged his taste in adorning the grounds near his parsonage, and was still more honourably distinguished by an exemplary fulfilment of his clerical duties. In 1765 he married a Miss Sherman, the daughter of William Sherman, Esq. of Kingston-upon-Hull. From the time of his marriage with this amiable woman, he had unhappily little intermission from anxiety in watching the progress of a consumption, which carried her off at the end of two years. He has commemorated her virtues in a well-known and elegant sepulchral inscription.

By the death of his beloved friend Gray, he was left a legacy of £500, together with the books and MSS. of the poet. His "Memoirs and Letters of Gray" were published in 1775, upon a new plan of biography, which has since been followed in several instances. The first book of his "English Garden" made its appearance in 1772; the three subsequent parts came out in 1777, 1779, and 1782. The first book contains a few lines beautifully descriptive of woodland scenery.

"Many a glade is found,
"The haunt of wood-gods only; where, if Art
"E'er dared to tread, 'twas with unsandal'd foot,
"Printless, as if the place were holy ground."

There may be other fine passages in this poem; but if there be, I confess that the somniferous effect of the whole has occasioned to me the fault or misfortune of overlooking them. What value it may possess, as an "Art of Ornamental Gardening," I

do not presume to judge; but if this be the perfection of didactic poetry, as Warton pronounced it, it would seem to be as difficult to teach art by poetry, as to teach poetry by art. He begins the poem by invoking Simplicity; but she never comes. Had her power condescended to visit him, I think she would have thrown a less "*dilettante*" air upon his principal episode, in which the tragic event of a woman expiring suddenly of a broken heart, is introduced by a conversation between her rival lovers about "Palladian bridges, Panini's pencil, and Piranesi's hand." At all events, Simplicity would not have allowed the hero of the story to construct his barns in imitation of a Norman fortress; and to give his dairy the resemblance of an ancient abbey; nor the poet himself to address a flock of sheep with as much solemnity as if he had been haranguing a senate.

During the whole progress of the American war, Mason continued unchanged in his Whig principles; and took an active share in the association for parliamentary reform, which began to be formed in the year 1779. Finding that his principles gave offence at court, he resigned his office of chaplainship to the king. His Muse was indebted to those politics for a new and lively change in her character. In the pieces which he wrote under the name of Malcolm Mac Gregor, there is a pleasantry that we should little expect from the solemn hand which had touched the harp of the Druids. Thomas Warton was the first to discover, or at least to announce him as the author

of the "Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers;" and Mason's explanation left the suspicion uncontradicted.

Among his accomplishments, his critical knowledge of painting must have been considerable, for his translation of Du Fresnoy's poem on that art, which appeared in 1783, was finished at the particular suggestion of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who furnished it with illustrative notes. One of his last publications was, "An Ode on the Commemoration of the British Revolution." It was his very last song in praise of Liberty. Had Soame Jennyns, whom our poet rallies so facetiously for his Toryism, lived to read his palinode after the French revolution, he might have retorted on him the lines which Mason put in the mouth of Dean Tucker, in his "Dialogue of the Dean and the Squire."

"Squire Jennyns, since with like intent
"We both have writ of government."

But he shewed that his philanthropy had suffered no abatement from the change of his politics, by delivering and publishing an eloquent sermon against the slave trade. In the same year that gave occasion to his Secular Ode, he condescended to be the biographer of his friend Whitehead, and the editor of his works.

Mason's learning in the arts was of no ordinary kind. He composed several devotional pieces of music for the choir of York cathedral; and Dr. Burney speaks of an "Historical and Critical Essay

on English Church Music," which he published in 1795, in very respectful terms. It is singular, however, that the fault ascribed by the same authority to his musical theory, should be that of Calvinistical plainness. In verse he was my Lord Peter; in his taste for sacred music, Dr. Burney compares him to Jack, in the "Tale of a Tub."

His death was occasioned, in his seventy-second year, by an accidental hurt on his leg, which he received in stepping out of a carriage, and which produced an incurable mortification.

OPENING SCENE OF CARACTACUS.

Aulus Didius, with Romans; *Vellinus* and *Eldurus*, sons of the British Queen *Cartismandua*.

Au. Did. THIS is the secret centre of the isle:
Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder
Gaze on the solemn scene; behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms
Chills the pale plain beneath him: mark yon altar,
The dark stream brawling round its rugged base,
These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,
Skirted with unhewn stone: they awe my soul,
As if the very genius of the place
Himself appear'd, and with terrific tread
Stalk'd thro' his drear domain. And yet, my friends,
(If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)
Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns

'Mid the lone majesty of untam'd nature,
Controlling sober reason; tell me else,
Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition
O'ercome me thus? I scorn them, yet they awe me.
Call forth the British princes: in this gloom
I mean to school them to our enterprise.

Enter VELLINUS *and* ELIDURUS.

Ye pledges dear of Cartismandua's faith,
Approach! and to mine uninstructed ear
Explain this scene of horror.

Elid. Daring Roman,
Know that thou stand'st on consecrated ground:
These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,
Thus rang'd in mystic order, mark the place
Where but at times of holiest festival
The Druid leads his train.

Aul. Did. Where dwells the seer?

Vel. In yonder shaggy cave; on which the moon
Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood
Possess the neighb'ring cliffs.

Aul. Did. Yet up the hill
Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,
Delv'd in the ridges of the craggy steep;
And this way still another.

Elid. On the left
Reside the sages skill'd in nature's lore:
The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,
Studious they measure, save when meditation
Gives place to holy rites: then in the grove
Each hath his rank and function. Yonder grots

Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly thence,
Rob'd in their flowing vests of innocent white,
Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,
Hymning immortal strains. The spirits of air,
Of earth, of water, nay of Heav'n itself,
Do listen to their lay; and oft, 'tis said,
In visible shapes dance they a magic round
To the high minstrelsy.—Now, if thine eye
Be sated with the view, haste to thy ships,
And ply thine oars; for, if the Druids learn
This bold intrusion, thou wilt find it hard
To foil their fury.

Aul. Did. Prince, I did not moor
My light-arm'd shallops on this dangerous strand
To sooth a fruitless curiosity;
I come in quest of proud Caractacus;
Who, when our veterans put his troops to flight,
Found refuge here.

Elid. If here the monarch rests,
Presumptuous chief! thou might'st as well essay
To pluck him from yon stars: Earth's ample range
Contains no surer refuge: underneath
The soil we tread, a hundred secret paths,
Scoop'd through the living rock in winding maze,
Lead to as many caverns, dark, and deep:
In which the hoary sages act their rites
Mysterious, rites of such strange potency,
As, done in open day, would dim the sun,
Though thron'd in noontide brightness. In such dens
He may for life lie hid.

Aul. Did. We know the task
Most difficult, yet has thy royal mother
Furnish'd the means.
Elid. My mother, say'st thou, Roman?
Aul. Did. In proof of that firm faith she lends to Rome,
She gave you up her honour's hostages.
Elid. She did: and we submit.
Aul. Did. To Rome we bear you;
From your dear country bear you; from your joys,
Your loves, your friendships, all your souls hold precious.
Elid. And dost thou taunt us, Roman, with our fate?
Aul. Did. No, youth, by Heav'n, I would avert that fate.
Wish ye for liberty?
Vel. and Elid. More than for life.
Aul. Did. And would do much to gain it?
Vel. Name the task.
Aul. Did. The task is easy. Haste ye to these Druids:
Tell them ye come, commission'd by your queen,
To seek the great Caractacus; and call
His valour to her aid, against the legions,
Which, led by our Ostorius, now assail
Her frontiers. The late treaty she has seal'd
Is yet unknown: and this her royal signet,
Which more to mask our purpose was obtain'd,
Shall be your pledge of faith. The eager king
Will gladly take the charge; and, he consenting,
What else remains, but to the Menaï's shore

Ye lead his credulous step? there will we seize him;
Bear him to Rome, the substitute for you,
And give you back to freedom.

Vel. If the Druids—

Aul. Did. If they, or he, prevent this artifice,
Then force must take its way: then flaming brands,
And biting axes, wielded by our soldiers,
Must level these thick shades, and so unlodge
The lurking savage.

Elid. Gods, shall Mona perish?

A. Did. Princes, her ev'ry trunk shall on the ground
Stretch its gigantic length; unless, ere dawn,
Ye lure this untam'd lion to our toils.
Go then, and prosper; I shall to the ships,
And there expect his coming. Youths, remember,
He must to Rome to grace great Cæsar's triumph:
Cæsar and fate demand him at your hand.

[*Exeunt* AULUS DIDIUS *and* Romans.

FROM THE SAME.

Caractacus among the Druids, where he is to be consecrated one of their number.

Caractacus; Evelina, daughter of *Caractacus;* and *Chorus.*

Car. THIS holy place, methinks, doth this night wear
More than its wonted gloom: Druid, these groves
Have caught the dismal colouring of my soul,
Changing their dark dun garbs to very sable,
In pity to their guest. Hail, hallow'd oaks!

Hail, British born! who, last of British race,
Hold your primeval rights by Nature's charter;
Not at the nod of Cæsar. Happy foresters,
Ye wave your bold heads in the liberal air;
Nor ask, for privilege, a pretor's edict.
Ye, with your tough and intertwisted roots,
Grasp the firm rocks ye sprung from; and, erect
In knotty hardihood, still proudly spread
Your leafy banners 'gainst the tyrannous north,
Who, Roman like, assails you. Tell me, Druid,
Is it not better to be such as these,
Than be the thing I am?

Chor. To be the thing,
Eternal wisdom wills, is ever best.

Car. But I am lost to that predestin'd use
Eternal wisdom will'd, and fitly therefore
May wish a change of being. I was born
A king; and Heav'n, who bade these warrior oaks
Lift their green shields against the fiery sun,
To fence their subject plain, did mean that I
Should, with as firm an arm, protect my people
Against the pestilent glare of Rome's ambition.
I fail'd; and how I fail'd, thou know'st too well:
So does the babbling world: and therefore, Druid,
I would be any thing save what I am.

Chor. See, to thy wish, the holy rites prepar'd,
Which, if Heav'n frowns not, consecrate thee Druid:
See to the altar's base the victims led,
From whose free gushing blood ourself shall read
Its high behests; which if assenting found,

These hands around thy chosen limbs shall wrap
The vest of sanctity; while at the act,
Yon white-rob'd Bards, sweeping their solemn harps,
Shall lift their choral warblings to the skies,
And call the gods to witness. Mean while, prince,
Bethink thee well, if ought on this vain earth
Still holds too firm an union with thy soul,
Estranging it from peace.

Car. I had a queen:
Bear with my weakness, Druid! this tough breast
Must heave a sigh, for she is unreveng'd.
And can I taste true peace, she unreveng'd?
So chaste, so lov'd a queen? Ah, Evelina!
Hang not thus weeping on the feeble arm
That could not save thy mother.

Evel. To hang thus
Softens the pang of grief; and the sweet thought,
That a fond father still supports his child,
Sheds, on my pensive mind, such soothing balm,
As doth the blessing of these pious seers,
When most they wish our welfare. Would to Heav'n
A daughter's presence could as much avail,
To ease her father's woes, as his doth mine!

Car. Ever most gentle! come unto my bosom:
Dear pattern of the precious prize I lost,
Lost, so inglorious lost:—my friends, these eyes
Did see her torn from my defenceless camp;
Whilst I, hemm'd round by squadrons, could not save her:
My boy, still nearer to the darling pledge,

Beheld her shrieking in the ruffian's arm;
Beheld, and fled.

Evel. Ah! sir, forbear to wound
My brother's fame; he fled, but to recal
His scatter'd forces to pursue and save her.

Car. Daughter, he fled. Now, by yon gracious moon,
That rising saw the deed, and instant hid
Her blushing face in twilight's dusky veil,
The flight was parricide.

Evel. Indeed, indeed,
I know him valiant; and not doubt he fell
'Mid slaughter'd thousands of the haughty foe,
Victim to filial love. Arviragus!
Thou hadst no sister near the bloody field,
Whose sorrowing search, led by yon orb of night,
Might find thy body, wash with tears thy wounds,
And wipe them with her hair.

Chor. Peace, virgin, peace.
Nor thou, sad prince, reply; whate'er he is,
Be he a captive, fugitive, or corse,
He is what Heav'n ordain'd: these holy groves
Permit no exclamation 'gainst Heav'n's will
To violate their echoes: Patience here,
Her meek hands folded on her modest breast,
In mute submission lifts th' adoring eye,
Ev'n to the storm that wrecks her.

Evel. Holy Druid,
If ought my erring tongue has said pollutes
This sacred place, I from my soul abjure it.

And will these lips bar with eternal silence,
Rather than speak a word, or act a deed
Unmeet for thy sage daughters; blessing first
This hallow'd hour, that takes me from the world,
And joins me to their sober sisterhood.

Chor. 'Tis wisely said. See, prince, this prudent maid,
Now, while the ruddy flame of sparkling youth
Glows on her beauteous cheek, can quit the world
Without a sigh, whilst thou——

Car. Would save my queen
From a base ravisher; would wish to plunge
This falchion in his breast, and so avenge
Insulted royalty. Oh, holy men!
Ye are the sons of piety and peace;
Ye never felt the sharp vindictive spur,
That goads the injur'd warrior; the hot tide,
That flushes crimson on the conscious cheek
Of him, who burns for glory; else indeed
Ye much would pity me: would curse the fate
That coops me here inactive in your groves,
Robs me of hope, tells me this trusty steel
Must never cleave one Roman helm again;
Never avenge my queen, nor free my country.

Chor. 'Tis Heav'n's high will——

Car. I know it, reverend fathers!
'Tis Heav'n's high will, that these poor aged eyes
Shall never more behold that virtuous woman,
To whom my youth was constant; 'twas Heav'n's will
To take her from me at that very hour,

When best her love might sooth me; that black hour,
(May memory ever rase it from her records)
When all my squadrons fled, and left their king
Old and defenceless: him, who nine whole years
Had taught them how to conquer: yes, my friends,
For nine whole years against the sons of rapine
I led my veterans, oft to victory,
Never till then to shame. Bear with me, Druid;
I've done: begin the rites.
Chor. Oh would to Heav'n
A frame of mind more fitted to these rites
Possest thee, prince! that Resignation meek,
That dove-ey'd Peace, handmaid of Sanctity,
Approach'd this altar with thee: 'stead of these,
See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguin'd Slaughter,
And mad Ambition, clinging to thy soul,
Eager to snatch thee back to their domain,
Back to a vain and miserable world;
Whose misery, and vanity, though tried,
Thou still hold'st dearer than these solemn shades,
Where Quiet reigns with Virtue? try we yet
What holiness can do! for much it can:
Much is the potency of pious prayer:
And much the sacred influence convey'd
By sage mysterious office: when the soul,
Snatch'd by the power of music from her cell
Of fleshly thraldom, feels herself upborn
On plumes of ecstasy, and boldly springs,
'Mid swelling harmonies and pealing hymns,
Up to the porch of Heav'n. Strike, then, ye Bards!

Strike all your strings symphonious; wake a strain
May penetrate, may purge, may purify,
His yet unhallow'd bosom; call ye hither
The airy tribe, that on yon mountain dwell,
Ev'n on majestic Snowdon: they, who never
Deign visit mortal men, save on some cause
Of highest import, but, sublimely shrin'd
On its hoar top in domes of crystalline ice,
Hold converse with those spirits, that possess
The skies' pure sapphire, nearest Heav'n itself.

ODE.

Mona on Snowdon calls:
Hear, thou king of mountains, hear;
Hark, she speaks from all her strings,
Hark, her loudest echo rings;
King of mountains, bend thine ear:
Send thy spirits, send them soon,
Now, when midnight and the moon
Meet upon thy front of snow:
See, their gold and ebon rod,
Where the sober sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark! 'tis magic's hour;
Now the mutter'd spell hath power;
Power to rend thy ribs of rock,
And burst thy base with thunder's shock:
But to thee no ruder spell
Shall Mona use, than those that dwell
In music's secret cells, and lie
Steep'd in the stream of harmony.

Snowdon has heard the strain:
Hark, amid the wond'ring grove
Other harpings answer clear,
Other voices meet our ear,
Pinions flutter, shadows move,
Busy murmurs hum around,
Rustling vestments brush the ground,
Round and round, and round they go,
Thro' the twilight, thro' the shade,
Mount the oak's majestic head,
And gild the tufted misletoe.
Cease, ye glitt'ring race of light,
Close your wings, and check your flight:
Here, arrang'd in order due,
Spread your robes of saffron hue;
For lo, with more than mortal fire,
Mighty Mador smites the lyre:
Hark, he sweeps the master-strings;
Listen all——

Chor. Break off; a sullen smoke involves the altar
The central oak doth shake; I hear the sound
Of steps profane: Caractacus, retire;
Bear hence the victims; Mona is polluted.

Semich. Father, as we did watch the eastern side,
We spied and instant seiz'd two stranger youths,
Who, in the bottom of a shadowy dell,
Held earnest converse: Britons do they seem,
And of Brigantian race.

Chor. Haste, drag them hither.

FROM THE SAME.

Vellinus, the treacherous brother of Elidurus, having fled to the Romans, Elidurus is sentenced to die—Evelina pleads for his life.

Chorus, Evelina, Elidurus, and Bard.

Chor. WHAT may his flight portend? Say, Evelina,
How came this youth to 'scape?
Evel. And that to tell
Will fix much blame on my impatient folly:
For, ere your hallow'd lips had given permission,
I flew with eager haste to bear my father
News of his son's return. Inflam'd with that,
Think how a sister's zealous breast must glow!
Your looks give mild assent. I glow'd indeed
With the dear tale, and sped me in his ear
To pour the precious tidings: but my tongue
Scarce nam'd Arviragus, ere the false stranger
(As I bethink me since) with stealthy pace
Fled to the cavern's mouth.
Chor. The king pursu'd?
Evel. Alas! he mark'd him not, for 'twas the moment,
When he had all to ask and all to fear,
Touching my brother's valour. Hitherto
His safety only, which but little mov'd him,
Had reach'd his ears: but when my tongue unfolded
The story of his bravery and his peril,
Oh how the tears cours'd plenteous down his cheeks!

How did he lift unto the Heav'ns his hands
In speechless transport! Yet he soon bethought him
Of Rome's invasion, and with fiery glance
Survey'd the cavern round; then snatch'd his spear,
And menac'd to pursue the flying traitor:
But I with prayers (oh pardon, if they err'd)
Withheld his step, for to the left the youth
Had wing'd his way, where the thick underwood
Afforded sure retreat. Besides, if found,
Was age a match for youth?

Chor. Maiden, enough;
Better perchance for us, if he were captive:
But in the justice of their cause, and Heav'n,
Do Mona's sons confide.

Bard. Druid, the rites
Are finish'd, all save that which crowns the rest,
And which pertains to thy blest hand alone:
For that he kneels before thee.

Chor. Take him hence,
We may not trust him forth to fight our cause.

Elid. Now by Andraste's throne——

Chor. Nay, swear not, youth,
The tie is broke, that held thy fealty:
Thy brother's fled.

Elid. Fled!

Chor. To the Romans fled;
Yes, thou hast cause to tremble.

Elid. Ah, Vellinus!
Does thus our love, does thus our friendship end!
Was I thy brother, youth, and hast thou left me!

Yes; and how left me, cruel as thou art,
The victim of thy crimes!
Chor. True, thou must die.
Elid. I pray ye then on your best mercy, fathers,
It may be speedy. I would fain be dead,
If this be life. Yet I must doubt ev'n that:
For falsehood of this strange stupendous sort
Sets firm-ey'd reason on a gaze, mistrusting,
That what she sees in palpable plain form,
The stars in yon blue arch, these woods, these caverns,
Are all mere tricks of cozenage, nothing real,
The vision of a vision. If he's fled,
I ought to hate this brother.
Chor. Yet thou dost not.
Elid. But when astonishment will give me leave,
Perchance I shall.—And yet he is my brother,
And he was virtuous once. Yes, ye vile Romans,
Yes, I must die, before my thirsty sword
Drinks one rich drop of vengeance. Yet, ye robbers,
Yet will I curse you with my dying lips:
'Twas you, that stole away my brother's virtue.
Chor. Now then prepare to die.
Elid. I am prepar'd.
Yet, since I cannot now (what most I wish'd)
By manly prowess guard this lovely maid;
Permit that on your holiest earth I kneel,
And pour one fervent prayer for her protection.
Allow me this, for though you think me false,
The gods will hear me.
Evel. I can hold no longer!

Oh Druid, Druid, at thy feet I fall:
Yes, I must plead, (away with virgin-blushes)
For such a youth must plead. I'll die to save him,
Oh take my life, and let him fight for Mona.

Chor. Virgin, arise. His virtue hath redeem'd him,
And he shall fight for thee, and for his country.
Youth, thank us with thy deeds. The time is short,
And now with reverence take our high lustration;
Thrice do we sprinkle thee with day-break dew
Shook from the may-thorn blossom; twice and thrice
Touch we thy forehead with our holy wand:
Now thou art fully purg'd. Now rise restor'd
To virtue and to us. Hence then, my son,
Hie thee, to yonder altar, where our Bards
Shall arm thee duly both with helm and sword
For warlike enterprise.

THE CAPTURE OF CARACTACUS.

FROM THE SAME.

Aul. Did. Ye bloody priests,
Behold we burst on your infernal rites,
And bid you pause. Instant restore our soldiers,
Nor hope that superstition's ruthless step
Shall wade in Roman gore. Ye savage men,
Did not our laws give license to all faiths,
We would o'erturn your altars, headlong heave
These shapeless symbols of your barbarous gods,
And let the golden sun into your caves.

Chor. Servant of Cæsar, has thine impious tongue
Spent the black venom of its blasphemy?
It has. Then take our curses on thine head,
Ev'n his fell curses, who doth reign in Mona,
Vicegerent of those gods thy pride insults.

Aul. Did. Bold priest, I scorn thy curses, and thyself.
Soldiers, go search the caves, and free the prisoners.
Take heed, ye seize Caractacus alive.
Arrest yon youth; load him with heaviest irons,
He shall to Cæsar answer for his crime.

Elid. I stand prepar'd to triumph in my crime.

Aul. Did. 'Tis well, proud boy—Look to the beauteous maid, [*To the soldiers.*
That tranc'd in grief, bends o'er yon bleeding corse,
Respect her sorrows.

Evel. Hence, ye barbarous men,
Ye shall not take him welt'ring thus in blood,
To show at Rome, what British virtue was.
Avaunt! the breathless body that ye touch
Was once Arviragus!

Aul. Did. Fear us not, princess,
We reverence the dead.

Chor. Would too to Heav'n,
Ye reverenc'd the gods but ev'n enough
Not to debase with slavery's cruel chain
What they created free.

Aul. Did. The Romans fight
Not to enslave, but humanize the world.

Chor. Go to, we will not parley with thee, Roman:
Instant pronounce our doom.
Aul. Did. Hear it, and thank us.
This once our clemency shall spare your groves,
If at our call ye yield the British king:
Yet learn, when next ye aid the foes of Cæsar,
That each old oak, whose solemn gloom ye boast,
Shall bow beneath our axes.
Chor. Be they blasted,
Whene'er their shade forgets to shelter virtue!

Enter BARD.

Bard. Mourn, Mona, mourn. Caractacus is captive.
And dost thou smile, false Roman? Do not think
He fell an easy prey. Know, ere he yielded,
Thy bravest veterans bled. He too, thy spy,
The base Brigantian prince, hath seal'd his fraud
With death. Bursting thro' armed ranks, that hemm'd
The caitiff round, the brave Caractacus
Seiz'd his false throat; and as he gave him death
Indignant thunder'd, "Thus is my last stroke
The stroke of justice." Numbers then opprest him:
I saw the slave, that cowardly behind
Pinion'd his arms; I saw the sacred sword
Writh'd from his grasp: I saw, what now ye see,
Inglorious sight! those barbarous bonds upon him.

Enter CARACTACUS.

Car. Romans, methinks the malice of your tyrant
Might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,

And wither'd as you see these war-worn limbs,
Trust me, they shall support the weightiest load
Injustice dares impose——
Proud crested soldier, [*To* DIDIUS.
Who seem'st the master-mover in this business,
Say, dost thou read less terror on my brow,
Than when thou met'st me in the fields of war
Heading my nations? No, my free-born soul
Has scorn still left to sparkle through these eyes,
And frown defiance on thee.———Is it thus!
[*Seeing his son's body.*
Then I'm indeed a captive. Mighty gods!
My soul, my soul submits: patient it bears
The pond'rous load of grief ye heap upon it.
Yes, it will grovel in this shatter'd breast,
And be the sad tame thing, it ought to be,
Coopt in a servile body.

Aul. Did. Droop not, king.
When Claudius, the great master of the world,
Shall hear the noble story of thy valour,
His pity———

Car. Can a Roman pity, soldier?
And if he can, gods! must a Briton bear it?
Arviragus, my bold, my breathless boy,
Thou hast escap'd such pity; thou art free.
Here in high Mona shall thy noble limbs
Rest in a noble grave; posterity
Shall to thy tomb with annual reverence bring
Sepulchral stones, and pile them to the clouds;
Whilst mine———

Aul. Did. The morn doth hasten our departure.
Prepare thee, king, to go: a fav'ring gale
Now swells our sails.
Car. Inhuman, that thou art!
Dost thou deny a moment for a father
To shed a few warm tears o'er his dead son?
I tell thee, chief, this act might claim a life,
To do it duly; even a longer life,
Than sorrow ever suffer'd. Cruel man!
And thou deniest me moments. Be it so.
I know you Romans weep not for your children,
Ye triumph o'er your tears, and think it valour;
I triumph in my tears. Yes, best-lov'd boy,
Yes, I can weep, can fall upon thy corse,
And I can tear my hairs, these few grey hairs,
The only honours war and age hath left me.
Ah son! thou might'st have rul'd o'er many nations,
As did thy royal ancestry: but I,
Rash that I was, ne'er knew the golden curb
Discretion hangs on brav'ry: else perchance
These men, that fasten fetters on thy father,
Had sued to him for peace, and claim'd his friendship.
Aul. Did. But thou wast still implacable to Rome,
And scorn'd her friendship.
Car. (*starting up from the body.*) Soldier, I had arms,
Had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
Had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder, Roman
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims,

To lord it universal o'er the world,
Shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's footstool?
Aul. Did. Read in thy fate our answer. Yet if sooner
Thy pride had yielded——
Car. Thank thy gods, I did not.
Had it been so, the glory of thy master,
Like my misfortunes, had been short and trivial,
Oblivion's ready prey: now, after struggling
Nine years, and that right bravely 'gainst a tyrant,
I am his slave to treat as seems him good;
If cruelly, 'twill be an easy task
To bow a wretch, alas! how bow'd already!
Down to the dust: if well, his clemency,
When trick'd and varnish'd by your glossing penmen,
Will shine in honour's annals, and adorn
Himself; it boots not me. Look there, look there!
The slave that shot that dart kill'd ev'ry hope
Of lost Caractacus! Arise, my daughter;
Alas! poor prince, art thou too in vile fetters?
[*To* ELIDURUS.
Come hither, youth: be thou to me a son,
To her a brother. Thus with trembling arms
I lead you forth; children, we go to Rome.
Weep'st thou, my girl? I prithee hoard thy tears
For the sad meeting of thy captive mother:
For we have much to tell her, much to say
Of these good men, who nurtur'd us in Mona;
Much of the fraud and malice, that pursu'd us;
Much of her son, who pour'd his precious blood

To save his sire and sister: think'st thou, maid,
Her gentleness can hear the tale, and live?
And yet she must. Oh gods, I grow a talker!
Grief and old age are ever full of words:
But I'll be mute. Adieu! ye holy men;
Yet one look more—Now lead us hence for ever.

EPITAPH ON MRS. MASON,

IN THE CATHEDRAL OF BRISTOL.

TAKE, holy earth! all that my soul holds dear:
  Take that best gift which Heav'n so lately gave:
To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
  Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
And died. Does youth, does beauty, read the line?
  Does sympathetic fear their breasts alarm?
Speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine:
  Ev'n from the grave thou shalt have power to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
  Bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
And if so fair, from vanity as free;
  As firm in friendship, and as fond in love.
Tell them, though 'tis an awful thing to die,
  ('Twas ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
  And bids "the pure in heart behold their God."

AN HEROIC EPISTLE[1]

TO

SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS, KNIGHT,

COMPTROLLER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS, AND AUTHOR OF A LATE DISSERTATION ON ORIENTAL GARDENING.—ENRICHED WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES, CHIEFLY EXTRACTED FROM THAT ELABORATE PERFORMANCE.

KNIGHT of the polar star! by fortune plac'd
To shine the Cynosure of British taste[2];
Whose orb collects in one refulgent view
The scatter'd glories of Chinese virtù;
And spread their lustre in so broad a blaze,
That kings themselves are dazzled while they gaze.
O let the Muse attend thy march sublime,
And, with thy prose, caparison her rhyme;
Teach her, like thee, to gild her splendid song,
With scenes of Yven-Ming, and sayings of Li-Tsong[3];

[1] This poem was first published in May 1773.

[2] Cynosure, an affected phrase. "Cynosura is the constellation of Ursa Minor, or the Lesser Bear, the next star to the pole." Dr. Newton, on the word in Milton.

[3] "Many trees, shrubs and flowers," sayeth Li-Tsong, a Chinese author of great antiquity, "thrive best in low, moist situations, many on hills and mountains; some require a rich soil; but others will grow on clay, in sand, or even upon rocks, and in the water: to some a sunny exposition is necessary; but for others the shade is preferable. There are plants which thrive best in exposed situations, but in general, shelter is requisite. The skilful gardener, to whom study and experience have taught these qualities, carefully attends to them in his operations; knowing that thereon

Like thee to scorn dame Nature's simple fence:
Leap each ha-ha of truth and common sense;
And proudly rising in her bold career,
Demand attention from the gracious ear
Of him, whom we and all the world admit,
Patron supreme of science, taste, and wit.
Does envy doubt? Witness ye chosen train,
Who breathe the sweets of his Saturnian reign.
Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Sheabbeares
Hark to my call, for some of you have ears.
Let David Hume, from the remotest north,
In see-saw sceptic scruples hint his worth;
David, who there supinely deigns to lye
The fattest hog of Epicurus' sty;
Though drunk with Gallic wine, and Gallic praise,
David shall bless Old England's halcyon days;
The mighty Home, bemir'd in prose so long,
Again shall stalk upon the stilts of song:
While bold Mac-Ossian, wont in ghosts to deal,
Bids candid Smollett from his coffin steal,
Bids Mallock quit his sweet Elysian rest,
Sunk in his St. John's philosophic breast,
And, like old Orpheus, make some strong effort
To come from Hell, and warble Truth at Court[1].

depend the health and growth of his plants; and consequently the beauty of his plantations." Vide Diss. p. 77. The reader, I presume, will readily allow, that he never met with so much recondite truth, as this ancient Chinese here exhibits.

[1] Vide (if it be extant) a poem under this title, for which (o. for the publication of lord Bolingbroke's philosophical writings

There was a time, "in Esher's peaceful grove,
"When Kent and Nature vy'd for Pelham's love,"
That Pope beheld them with auspicious smile,
And own'd that beauty blest their mutual toil.
Mistaken bard! could such a pair design
Scenes fit to live in thy immortal line?
Hadst thou been born in this enlighten'd day,
Felt, as we feel, taste's oriental ray,
Thy satire sure had given them both a stab,
Call'd Kent a driveller, and the nymph a drab.
For what is Nature? Ring her changes round,
Her three flat notes are water, plants, and ground[1];

the person here mentioned received a considerable pension in the time of lord Bute's administration.

[1] This is the great and fundamental axiom, on which oriental taste is founded. It is therefore expressed here with the greatest precision, and in the identical phrase of the great original. The figurative terms, and even the explanatory simile, are entirely borrowed from sir William's Dissertation. "Nature" (says the Chinese, or sir William for them) "affords us but few materials to work with. Plants, grounds and water, are her only productions; and though both the forms and arrangements of these may be varied to an incredible degree, yet they have but few striking varieties, the rest being of the nature of changes rung upon bells, which, though in reality different, still produce the same uniform kind of gingling; the variation being too minute to be easily perceived." "Art must therefore supply the scantiness of Nature," &c &c. page 14. And again, "Our larger works are only a repetition of the small ones, like the honest bachelor's feast, which consisted in nothing but a multiplication of his own dinner; three legs of mutton and turnips, three roasted geese, and three buttered apple pies." Preface, page 7.

Prolong the peal, yet, spite of all your clatter,
The tedious chime is still ground, plants and water.
So, when some John his dull invention racks,
To rival Boodle's dinners, or Almack's;
Three uncouth legs of mutton shock our eyes,
Three roasted geese, three butter'd apple-pies.
Come then, prolific Art, and with thee bring
The charms that rise from thy exhaustless spring;
To Richmond come, for see, untutor'd Browne
Destroys those wonders which were once thy own.
Lo, from his melon ground the peasant slave
Has rudely rush'd, and levell'd Merlin's cave;
Knock'd down the waxen wizard, seized his wand,
Transform'd to lawn what late was fairy land;
And marr'd, with impious hand, each sweet design
Of Stephen Duck, and good queen Caroline.
Haste, bid yon livelong terrace re-ascend,
Replace each vista, straighten every bend.
Shut out the Thames; shall that ignoble thing
Approach the presence of great Ocean's king?
No! let barbaric glories feast his eyes[1],
August pagodas round his palace rise,
And finish'd Richmond open to his view,
"A work to wonder at, perhaps a Kew."
Nor rest we here, but, at our magic call,
Monkeys shall climb our trees, and lizards crawl[2];

[1] So Milton.

Where the gorgeous east with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.

[2] "In their lofty woods serpents and lizards, of many beautiful

Huge dogs of Tibet bark in yonder grove,
Here parrots prate, there cats make cruel love;
In some fair island will we turn to grass
(With the queen's leave) her elephant and ass.
Giants from Africa shall guard the glades,
Where hiss our snakes, where sport our Tartar maids;
Or, wanting these, from Charlotte Hayes we bring
Damsels, alike adroit to sport and sting.
Now to our lawns of dalliance and delight,
Join we the groves of horror and affright;
This to achieve no foreign aids we try,
Thy gibbets, Bagshot! shall our wants supply[1];

sorts, crawl upon the ground. Innumerable monkies, cats, and parrots clamber upon the trees" Page 40. "In their lakes are many islands, some small, some large, amongst which are often seen stalking along, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the dromedary, ostrich, and the giant baboon." Page 66. "They keep in their enchanted scenes, a surprising variety of monstrous birds, reptiles and animals, which are tamed by art, and guarded by enormous dogs of Tibet, and African giants, in the habits of magicians." Page 12. "Sometimes in this romantic excursion, the passenger finds himself in extensive recesses, surrounded with arbours of jessamine, vine, and roses; where beauteous Tartarean damsels, in loose transparent robes that flutter in the air, present him with rich wines, &c. and invite him to taste the sweets of retirement, on Persian carpets, and beds of Camusakin down" Page 40.

[1] "Their scenes of terror are composed of gloomy woods, &c. gibbets, crosses, wheels, and the whole apparatus of torture are seen from the roads. Here too they conceal in cavities, on the summits of the highest mountains, foundries, lime-kilns, and glass works, which send forth large volumes of flame, and continued

Hounslow, whose heath sublimer terror fills,
Shall with her gibbets lend her powder mills.
Here too, O king of vengeance, in thy fane[1],
Tremendous Wilkes shall rattle his gold chain[2];
And round that fane, on many a Tyburn tree,
Hang fragments dire of Newgate-history;
On this shall Holland's dying speech be read,
Here Bute's confession, and his wooden head;
While all the minor plunderers of the age
(Too numerous far for this contracted page)
The Rigbys, Calcrafts, Dysons, Bradshaws there,
In straw stuft effigy, shall kick the air.

columns of thick smoke, that give to these mountains the appearance of volcanos." Page 37. ' Here the passenger from time to time is surprised with repeated shocks of electrical impulse, the earth trembles under him by the power of confined air," &c. Page 39. Now to produce both these effects, viz. the appearance of volcanos and earthquakes, we have here substituted the occasional explosion of a powder mill, which (if there be not too much simplicity in the contrivance) it is apprehended will at once answer all the purposes of lime-kilns and electrical machines, and imitate thunder and the explosion of cannon into the bargain. Vide page 40.

[1] "In the most dismal recesses of the woods, are temples dedicated to the king of vengeance, near which are placed pillars of stone, with pathetic descriptions of tragical events, and many acts of cruelty perpetrated there by outlaws and robbers." Page 37.

[2] This was written while Mr. Wilkes was sheriff of London, and when it was to be feared he would rattle his chain a year longer as lord mayor.

But say, ye powers, who come when fancy calls,
Where shall our mimic London rear her walls[1]?
That eastern feature, art must next produce,
Though not for present yet for future use,
Our sons some slave of greatness may behold,
Cast in the genuine Asiatic mould:
Who of three realms shall condescend to know
No more than he can spy from Windsor's brow;
For him that blessing of a better time,
The Muse shall deal awhile in brick and lime;
Surpass the bold ΑΔΕΛΦΙ in design,
And o'er the Thames fling one stupendous line
Of marble arches, in a bridge, that cuts[2]
From Richmond Ferry slant to Brentford Butts.
Brentford with London's charms will we adorn;
Brentford, the bishopric of parson Horne.
There, at one glance, the royal eye shall meet
Each varied beauty of St. James's street;

[1] "There is likewise in the same garden, viz. Yven-Ming Yven, near Pekin, a fortified town, with its ports, streets, public squares, temples, markets, shops, and tribunals of justice; in short, with every thing that is at Pekin, only on a smaller scale."

"In this town the emperors of China, who are too much the slaves of their greatness to appear in public, and their women, who are excluded from it by custom, are frequently diverted with the hurry and bustle of the capital, which is there represented, several times in the year, by the eunuchs of the palace." Page [illegible]2

[2] Sir William's enormous account of Chinese bridges, too long [illegible] inserted. Vide page 53.

Stout Talbot there shall ply with hackney chair[1],
And patriot Betty fix her fruit-shop there[2].
Like distant thunder, now the coach of state
Rolls o'er the bridge, that groans beneath its weight.
The court hath crost the stream; the sports begin;
Now Noel preaches of rebellion's sin:
And as the powers of his strong pathos rise,
Lo, brazen tears fall from Sir Fletcher's eyes[3].
While skulking round the pews, that babe of grace,
Who ne'er before at sermon show'd his face,
See Jemmy Twitcher shambles; stop! stop thief![4]
He's stol'n the earl of Denbigh's handkerchief.
Let Barrington arrest him in mock fury[5],
And Mansfield hang the knave without a jury[6].
But hark, the voice of battle shouts from far[7],
The Jews and maccaronis are at war:

1 "Some of these eunuchs personate porters." Page 32.

2 "Fruits and all sorts of refreshments are cried about the streets in this mock city." The name of a woman who kept a fruit shop in St. James's street.

3 "Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek." Milton.

4 "Neither are thieves, pickpockets, and sharpers, forgot in these festivals; that noble profession is usually allotted to a good number of the most dextrous eunuchs" Vide, ibid.

5 "The watch seizes on the culprit." Vide, ibid.

6 "He is conveyed before the judge, and sometimes severely bastinadoed." Ibid.

7 "Quarrels happen battles ensue." Ibid.

The Jews prevail, and, thund'ring from the stocks,
They seize, they bind, they circumcise Charles Fox[1].
Fair Schwellenbergen smiles the sport to see,
And all the maids of honour cry Te! He![2]
Be these the rural pastimes that attend
Great Brunswick's leisure: these shall best unbend
His royal mind, whene'er from state withdrawn,
He treads the velvet of his Richmond lawn;
These shall prolong his Asiatic dream,
Though Europe's balance trembles on its beam.
And thou, Sir William! while thy plastic hand
Creates each wonder, which thy bard has plann'd,
While, as thy art commands, obsequious rise
Whate'er can please, or frighten, or surprise,
O! let that bard his knight's protection claim,
And share, like faithful Sancho, Quixote's fame.

[1] "Every liberty is permitted, there is no distinction of persons." Ibid.

[2] "This is done to divert his imperial majesty, and the ladies of his train." Vide, ibid.

JOSEPH WARTON.

BORN 1722.—DIED 1800.

DOCTOR JOSEPH WARTON, son to the vicar of Basingstoke, and elder brother to the historian of English poetry, was born in the house of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Joseph Richardson, rector of Dunsfold, in Surrey. He was chiefly educated at home by his father, Dr. Warton, till his fourteenth year, when he was admitted on the foundation of Winchester college. He was there the schoolfellow and intimate of Collins, the poet; and, in conjunction with him and another youth, whose name was Tomkyns, he sent to the Gentleman's Magazine three pieces of poetry, which were highly commended in that miscellany[1]. In 1740, being superannuated,

[1] The piece which Collins contributed was entitled a Sonnet, and consisted of the two following stanzas.

" When Phœbe form'd a wanton smile,
" My soul, it reach'd not here:
" Strange that my soul, thou trembler, flies
" Before a rising tear.

" From midst the drops my love is born,
" That o'er those eye-lids rove.
" Thus issued from a teeming wave
" The fabled Queen of Love."

Signed DELICATULUS.

he left Winchester school, and having missed a presentation to New college, Oxford, was entered a commoner at that of Oriel. At the university he composed his two poems, "The Enthusiast," and "The Dying Indian," and a satirical prose-sketch, in imitation of Le Sage, entitled "Ranelagh," which his editor, Mr. Wooll, has inserted in the volume that contains his life, letters, and poems. Having taken the degree of bachelor of arts at Oxford, in 1744, he was ordained on his father's curacy at Basingstoke. At the end of two years, he removed from thence to do duty at Chelsea, where he caught the small-pox. Having left that place, for change of air, he did not return to it, on account of some disagreement with the parishioners, but officiated for a few months at Chawton and Droxford, and then resumed his residence at Basingstoke. In the same year, 1746, he published a volume of his odes, in the preface to which he expressed a hope that they would be regarded as a fair attempt to bring poetry back from the moralizing and didactic taste of the age, to the truer channels of fancy and description. Collins, our author's immortal contemporary, also published his odes in the same month of the same year. He realized, with the hand of genius, that idea of highly personified and picturesque composition, which Warton contemplated with the eye of taste. But Collins's works were ushered in with no manifesto of a design to regenerate the taste of

the age, with no pretensions of erecting a new or recovered standard of excellence.

In 1748 our author was presented by the Duke of Bolton to the rectory of Winslade, when he immediately married a lady of that neighbourhood, Miss Daman, to whom he had been for some time attached. He had not been long settled in his living, when he was invited by his patron to accompany him to the south of France. The Duchess of Bolton was then in a confirmed dropsy, and his Grace, anticipating her death, wished to have a protestant clergyman with him on the continent. who might marry him, on the first intelligence of his consort's death, to the lady with whom he lived, and who was universally known by the name of Polly Peachum. Dr. Warton complied with this proposal. to which (as his circumstances were narrow) it must be hoped that his poverty consented rather than his will. "To those" (says Mr. Wooll) "who have "enjoyed the rich and varied treasures of Dr. War-"ton's conversation, who have been dazzled by the "brilliancy of his wit, and instructed by the acute-"ness of his understanding, I need not suggest how "truly enviable was the journey which his fellow "travellers accomplished through the French pro-"vinces to Montauban." It may be doubted, however, if the French provinces were exactly the scene, where his fellow travellers were most likely to be instructed by the acuteness of Dr Warton's observa-

tions; as he was unable to speak the language of the country, and could have no information from foreigners, except what he could now and then extort from the barbarous Latin of some Irish friar. He was himself so far from being delighted or edified by his pilgrimage, that for private reasons, (as his biographer states) and from impatience of being restored to his family, he returned home, without having accomplished the object for which the Duke had taken him abroad. He set out for Bourdeaux in a courier's cart, but being dreadfully jolted in that vehicle, he quitted it; and, having joined some carriers in Brittany, came home by way of St. Maloes. A month after his return to England, the Duchess of Bolton died; and our author, imagining that his patron would, possibly, have the decency to remain a widower, for a few weeks, wrote to his Grace, offering to join him immediately. But the Duke had no mind to delay his nuptials; he was joined to Polly by a protestant clergyman, who was found upon the spot; and our author thus missed the reward of the only action of his life, which can be said to throw a blemish on his respectable memory.

In the year 1748-9 he had begun, and in 1753 he finished and published, an edition of Virgil in English and Latin. To this work Warburton contributed a dissertation on the sixth book of the Æneid; Atterbury furnished a commentary on the character of Iapis; and the laureate Whitehead,

another on the shield of Æneas. Many of the notes were taken from the best commentators on Virgil, particularly Catrou and Segrais: some were supplied by Mr. Spence; and others, relating to the soil, climate, and customs of Italy, by Mr. Holdsworth, who had resided for many years in that country. For the English of the Æneid, he adopted the translation by Pitt. The life of Virgil, with three essays on pastoral[1], didactic, and epic poetry, and a poetical version of the Eclogues and Georgics, constituted his own part of the work. This translation may, in many instances, be found more faithful and concise than Dryden's; but it wants that elastic and idiomatic freedom, by which Dryden reconciles us to his faults; and exhibits rather the diligence of a scholar than the spirit of a poet. Dr. Harewood, in his view of the classics, accuses the Latin text of incorrectness.[2] Shortly after the

[1] His reflections on pastoral poetry are limited to a few sentences; but he subjoins an essay on the subject, by Dr. Johnson, from the Rambler.

[2] With what justice I will not pretend to say; but after comparing a few pages of his edition with Maittaire, he seems to me to be less attentive to punctuation, than the editor of the Corpus Poetarum, and sometimes to omit the marks by which it is customary to distinguish adverbs from pronouns. I dislike his interpretation of one line in the first Eclogue of Virgil, which seems to me peculiarly tasteless; namely, where he translates "*Post aliquot aristas*" "after a few years." The picture of Melibœus's cottage "behind a few ears of corn," so simply and exquisitely touched, is thus exchanged for a forced phrase with regard to time.

appearance of his Virgil, he took a share in the periodical paper, the Adventurer, and contributed twenty-four numbers, which have been generally esteemed the most valuable in the work.

In 1754 he was instituted to the living of Tunworth, on the presentation of the Jervoise family; and in 1755 was elected second master of Winchester school, with the management and advantage of a boarding-house. In the following year Lord Lyttleton, who had submitted a part of his "History of Henry II." to his revisal, bestowed a scarf upon him. He found leisure, at this period, to complete his "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," which he dedicated to Young, without subscribing his name. But he was soon, and it would appear with his own tacit permission, generally pronounced to be its author. Twenty-six years, however, elapsed before he either reprinted the Essay, or expanded it to its later shape. Dr. Johnson said, that this was owing to his not having been able to bring the public to be of his opinion as to Pope. Another reason has been assigned for his inactivity[1]. Warburton, the guardian of Pope's fame, was still alive; and he was the zealous and useful friend of our author's brother. The prelate died in 1779, and in 1782 Dr. Warton published his extended and finished Essay. If the supposition that he abstained from embroiling himself by the question about Pope with

[1] Chalmers's Life of J. Warton, British Poets.

Warburton be true, it will at least impress us with an idea of his patience; for it was no secret that Ruffhead was supplied by Warburton with materials for a life of Pope, in which he attacked Dr. Warton with abundant severity; but in which he entangled himself more than his adversary, in the coarse-spun ropes of his special pleading. The Essay, for a time, raised up to him another enemy, to whom his conduct has even an air of submissiveness. In commenting on a line of Pope, he hazarded a remark on Hogarth's propensity to intermix the ludicrous with attempts at the sublime. Hogarth revengefully introduced Dr. Warton's works into one of his satirical pieces, and vowed to bear him eternal enmity. Their mutual friends, however, interfered, and the artist was pacified. Dr. Warton, in the next edition, altered his just animadversion on Hogarth into an ill merited compliment.

By delaying to republish his Essay on Pope, he ultimately obtained a more dispassionate hearing from the public for the work in its finished state. In the mean time, he enriched it with additions, digested from the reading of half a lifetime. The author of "The Pursuits of Literature" has pronounced it a common place book; and Richardson, the novelist, used to call it a literary gossip: but a testimony in its favour, of more authority than any individual opinion, will be found in the popularity with which it continues to be read. It is very entertaining, and abounds with criticism of more re-

search than Addison's, of more amenity than Hurd's or Warburton's, and of more insinuating tact than Johnson's. At the same time, while much ingenuity and many truths are scattered over the Essay, it is impossible to admire it as an entire theory, solid and consistent in all its parts. It is certainly setting out from unfortunate premises to begin his Remarks on Pope with grouping Dryden and Addison in the same class of poets; and to form a scale for estimating poetical genius, which would set Elijah Fenton in a higher sphere than Butler. He places Pope, in the scale of our poets, next to Milton, and above Dryden; yet he applies to him the exact character which Voltaire gives to the heartless Boileau—that of a writer, "perhaps, incapable "of the sublime which elevates, or of the feeling "which affects the soul." With all this, he tells us, that our poetry, and our language, are everlastingly indebted to Pope: he attributes genuine tenderness to the "Elegy on an unfortunate Lady;" a strong degree of passion to the "Epistle of Eloise;" invention and fancy to "The Rape of the Lock;" and a picturesque conception to some parts of "Windsor Forest," which he pronounces worthy of the pencil of Rubens or Julio Romano. There is something like April weather in these transitions.

In May, 1766, he was advanced to the head-mastership of Winchester school. In consequence of this promotion, he once more visited Oxford, and proceeded to the degree of bachelor and doctor in

divinity. After an union of twenty years, he lost his first wife, by whom he had six children; but his family, and his professional situation requiring a domestic partner, he had been only a year a widower, when he married a Miss Nicholas, of Winchester.

He now visited London more frequently than before. The circle of his friends, in the metropolis, comprehended all the members of Burke's and Johnson's Literary Club. With Johnson himself he was for a long time on intimate terms; but their friendship suffered a breach which was never closed, in consequence of an argument, which took place between them, during an evening spent at the house of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The concluding words of their conversation are reported, by one who was present, to have been these: Johnson said, "Sir, I am not "accustomed to be contradicted." Warton replied, "Better, Sir, for yourself and your friends if you "were: our respect could not be increased, but our "love might."

In 1782 he was indebted to his friend, Dr. Lowth, Bishop of London, for a prebend of St. Paul's, and the living of Thorley, in Hertfordshire, which, after some arrangements, he exchanged for that of Wickham. His ecclesiastical preferments came too late in life, to place him in that state of leisure and independence, which might have enabled him to devote his best years to literature, instead of the drudgery of a school. One great project, which he announced, but never fulfilled, namely, "A General

History of Learning," was, in all probability, prevented by the pressure of his daily occupations. In 1788, through the interest of Lord Shannon, he obtained a prebend of Winchester; and, through the interest of Lord Malmsbury, was appointed to the rectory of Euston, which he was afterwards allowed to exchange for that of Upham. In 1793 he resigned the fatigues of his mastership of Winchester; and having received, from the superintendents of the institution, a vote of well-earned thanks, for his long and meritorious services, he went to live at his rectory of Wickham.

During his retirement at that place, he was induced, by a liberal offer of the booksellers, to superintend an edition of Pope, which he published in 1797. It was objected to this edition, that it contained only his Essay on Pope, cut down into notes; his biographer, however, repels the objection, by alleging that it contains a considerable portion of new matter. In his zeal to present every thing that could be traced to the pen of Pope, he introduced two pieces of indelicate humour, "The Double Mistress," and the second satire of Horace. For the insertion of those pieces, he received a censure in the "Pursuits of Literature," which, considering his gray hairs and services in the literary world, was unbecoming; and which my individual partiality for Mr. Matthias makes me wish that I had not to record.

As a critic, Dr. Warton is distinguished by his

love of the fanciful and romantic. He examined our poetry at a period when it appeared to him, that versified observations on familiar life and manners, had usurped the honours which were exclusively due to the bold and inventive powers of imagination. He conceived, also, that the charm of description in poetry, was not sufficiently appreciated in his own day: not that the age could be said to be without descriptive writers; but because, as he apprehended, the tyranny of Pope's reputation had placed moral and didactic verse in too pre-eminent a light. He, therefore, strongly urged the principle, "that the "most solid observations on life, expressed with the "utmost brevity and elegance, are morality, and "not poetry." Without examining how far this principle applies exactly to the character of Pope, whom he himself owns not to have been without pathos and imagination, I think his proposition is so worded, as to be liable to lead to a most unsound distinction between morality and poetry. If by "the most solid observations on life" are meant only those which relate to its prudential management and plain concerns, it is certainly true, that these cannot be made poetical, by the utmost brevity or elegance of expression. It is also true, that even the nobler tenets of morality are comparatively less interesting, in an insulated and didactic shape, than when they are blended with strong imitations of life, where passion, character, and situation bring them deeply home to our attention. Fiction

is on this account so far the soul of poetry, that, without its aid as a vehicle, poetry can only give us morality in an abstract and (comparatively) uninteresting shape. But why does Fiction please us? surely not because it is false, but because it seems to be true; because it spreads a wider field, and a more brilliant crowd of objects to our moral perceptions, than reality affords. Morality (in a high sense of the term, and not speaking of it as a dry science) is the *essence of poetry*. We fly from the injustice of this world to the poetical justice of Fiction, where our sense of right and wrong is either satisfied, or where our sympathy, at least, reposes with less disappointment and distraction, than on the characters of life itself. Fiction, we may indeed be told, carries us into "a *world of gayer tinct and grace*," the laws of which are not to be judged by solid observations on the real world.

But this is not the case, for moral truth is still the light of poetry, and fiction is only the refracting atmosphere which diffuses it; and the laws of moral truth are as essential to poetry, as those of physical truth (Anatomy and Optics, for instance,) are to painting. Allegory, narration, and the drama make their last appeal to the ethics of the human heart. It is therefore unsafe to draw a marked distinction between morality and poetry; or to speak of "*solid observations on life*" as of things in their nature unpoetical; for we *do* meet in poetry with observations on life, which, for the charm of

their solid truth, we should exchange with reluctance, for the most ingenious touches of fancy.

The school of the Wartons, considering them as poets, was rather too studiously prone to description. The doctor, like his brother, certainly so far realized his own ideas of inspiration, as to burthen his verse with few observations on life, which oppress the mind by their solidity. To his brother he is obviously inferior in the graphic and romantic style of composition, at which he aimed; but in which, it must nevertheless be owned, that in some parts of his "Ode to Fancy" he has been pleasingly successful. From the subjoined specimens, the reader will probably be enabled to judge as favourably of his genius, as from the whole of his poems; for most of them are short and occasional, and, (if I may venture to differ from the opinion of his amiable editor, Mr. Wooll,) are by no means marked with originality. The only poem of any length, entitled "The Enthusiast," was written at too early a period of his life, to be a fair object of criticism.

ODE TO FANCY.

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse,
O'er all my artless songs preside,
My footsteps to thy temple guide,

To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
In golden cups no costly wine,
No murder'd fatling of the flock,
But flowers and honey from the rock.
O nymph with loosely-flowing hair,
With buskin'd leg, and bosom bare,
Thy waist with myrtle-girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy snowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid fresh gardens blow,
'Mid cheerless Lapland's barren snow,
Whose rapid wings thy flight convey
Through air, and over earth and sea,
While the vast various landscape lies
Conspicuous to thy piercing eyes.
O lover of the desert, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathless vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's side,
'Mid fall of waters, you reside,
'Mid broken rocks, a rugged scene,
With green and grassy dales between,
'Mid forests dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's stroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor ev'n one straw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature seems to sit alone,
Majestic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, sweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown sequester'd cell,

Where woodbines cluster round the door,
Where shells and moss o'erlay the floor,
And on whose top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whose thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale still builds her nest,
Each evening warbling thee to rest:
Then lay me by the haunted stream,
Rapt in some wild, poetic dream,
In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove;
Till, suddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whisper'd music in my ear,
And my glad soul in bliss is drown'd
By the sweetly-soothing sound!
Me, goddess, by the right hand lead
Sometimes through the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
And Venus keeps her festive court,
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads,
Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks steep hills among,
List'ning to the shepherd's song:
Yet not these flowery fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ,
Haste, Fancy, from the scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddess of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms, and sigh;

Let us with silent footsteps go
To charnels and the house of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each sad night some virgin comes,
With throbbing breast, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to seek;
Or to some abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold wintry show'rs,
The naked beggar shivering lies,
While whistling tempests round her rise,
And trembles lest the tottering wall
Should on her sleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder strike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire,
I feel, I feel, with sudden heat,
My big tumultuous bosom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce my ear,
A thousand widows' shrieks I hear,
Give me another horse, I cry,
Lo! the base Gallic squadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?—what spirit, say,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickest war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of slain,
Where Tumult and Destruction reign;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded steed
Tramples the dying and the dead;
Where giant Terror stalks around,
With sullen joy surveys the ground,

And, pointing to th' ensanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful gorgon shield!
O guide me from this horrid scene,
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura seeks, to shun
The fervors of the mid-day sun;
The pangs of absence, O remove!
For thou canst place me near my love,
Canst fold in visionary bliss,
And let me think I steal a kiss,
While her ruby lips dispense
Luscious nectar's quintessence!
When young-eyed Spring profusely throws
From her green lap the pink and rose,
When the soft turtle of the dale
To Summer tells her tender tale;
When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
Shakes his silver beard with cold;
At every season let my ear
Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.
O warm, enthusiastic maid,
Without thy powerful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a soul to every line,
Ne'er may I strive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd strain,
Nor dare to touch the sacred string,
Save when with smiles thou bid'st me sing.

O hear our prayer, O hither come
From thy lamented Shakspeare's tomb,
On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave;
O queen of numbers, once again
Animate some chosen swain,
Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
May boldly smite the sounding lyre,
Who with some new unequall'd song
May rise above the rhyming throng,
O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
With terror shake, and pity move,
Rouse with revenge, or melt with love;
O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk;
Teach him to scorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning, let his mighty verse
The bosom's inmost foldings pierce;
With native beauties win applause
Beyond cold critics' studied laws;
O let each Muse's fame increase,
O bid Britannia rival Greece.

THE DYING INDIAN.

THE dart of Izdabel prevails! 'twas dipt
In double poison—I shall soon arrive
At the blest island, where no tigers spring
On heedless hunters; where ananas bloom
Thrice in each moon; where rivers smoothly glide,
Nor thund'ring torrents whirl the light canoe
Down to the sea; where my forefathers feast
Daily on hearts of Spaniards!—O my son,
I feel the venom busy in my breast,
Approach, and bring my crown, deck'd with the teeth
Of that bold Christian who first dar'd deflow'r
The virgins of the Sun; and, dire to tell!
Robb'd Pachacamac's altar of its gems!
I mark'd the spot where they interr'd this traitor,
And once at midnight stole I to his tomb,
And tore his carcase from the earth, and left it
A prey to poisonous flies. Preserve this crown
With sacred secrecy: if e'er returns
Thy much-lov'd mother from the desert woods,
Where, as I hunted late, I hapless lost her,
Cherish her age. Tell her, I ne'er have worshipp'd
With those that eat their God. And when disease
Preys on her languid limbs, then kindly stab her
With thine own hands, nor suffer her to linger,
Like Christian cowards, in a life of pain.
I go! great Copac beckons me! Farewell!

WILLIAM COWPER.

BORN 1731.—DIED 1800.

WILLIAM COWPER was born at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. His grandfather was Spenser Cowper, a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the Lord Chancellor Cowper. His father was the rector of Berkhamstead, and chaplain to George the Second. At six years of age, he was taken from the care of an indulgent mother, and placed at a school in Bedfordshire[1]. He there endured such hardships, as embittered his opinion of public education for all his life. His chief affliction was, to be singled out, as a victim of secret cruelty, by a young monster, about fifteen years of age; whose barbarities were, however, at last detected, and punished by his expulsion. Cowper was also taken from the school. From the age of eight to nine, he was boarded with a famous oculist[2], on account of a complaint in his eyes, which, during his whole life, were subject to inflammation. He

[1] In Hayley's life his first school is said to have been in Hertfordshire. The Memoir of his early life, published in 1816, says in Bedfordshire.

[2] He does not inform us where, but calls the oculist Mr. D. —Hayley, by mistake, I suppose, says that he was boarded with a female oculist.

was sent from thence to Westminster, and continued there till the age of eighteen, when he went into the office of a London solicitor. His account of himself in this situation candidly acknowledges his extreme idleness. "I did actually live," he says, in a letter to Lady Hesketh, "for three years with Mr. "Chapman, a solicitor; that is to say, I slept three "years in his house. I spent my days in South-"ampton-Row, as you very well remember. There "was I, and the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow, "constantly employed in giggling and making "giggle." From the solicitor's house he went into chambers in the Temple; but seems to have made no application to the study of the law. "Here he "rambled," says Mr. Hayley, "to use his own "colloquial expression, from the thorny road of "jurisprudence to the primrose paths of literature," a most uncolloquial expression indeed, and savouring much more of Mr. Hayley's genius than his own. At this period, he wrote some verse translations from Horace, which he gave to the Duncombes; and assisted Lloyd and Colman with some prose papers for their periodical works. It was only at this time, that Cowper could ever be said to have lived as a man of the world. Though shy to strangers, he was highly valued, for his wit and pleasantry, amidst an intimate and gay circle of men of talents. But though he was then in the focus of convivial society, he never partook of its intemperance.

His patrimony being well nigh spent, a powerful friend and relation obtained for him the situation of Clerk to the Committees of the House of Lords; but, on account of his dislike to the publicity of the situation, the appointment was changed to that of Clerk of the Journals of the same House. The path to an easy maintenance now seemed to lie open before him; but a calamitous disappointment was impending, the approaches of which are best explained in his own words. "In the beginning," (he says) "a strong opposition to my friend's right "of nomination began to shew itself. A powerful "party was formed among the Lords to thwart it. "* * * Every advantage, I was told, would be "sought for, and eagerly seized to disconcert us. "I was bid to expect an examination at the bar of "the house, touching my sufficiency for the post I "had taken. Being necessarily ignorant of the na- "ture of that business, it became expedient that I "should visit the office daily, in order to qualify "myself for the strictest scrutiny. All the horror "of my fears and perplexities now returned. A "thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me "as this intelligence. I knew to demonstration, "that upon these terms the Clerkship of the Journals "was no place for me. To require my attendance "at the bar of the house, that I might there publicly "entitle myself to the office, was, in effect, to ex- "clude me from it. In the mean time, the interest "of my friend, the honour of his choice, my own

" reputation and circumstances, all urged me for-
" ward, all pressed me to undertake that which I
" saw to be impracticable. They whose spirits are
" formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of
" themselves, on any occasion, is mortal poison, may
" have some idea of the horrors of my situation—
" others can have none. My continual misery at
" length brought on a nervous fever; quiet forsook
" me by day, and peace by night; a finger raised
" against me was more than I could stand against.
" In this posture of mind I attended regularly at the
" office, where, instead of a soul upon the rack, the
" most active spirits were essentially necessary for
" my purpose. I expected no assistance from any
" body there, all the inferior clerks being under the
" influence of my opponent, and accordingly I re-
" ceived none. The Journal books were indeed
" thrown open to me; a thing which could not be
" refused, and from which perhaps a man in health,
" and with a head turned to business, might have
" gained all the information he wanted; but it was
" not so with me. I read without perception; and
" was so distressed, that had every clerk in the office
" been my friend, it could have availed me little;
" for I was not in a condition to receive instruction,
" much less to elicit it out of MSS. without direc-
" tion. Many months went over me thus employed;
" constant in the use of means, despairing as to the
" issue. The feelings of a man, when he arrives at
" the place of execution, are probably much like

"mine every time I set my foot in the office, which "was every day for more than half a year together." These agonies at length unsettled his brain. When his benevolent friend came to him, on the day appointed for his examination at Westminster, he found him in a dreadful condition. He had, in fact, the same morning, made an attempt at self-destruction; and shewed a garter, which had been broken, and an iron rod across his bed, which had been bent, in the effort to accomplish his purpose by strangulation. From the state of his mind, it became necessary to remove him to the house of Dr. Cotton, of St. Albans, with whom he continued for about nineteen months. Within less than the half of that time, his faculties began to return; and the religious despair, which constituted the most tremendous circumstance of his malady, had given way to more consoling views of faith and piety[1]. On

[1] The crisis of his recovery seems to have been accelerated by the conversation of his brother, who visited him at Dr. Cotton's. "As soon as we were left alone," (he says) "my brother asked "me how I found myself. I answered, 'as much better as "despair can make me' We went together into the garden. "Here, on expressing a settled assurance of sudden judgment, "he protested to me that it was all a delusion, and protested so "strongly, that I could not help giving some attention to him. "I burst into tears, and cried out, 'If it be a delusion, then I "am one of the happiest of beings!' Something like a ray of "hope was shot into my heart, but still I was afraid to indulge "it. We dined together, and spent the afternoon in a more "cheerful manner * * * * *. I went to bed, and slept well. In

his recovery, he determined to renounce London for ever; and, that he might have no temptation to return thither, gave up the office of commissioner of bankrupts, worth about 60*l*. a year, which he had held for some years. He then, in June 1765, repaired to Huntingdon, where he settled in lodgings, attended by a man servant, who followed him from Dr. Cotton's out of pure attachment. His brother, who had accompanied him thither, had no sooner left him, than being alone among strangers, his spirits began again to sink; and he found himself, he says, "like a traveller in the midst of an "inhospitable desart, without a friend to comfort, or "a guide to direct him." For four months he continued in his lodging. Some few neighbours came to see him; but their visits were not very frequent, and he rather declined than sought society. At length, however, young Mr. Unwin, the son of the clergyman of the place, having been struck by his interesting appearance at church, introduced himself to his acquaintance, and brought him to visit at his father's house. A mutual friendship was very soon formed between Cowper and this amiable

"the morning I dreamt that the sweetest boy I ever saw came "dancing up to my bed-side; he seemed just out of leading-"strings; yet I took particular notice of the firmness and stea-"diness of his tread. The sight affected me with pleasure, and "served at least to harmonize my spirits. So that I awoke for "the first time with a sensation of delight on my mind."—*Memoir published in* 1816.

family, whose religious sentiments peculiarly corresponded with the predominant impressions of his mind. The Unwins, much to his satisfaction, agreed to receive him as a boarder in their house. His routine of life in this devout circle is best described by himself. "We breakfast," he says, in one of his letters, "commonly between eight and nine; till "eleven we read either the Scriptures or the ser-"mons of some faithful preacher of those holy "mysteries. At eleven we attend Divine service, "which is performed here twice every day; and "from twelve to three we separate and amuse our-"selves as we please. During that interval, I either "read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or "work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after "dinner, but, if the weather permits, adjourn to "the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, "I have generally the pleasure of religious conver-"sation. If it rains, or is too windy for walking, "we either converse within doors, or sing some "hymns of Martin's[1] collection; and, by the help "of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord, make up a tolerable "concert, in which our hearts, I hope, are the most "musical performers. After tea, we sally forth to "walk in good earnest, and we generally travel four "miles before we see home again. At night, we "read and converse as before till supper, and com-"monly finish the evening with hymns or a sermon."

After the death of Mr. Unwin, senior, in 1767, he accompanied Mrs. Unwin and her daughter to a new

[1] Martin Madan, a cousin of the poet.

residence, which they chose at Olney, in Buckinghamshire. Here he formed an intimate friendship with Mr. Newton, then curate of Olney, with whom he voluntarily associated himself in the duty of visiting the cottages of the poor, and comforting their distresses. Mr. Newton and he were joint almoners in the secret donations of the wealthy and charitable Mr. Thornton, who transmitted 200*l.* a year for the poor of Olney. At Mr. Newton's request he wrote some hymns, which were published in a collection, long before he was known as a poet.

His tremendous malady unhappily returned in 1773, attended with severe paroxysms of religious despondency, and his faculties were again eclipsed for about five years. During that period Mrs. Unwin watched over him with a patience and tenderness truly maternal. After his second recovery, some of his amusements, such as taming hares, and making bird-cages, would seem to indicate no great confidence in the capacity of his mind for mental employment. But he still continued to be a cursory reader: he betook himself also to drawing landscapes; and, what might have been still less expected at fifty years of age, began in earnest to cultivate his poetical talents. These had lain, if not dormant, at least so slightly employed, as to make his poetical progress, in the former part of his life, scarcely capable of being traced [1]. He spent,

[1] At the age of eighteen, he wrote some tolerable verses on the heel of a shoe; a subject which is not uncharacteristic of his disposition to moralize on whimsical subjects.

however, the winter of 1780-1 in preparing his first volume of poems for the press, consisting of "TableTalk," "Hope," "The Progress of Error," "Charity," &c. and it was published in 1782. Its reception was not equal to its merit, though his modest expectations were not upon the whole disappointed; and he had the satisfaction of ranking Dr. Johnson and Benjamin Franklin among his zealous admirers. The volume was certainly good fruit under a rough rind, conveying manly thoughts, but in a tone of enthusiasm which is often harsh and forbidding.

In the same year that he published his first volume, an elegant and accomplished visitant came to Olney, with whom Cowper formed an acquaintance, that was for some time very delightful to him. This was the widow of Sir Robert Austen. She had wit, gaiety, agreeable manners, and elegant taste. While she enlivened Cowper's unequal spirits by her conversation, she was also the task-mistress of his Muse. He began his great original poem at her suggestion, and was exhorted by her to undertake the translation of Homer. So much cheerfulness seems to have beamed upon his sequestered life from the influence of her society, that he gave her the endearing appellation of Sister Anne; and ascribed the arrival of so pleasing a friend to the direct interposition of Heaven. But his devout old friend, Mrs. Unwin, saw nothing very providential, in the ascendancy of a female, so much more fascinating than herself, over Cowper's mind; and, appealing to

his gratitude for her past services, she gave him his choice of either renouncing Lady Austen's acquaintance, or her own. Cowper decided upon adhering to the friend who had watched over him in his deepest afflictions; and sent Lady Austen a valedictory letter, couched in terms of regret and regard, but which necessarily put an end to their acquaintance. Whether in making this decision he sacrificed a passion, or only a friendship for Lady Austen, it must be impossible to tell; but it has been said, though not by Mr. Hayley, that the remembrance of a deep and devoted attachment of his youth, was never effaced by any succeeding impression of the same nature; and that his fondness for Lady Austen was as platonic as for Mary Unwin. The sacrifice, however, cost him much pain; and is, perhaps, as much to be admired as regretted.

Fortunately, the jealousy of Mrs. Unwin did not extend to his cousin, Lady Hesketh. His letters to that lady give the most pleasing view of Cowper's mind, exhibiting all the warmth of his heart as a kinsman, and his simple and unstudied elegance as a correspondent. His intercourse with this relation, after a separation of nearly thirty years, was revived by her writing to congratulate him on the appearance of his "Task," in 1784. Two years after, Lady Hesketh paid him a visit at Olney; and settling at Weston, in the immediate neighbourhood, provided a house for him and Mrs. Unwin there, which was more commodious than their former habitation. She also brought her carriage and horses with her, and

thus induced him to survey the country in a wider range than he had been hitherto accustomed to take, as well as to mix a little more with its inhabitants. As soon as the "Task" had been sent to the press, he began the "Tirocinium," a poem on the subject of education, the purport of which was (in his own words) to censure the want of discipline, and the inattention to morals, which prevail in public schools; and to recommend private education as preferable on all accounts. In the same year, 1784, he commenced his translation of Homer, which was brought to a conclusion, and published by subscription in 1791. The first edition of Homer was scarcely out of his hands, when he embraced a proposal from a bookseller to be the editor of Milton's poetry, and to furnish a version of his Italian and Latin poems, together with a critical commentary on his whole works. Capable as he was of guiding the reader's attention to the higher beauties of Milton, his habits and recluse situation made him peculiarly unfit for the more minute functions of an editor. In the progress of the work, he seems to have been constantly drawn away, by the anxious correction of his great translation; insomuch, that his second edition of Homer was rather a new work than a revisal of the old. The subsequent history of his life may make us thankful, that the powers of his mind were spared, to accomplish so great an undertaking. Their decline was fast approaching. In 1792 Mr. Hayley paid him a visit

at Olney, and was present to console him under his affliction, at seeing Mrs. Unwin attacked by the palsy. The shock subsided, and a journey, which he undertook in company with Mrs. Unwin, to Mr. Hayley's at Eartham, contributed, with the genial air of the south, and the beautiful scenery of the country, to revive his spirits; but they drooped, and became habitually dejected, on his return to Olney. In a moment of recovered cheerfulness, he projected a poem on the four ages of man—infancy, youth, manhood, and old age; but he only finished a short fragment of it. Mr. Hayley paid him a second visit in the November of 1793; he found him still possessed of all his exquisite feelings; but there was something undescribable in his appearance, which foreboded his relapsing into hopeless despondency. Lady Hesketh repaired once more to Olney, and with a noble friendship undertook the care of two invalids, who were now incapable of managing themselves, Mrs. Unwin being, at this time, entirely helpless and paralytic. Upon a third visit, Mr. Hayley found him plunged into a melancholy torpor, which extinguished even his social feelings. He met Mr. Hayley with apparent indifference; and when it was announced to him that his Majesty had bestowed on him a pension of 300*l*. a year, the intelligence arrived too late to give him pleasure. He continued under the care of Lady Hesketh until the end of July 1795, when he was removed, together with Mrs. Unwin, to the house of his

kinsman, Mr. Johnson, at North Tuddenham, in Norfolk. Stopping on the journey at the village of Eaton, near St. Neots, Cowper walked with Mr. Johnson in the churchyard of that village by moonlight, and talked with more composure than he had shewn for many months. The subject of their conversation was the poet Thomson. Some time after, he went to see his cousin, Mrs. Bodham, at a village near the residence of Mr. Johnson. When he saw, in Mrs. Bodham's parlour, a portrait of himself, which had been done by Abbot, he clasped his hands in a paroxysm of distress, wishing that he could now be what he was when that likeness was taken.

In December, 1796, Mrs. Unwin died, in a house to which Mr. Johnson had removed, at Dunham, in the same county. Cowper, who had seen her half an hour before she expired, attended Mr. Johnson to survey her remains in the dusk of the evening; but, after looking on her for a few moments, he started away, with a vehement unfinished exclamation of anguish; and, either forgetting her in the suspension of his faculties, or not daring to trust his lips with the subject, he never afterwards uttered her name.

In 1799 he resumed some power of exertion; he finished the revision of his Homer, translated some of Gay's fables into Latin, and wrote his last original poem, "The Cast-away." But it seems from the utterly desolate tone of that production, that the

finishing blaze of his fancy and intellects had communicated no warmth of joy to his heart. The dropsy, which had become visible in his person, assumed an incurable aspect in the following year; and, after a rapid decline, he expired, on the fifth of April, 1800.

The nature of Cowper's works makes us peculiarly identify the poet and the man in perusing them. As an individual, he was retired and weaned from the vanities of the world; and, as an original writer, he left the ambitious nd luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the developement of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth. His language has such a masculine idiomatic strength, and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negligence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its sentiments having come from the author's heart; and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated. He impresses us with the idea of a being, whose fine spirit had been long enough in the mixed society of the world to be polished by its intercourse, and yet withdrawn so soon as to retain an unworldly degree of purity and simplicity. He was advanced in years before he became an author; but his compositions display a tenderness of feeling so youthfully preserved, and even a vein of humour so far from being extinguished by his ascetic habits, that we can

scarcely regret his not having written them at an earlier period of life. For he blends the determination of age with an exquisite and ingenuous sensibility; and though he sports very much with his subjects, yet when he is in earnest, there is a gravity of long-felt conviction in his sentiments, which gives an uncommon ripeness of character to his poetry.

It is due to Cowper to fix our regard on this unaffectedness and authenticity of his works, considered as representations of himself, because he forms a striking instance of genius writing the history of its own secluded feelings, reflections, and enjoyments, in a shape so interesting as to engage the imagination like a work of fiction. He has invented no character in fable, nor in the drama; but he has left a record of his own character, which forms not only an object of deep sympathy, but a subject for the study of human nature. His verse, it is true, considered as such a record, abounds with opposite traits of severity and gentleness, of playfulness and superstition[1], of solemnity and mirth, which appear almost anomalous; and there is, undoubtedly, sometimes

[1] Vide his story of Misagathus, which is meant to record the miraculous punishment of a sinner by his own horse. Misagathus, a wicked fellow, as his name denotes, is riding abroad, and overtakes a sober-minded traveller on the road, whose ears he assails with the most improper language; till his horse, out of all patience at his owner's impiety, approaches the brink of a precipice, and fairly tosses his reprobate rider into the sea.

an air of moody versatility in the extreme contrasts of his feelings. But looking to his poetry as an entire structure, it has a massive air of sincerity. It is founded in stedfast principles of belief; and, if we may prolong the architectural metaphor, though its arches may be sometimes gloomy, its tracery sportive, and its lights and shadows grotesquely crossed, yet altogether it still forms a vast, various, and interesting monument of the builder's mind. Young's works are as devout, as satirical, sometimes as merry as those of Cowper; and, undoubtedly, more witty. But the melancholy and wit of Young do not make up to us the idea of a conceivable or natural being. He has sketched in his pages the ingenious, but incongruous form of a fictitious mind—Cowper's soul speaks from his volumes.

At the same time, while there is in Cowper a power of simple expression—of solid thought—and sincere feeling, which may be said, in a general view, to make the harsher and softer traits of his genius harmonize, I cannot but recur to the observation, that there are occasions when his contrarieties and asperities are positively unpleasing. Mr. Hayley commends him for possessing, above any ancient or modern author, the nice art of passing, by the most delicate transition, from subjects to subjects, which might otherwise seem to be but little, or not at all, allied to each other:

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

With regard to Cowper's art of transition, I am disposed to agree with Mr. Hayley, that it was very nice. In his own mind, trivial and solemn subjects were easily associated, and he appears to make no effort in bringing them together. The transition sprang from the peculiar habits of his imagination, and was marked by the delicacy and subtlety of his powers. But the general taste and frame of the human mind is not calculated to receive pleasure from such transitions, however dexterously they may be made. The reader's imagination is never so passively in the hands of an author, as not to compare the different impressions arising from successive passages; and there is no versatility in the writer's own thoughts, that will give an air of natural connexion to subjects, if it does not belong to them. Whatever Cowper's art of transition may be, the effect of it is to crowd into close contiguity his Dutch painting and Divinity. This moment we view him, as if prompted by a disdain of all the gaudy subjects of imagination, sporting agreeably with every trifle that comes in his way; in the next, a recollection of the most awful concerns of the human soul, and a belief that four-fifths of the species are living under the ban of their Creator's displeasure, come across his mind; and we then, in the compass of a page, exchange the facetious satirist, or the poet of the garden or the greenhouse, for one who speaks to us in the name of the Omnipotent, and who announces to us all his terrors. No one, undoubtedly, shall

prescribe limits to the association of devout and ordinary thoughts; but still propriety dictates, that the aspect of composition shall not rapidly turn from the smile of levity to a frown that denounces eternal perdition.

He not only passes, within a short compass, from the jocose to the awful, but he sometimes blends them intimately together. It is fair that blundering commentators on the Bible should be exposed. The idea of a drunken postilion forgetting to put the linchpin in the wheel of his carriage, may also be very entertaining to those whose safety is not endangered by his negligence; but still the comparison of a false judgment, which a perverse commentator may pass on the Holy Scriptures, with the accident of Tom the driver being in his cups, is somewhat too familiar for so grave a subject. The force, the humour, and picturesqueness of those satirical sketches, which are interspersed with his religious poems on Hope, Truth, Charity, &c. in his first volume, need not be disputed. One should be sorry to lose them, or indeed any thing that Cowper has written, always saving and excepting the story of Misagathus and his horse, which might be mistaken for an interpolation by Mrs. Unwin. But in those satirical sketches there is still a taste of something like comic sermons; whether he describes the antiquated prude going to church, followed by her footboy, with the dew-drop hanging at his nose, or Vinosa, in the military mess-room, thus expounding his religious belief,

" Adieu to all morality! if grace
" Make works a vain ingredient in the case.
" The Christian hope is—Waiter, draw the cork—
" If I mistake not—Blockhead! with a fork!
" Without good works, whatever some may boast,
" Mere folly and delusion—Sir, your toast.
" My firm persuasion is, at least sometimes,
" That heav'n will weigh man's virtues and his crimes.
* * * * * * * * *
" I glide and steal along with heav'n in view,
" And,—pardon me, the bottle stands with you."

The mirth of the above lines consists chiefly in placing the doctrine of the importance of good works to salvation in the mouth of a drunkard. It is a calvinistic poet making game of an anti-calvinistic creed; and is an excellent specimen of pious bantering and evangelical raillery. But Religion, which disdains the hostility of ridicule, ought also to be above its alliance. Against this practice of compounding mirth and godliness, we may quote the poet's own remark upon St. Paul.

" So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,
" Or merry turn, in all he ever wrote;
" And I consent you take it for your text."

And the Christian poet, by the solemnity of his subject, certainly identifies himself with the Christian preacher; who, as Cowper elsewhere remarks, should be sparing of his smile. The noble effect of

one of his religious pieces, in which he has scarcely in any instance descended to the ludicrous, proves the justice of his own advice. His "Expostulation" is a poetical sermon—an eloquent and sublime one. But there is no Hogarth-painting in this brilliant Scripture piece. Lastly, the objects of his satire are sometimes so unskilfully selected, as to attract either a scanty portion of our indignation, or none at all. When he exposes real vice and enormity, it is with a power that makes the heart triumph in their exposure. But we are very little interested by his declamations on such topics as the effeminacy of modern soldiers; the prodigality of poor gentlemen giving cast clothes to their valets; or the finery of a country girl, whose head-dress is "indebted to some smart wig-weaver's hand." There is also much of the querulous *laudator temporis acti* in reproaching the English youths of his own day, who beat the French in trials of horsemanship, for not being like their forefathers, who beat the same people in contests for crowns; as if there were any thing more laudable in men butchering their fellow creatures, for the purposes of unprincipled ambition, than employing themselves in the rivalship of manly exercise. One would have thought too, that the gentle recluse of Olney, who had so often employed himself in making boxes and bird-cages, might have had a little more indulgence for such as amuse themselves with chess and billiards, than to inveigh so bitterly against those pastimes.

In the mean time, while the tone of his satire becomes rigid, that of his poetry is apt to grow relaxed. The saintly and austere artist seems to be so much afraid of making song a mere fascination to the ear, that he casts, now and then, a little roughness into his versification, particularly his rhymes; not from a vicious ear, but merely to shew that he despises being smooth; forgetting that our language has no superfluous harmony to throw away, and that the roughness of verse is not its strength, but its weakness—the stagnation of the stream, and not its forcible current. Apparently, also, from the fear of ostentation in language, he occasionally sinks his expression into flatness. Even in his high-toned poem of "Expostulation," he tells Britain of the time when she was a "puling starv'ling chit."

Considering the tenor and circumstances of his life, it is not much to be wondered at, that some asperities and peculiarities should have adhered to the strong stem of his genius, like the moss and fungus that cling to some noble oak of the forest, amidst the damps of its unsunned retirement. It is more surprising that he preserved, in such seclusion, so much genuine power of comic observation. Though he himself acknowledged having written "many things with bile" in his first volume, yet his satire has many legitimate objects: and it is not abstracted and declamatory satire; but it places human manners before us in the liveliest attitudes and clearest colours. There is much of the full

distinctness of Theophrastus, and of the nervous and concise spirit of La Bruyere, in his piece entitled "Conversation," with a cast of humour superadded, which is peculiarly English, and not to be found out of England. Nowhere have the sophist—the dubious man, whose evidence,

"For want of prominence and just relief,
"Would hang an honest man, and save a thief,"—

the solemn fop, an oracle behind an empty cask—the sedentary weaver of long tales—the emphatic speaker,

"—— who dearly loves t'oppose,
"In contact inconvenient, nose to nose"—

nowhere have these characters, and all the most prominent nuisances of colloquial intercourse, together with the bashful man, who is a nuisance to himself, been more happily delineated. One species of purity his satires possess, which is, that they are never personal[1]. To *his* high-minded views,

"An individual was a sacred mark,
"Not to be struck in sport, or in the dark."

[1] A single exception may be made to this remark, in the instance of Occiduus, whose musical Sunday parties he reprehended, and who was known to mean the Rev G. Wesley. I know not to whom he alludes in these lines,

"Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,
"Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn."

Every one knows from how accidental a circumstance his greatest original work, "The Task," took its rise, namely, from his having one day complained to Lady Austen that he knew not what subject of poetry to choose, and her having told him to take her sofa for his theme. The mock-heroic commencement of the Task has been censured as a blemish[1]. The general taste, I believe, does not find it so. Mr. Hayley's commendation of his art of transition may, in this instance, be fairly admitted, for he quits his ludicrous history of the sofa, and glides into a description of other objects, by an easy and natural association of thoughts. His whimsical outset in a work, where he promises so little and performs so much, may even be advantageously contrasted with those magnificent commencements of poems, which pledge both the reader and the writer, in good earnest, to a task. Cowper's poem, on the contrary, is like a river, which rises from a playful little fountain, and which gathers beauty and magnitude as it proceeds.

——— "velut tenui nascens de fomite rivus
"Per tacitas, primum nullo cum murmure, valles
"Serpit; et ut patrii se sensim e margine fontis
"Largius effudit; pluvios modo colligit imbres,
"Et postquam spatio vires accepit et undas," &c.

BUCHANAN.

[1] In the Edinburgh Review.

He leads us abroad into his daily walks; he exhibits the landscapes which he was accustomed to contemplate, and the trains of thought in which he habitually indulged. No attempt is made to interest us in legendary fictions, or historical recollections connected with the ground over which he expatiates, all is plainness and reality; but we instantly recognize the true poet, in the clearness, sweetness, and fidelity of his scenic draughts; in his power of giving novelty to what is common; and in the high relish, the exquisite enjoyment of rural sights and sounds which he communicates to the spirit. "His eyes "drink the rivers with delight[1]." He excites an idea, that almost amounts to sensation, of the freshness and delight of a rural walk, even when he leads us to the wasteful common, which

——" overgrown with fern, and rough
" With prickly gorse, that, shapeless and deform'd,
" And dang'rous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
" And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
" Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
" Smells fresh, and, rich in odorif'rous herbs
" And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
" With luxuries of unexpected sweets."

His rural prospects have far less variety and compass than those of Thomson; but his graphic touches

[1] An expression in one of his letters.

are more close and minute: not that Thomson was either deficient or undelightful in circumstantial traits of the beauty of nature, but he looked to her as a whole more than Cowper. His genius was more excursive and philosophical. The poet of Olney, on the contrary, regarded human philosophy with something of theological contempt. To his eye, the great and little things of this world were levelled into an equality, by his recollection of the power and purposes of Him who made them. They are, in his view, only as toys spread on the lap and carpet of nature, for the childhood of our immortal being. This religious indifference to the world, is far, indeed, from blunting his sensibility to the genuine and simple beauties of creation; but it gives his taste a contentment and fellowship with humble things. It makes him careless of selecting and refining his views of nature, beyond their casual appearance. He contemplated the face of plain rural English life, in moments of leisure and sensibility, till its minutest features were impressed upon his fancy; and he sought not to embellish what he loved. Hence his landscapes have less of the ideally beautiful than Thomson's; but they have an unrivalled charm of truth and reality.

The flat country where he resided certainly exhibited none of those wilder graces of nature, which he had sufficient genius to have delineated; and yet there are perhaps few romantic descriptions of rocks, precipices, and torrents, which we should prefer to

the calm English character and familiar repose of the following landscape. It is in the finest manner of Cowper, and unites all his accustomed fidelity and distinctness with a softness and delicacy, which are not always to be found in his specimens of the picturesque.

" How oft upon yon eminence our pace
" Has slacken'd to a pause, and we have borne
" The ruffling wind, scarce conscious that it blew,
" While Admiration, feeding at the eye,
" And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene.
" Thence with what pleasure have we just discern'd
" The distant plough slow moving, and beside
" His lab'ring team, that swerv'd not from the track,
" The sturdy swain diminish'd to a boy!
" Here Ouse, slow winding through a level plain
" Of spacious meads with cattle sprinkled o'er,
" Conducts the eye along his sinuous course
" Delighted. There, fast rooted in their bank,
" Stand, never overlook'd, our fav'rite elms,
" That screen the herdsman's solitary hut;
" While far beyond, and overthwart the stream,
" That, as with molten glass, inlays the vale,
" The sloping land recedes into the clouds;
" Displaying on its varied side the grace
" Of hedge-row beauties numberless, square tow'r,
" Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
" Just undulates upon the list'ning ear,
" Groves, heaths, and smoking villages, remote."

The whole scene is so defined, that one longs to see it transferred to painting.

He is one of the few poets, who have indulged neither in descriptions nor acknowledgments of the passion of love; but there is no poet, who has given us a finer conception of the amenity of female influence. Of all the verses that have been ever devoted to the subject of domestic happiness, those in his winter evening, at the opening of the fourth book of the Task, are perhaps the most beautiful. In perusing that scene of "intimate delights," "fireside enjoyments," and "home-born happiness," we seem to recover a part of the forgotten value of existence, when we recognize the means of its blessedness so widely dispensed, and so cheaply attainable, and find them susceptible of description at once so enchanting and so faithful.

Though the scenes of "The Task" are laid in retirement, the poem affords an amusing perspective of human affairs. Remote as the poet was from the stir of the great Babel, from the "*confusæ sonus urbis et illætabile murmur*," he glances at most of the subjects of public interest, which engaged the attention of his contemporaries. On those subjects, it is but faint praise to say, that he espoused the side of justice and humanity. Abundance of mediocrity of talent is to be found on the same side, rather injuring than promoting the cause, by its officious declamation. But nothing can be farther from the stale common-place and cuckooism of sentiment, than

the philanthropic eloquence of Cowper—he speaks "like one having authority." Society is his debtor. Poetical expositions of the horrors of slavery may, indeed, seem very unlikely agents in contributing to destroy it; and it is possible that the most refined planter in the West Indies, may look with neither shame nor compunction, on his own image in the pages of Cowper, exposed as a being degraded by giving stripes and tasks to his fellow creature. But such appeals to the heart of the community are not lost. They fix themselves silently in the popular memory, and they become, at last, a part of that public opinion, which must, sooner or later, wrench the lash from the hand of the oppressor.

I should have ventured to offer a few remarks on the shorter poems of Cowper, as well as on his translation of Homer, if I had not been fearful, not only of trespassing on the reader's patience, but on the boundaries which I have been obliged to prescribe to myself, in the length of these notices. There are many zealous admirers of the poet, who will possibly refuse all quarter to the observations on his defects, which I have freely made; but there are few, who have read him, I conceive, who have been so slightly delighted as to think I have over-rated his descriptions of external nature, his transcripts of human manners, or his powers as a moral poet, of inculcating those truths and affections which make the heart feel itself better and more happy.

FROM THE TASK.

BOOK I.

Colonnades commended—Alcove, and the view from it—The Wilderness—The Grove—The Thresher—The necessity and benefits of Exercise.

Not distant far, a length of colonnade
Invites us. Monument of ancient taste,
Now scorn'd, but worthy of a better fate.
Our fathers knew the value of a screen
From sultry suns: and, in their shaded walks
And long protracted bow'rs, enjoy'd at noon
The gloom and coolness of declining day.
We bear our shades about us; self-depriv'd
Of other screen, the thin umbrella spread,
And range an Indian waste without a tree.
Thanks to Benevolus—he spares me yet
These chesnuts rang'd in corresponding lines;
And, though himself so polish'd, still reprieves
The obsolete prolixity of shade.
  Descending now (but cautious, lest too fast)
A sudden steep upon a rustic bridge,
We pass a gulf, in which the willows dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to drink.
Hence, ancle deep in moss and flow'ry thyme,
We mount again, and feel at ev'ry step
Our foot half sunk in hillocks green and soft,
Rais'd by the mole, the miner of the soil.
He, not unlike the great ones of mankind,

Disfigures earth: and, plotting in the dark,
Toils much to earn a monumental pile,
That may record the mischiefs he has done.
The summit gain'd, behold the proud alcove,
That crowns it! yet not all its pride secures
The grand retreat from injuries impress'd
By rural carvers, who with knives deface
The pannels, leaving an obscure, rude name,
In characters uncouth, and spelt amiss.
So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself
Beats in the breast of man, that ev'n a few,
Few transient years, won from th' abyss abhorr'd
Of blank oblivion, seem a glorious prize,
And even to a clown. Now roves the eye;
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command. The sheepfold here
Pours out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.
At first, progressive as a stream, they seek
The middle field; but, scatter'd by degrees
Each to his choice, soon whiten all the land.
There from the sunburnt hayfield homeward creeps
The loaded wain; while, lighten'd of its charge,
The wain that meets it passes swiftly by;
The boorish driver leaning o'er his team
Vocif'rous, and impatient of delay.
Nor less attractive is the woodland scene,
Diversified with trees of ev'ry growth,
Alike, yet various. Here the gray smooth trunks
Of ash, or lime, or beech, distinctly shine,
Within the twilight of their distant shades;

There, lost behind a rising ground, the wood
Seems sunk, and shorten'd to its topmost boughs.
No tree in all the grove but has its charms,
Though each its hue peculiar; paler some,
And of a wannish gray; the willow such,
And poplar, that with silver lines his leaf,
And ash far-stretching his umbrageous arm;
Of deeper green the elm; and deeper still,
Lord of the woods, the long-surviving oak.
Some glossy-leav'd, and shining in the sun,
The maple, and the beech of oily nuts
Prolific, and the lime at dewy eve
Diffusing odours: nor unnoted pass
The sycamore, capricious in attire,
Now green, now tawny, and, ere autumn yet
Have chang'd the woods, in scarlet honours bright.
O'er these, but far beyond (a spacious map
Of hill and valley interpos'd between),
The Ouse, dividing the well-water'd land,
Now glitters in the sun, and now retires,
As bashful, yet impatient to be seen.
Hence the declivity is sharp and short,
And such the re-ascent; between them weeps
A little naiad her impov'rish'd urn
All summer long, which winter fills again.
The folded gates would bar my progress now,
But that the lord of this inclos'd demesne,
Communicative of the good he owns,
Admits me to a share; the guiltless eye
Commits no wrong, nor wastes what it enjoys.

Refreshing change! where now the blazing sun?
By short transition we have lost his glare,
And stepp'd at once into a cooler clime.
Ye fallen avenues! once more I mourn
Your fate unmerited, once more rejoice,
That yet a remnant of your race survives.
How airy and how light the graceful arch,
Yet awful as the consecrated roof
Re-echoing pious anthems! while beneath
The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance,
Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
And dark'ning and enlight'ning, as the leaves
Play wanton, ev'ry moment, ev'ry spot.
And now, with nerves new-brac'd and spirits cheer'd,
We tread the wilderness, whose well-roll'd walks,
With curvature of slow and easy sweep—
Deception innocent—give ample space
To narrow bounds. The grove receives us next;
Between the upright shafts of whose tall elms
We may discern the thresher at his task.
Thump after thump resounds the constant flail,
That seems to swing uncertain, and yet falls
Full on the destin'd ear. Wide flies the chaff,
The rustling straw sends up a frequent mist
Of atoms, sparkling in the noonday beam.
Come hither, ye that press your beds of down,
And sleep not; see him sweating o'er his bread

Before he eats it.—'Tis the primal curse,
But soften'd into mercy; made the pledge
Of cheerful days, and nights without a groan.
By ceaseless action all that is subsists.
Constant rotation of th' unwearied wheel,
That Nature rides upon, maintains her health,
Her beauty, her fertility. She dreads
An instant's pause, and lives but while she moves.
Its own revolvency upholds the World.
Winds from all quarters agitate the air,
And fit the limpid element for use,
Else noxious; oceans, rivers, lakes, and streams,
All feel the fresh'ning impulse, and are cleans'd
By restless undulation: ev'n the oak
Thrives by the rude concussion of the storm:
He seems indeed indignant, and to feel
Th' impression of the blast with proud disdain,
Frowning, as if in his unconscious arm
He held the thunder: but the monarch owes
His firm stability to what he scorns,
More fix'd below, the more disturb'd above.
The law, by which all creatures else are bound,
Binds man, the lord of all. Himself derives
No mean advantage from a kindred cause,
From strenuous toil his hours of sweetest ease.
The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When Custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,
And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,

Reproach their owner with that love of rest,
To which he forfeits ev'n the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and, its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The pow'rs of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Ev'n age itself seems privileg'd in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The vet'ran shows, and, gracing a gray beard
With youthful smiles, descends toward the grave
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

OPENING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF THE TASK.

O FOR a lodge in some vast wildnerness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick, with ev'ry day's report
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the nat'ral bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax,
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own; and having pow'r
T' enforce the wrong, for such a worthy cause
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interpos'd
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplor'd
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man? And what man, seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth,
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No: dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation priz'd above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—Then why abroad?
And they themselves, once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loos'd.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;

They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through ev'ry vein
Of all your empire; that, where Britain's pow'r
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Arrival of the Post in a Winter Evening—The Newspaper—The World contemplated at a distance—Address to Winter—The rural Amusements of a Winter Evening compared with fashionable ones.

FROM BOOK IV.

HARK! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,

Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awak'd?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set th' imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utt'rance once again.
  Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning, who with shining face
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points through both his sides,
Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb,

And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge,
That tempts Ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them, but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T' engross a moment's notice; and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise;
The dearth of information and good sense,
That it foretels us, always comes to pass.
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there

With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me;
Grieves, but alarms me not. I mourn the pride
And av'rice, that make man a wolf to man;
Hear the faint echo of those brazen throats,
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.

He travels and expatiates, as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land;
The manners, customs, policy, of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return—a rich repast for me.
He travels, and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his top-mast, through his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.
O Winter, ruler of th' inverted year,
Thy scatter'd hair with sleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning east,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gath'ring, at short notice, in one group

The family dispers'd, and fixing thought,
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, homeborn happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd Retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted ev'ning, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flow'rs, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for th' amusement of the rest;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry: the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.

The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoy'd, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with Mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd, and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
O ev'nings worthy of the gods! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. O ev'nings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Bells at a distance—Fine noon in winter—Meditation better than books.

FROM BOOK VI.

THERE is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where Mem'ry slept. Wherever I have heard
A kindred melody, the scene recurs,
And with it all its pleasures and its pains.
Such comprehensive views the spirit takes,
That in a few short moments I retrace
(As in a map the voyager his course)
The windings of my way through many years.
Short as in retrospect the journey seems,
It seem'd not always short; the rugged path,
And prospect oft so dreary and forlorn,
Mov'd many a sigh at its disheart'ning length.
Yet feeling present evils, while the past
Faintly impress the mind, or not at all,
How readily we wish time spent revok'd,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive)

We miss'd that happiness we might have found!
Some friend is gone, perhaps his son's best friend,
A father, whose authority, in show
When most severe, and must'ring all its force,
Was but the graver countenance of love;
Whose favour, like the clouds of spring, might low'r,
And utter now and then an awful voice,
But had a blessing in its darkest frown,
Threat'ning at once and nourishing the plant.
We lov'd, but not enough, the gentle hand,
That rear'd us. At a thoughtless age, allur'd
By ev'ry gilded folly, we renounc'd
His shelt'ring side, and wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recal to life
The boy's neglected sire! a mother too,
That softer friend, perhaps more gladly still,
Might he demand them at the gates of death.
Sorrow has, since they went, subdu'd and tam'd
The playful humour; he could now endure,
(Himself grown sober in the vale of tears)
And feel a parent's presence no restraint.
But not to understand a treasure's worth,
Till time has stolen away the slighted good,
Is cause of half the poverty we feel,
And makes the world the wilderness it is.
The few that pray at all pray oft amiss,
And, seeking grace t' improve the prize they hold,
Would urge a wiser suit than asking more.

The night was winter in his roughest mood;
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon

Upon the southern side of the slant hills,
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue
Without a cloud, and white without a speck
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale;
And through the trees I view th' embattled tow'r,
Whence all the music. I again perceive
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,
And settle in soft musings as I tread
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,
Whose outspread branches over-arch the glade.
The roof, though moveable through all its length
As the wind sways it, has yet well suffic'd,
And, intercepting in their silent fall
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.
The redbreast warbles still, but is content
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd:
Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.
Stillness, accompanied with sounds so soft,
Charms more than silence. Meditation here
May think down hours to moments. Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And Learning wiser grow without his books.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

TOLL for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle:
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,

When Kempenfelt went down
   With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
   Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
   The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
   And she may float again
Full-charg'd with England's thunder,
   And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
   His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
   Shall plough the wave no more.

YARDLEY OAK.

SURVIVOR sole, and hardly such, of all
That once liv'd here, thy brethren, at my birth,
(Since which I number threescore winters past,)
A shatter'd vet'ran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages! could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
I might with rev'rence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagined sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Lov'd not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscrib'd, as to a refuge, fled.
Thou wast a bauble once, a cup and ball
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through
So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!
Thou fell'st mature; and, in the loamy clod
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Didst burn thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,
Now stars; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,

And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.
Who liv'd when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but, at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recov'ring, and mistated setting right——
Desp'rate attempt, till trees shall speak again!
Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods;
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost in. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the num'rous flocks
That graz'd it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.
While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as cent'ry roll'd
Slow after century, a giant-bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root
Upheav'd above the soil, and sides emboss'd

With prominent wens globose—till at the last
The rottenness, which time is charg'd to inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.
What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought, e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates not unimpair'd;
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the dec

Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the ax spar'd thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest wag'd
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserv'd,
Achiev'd a labour which had, far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.
  Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought but the scoop'd rind that seems
An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsics, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
  So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulveriz'd of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splinter'd stump bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
Yet life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The Spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force
Than yonder upstarts of the neighb'ring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth receiv'd
Half a millennium since the date of thine.
But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.
One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gaz'd,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor ow'd articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man
At once, upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd

To each his name significant, and, fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heav'n
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority. No tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme; . . . .
* * * * * * * *

TO MARY.

The twentieth year is well nigh past,
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow-
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disus'd, and shine no more;
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I show,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of wo,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

TO MRS. ANNE BODHAM,

ON RECEIVING FROM HER A NETWORK PURSE, MADE BY HERSELF.

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,
When I was young, and thou no more
Than plaything for a nurse,
I danced and fondled on my knee,
A kitten both in size and glee,
I thank thee for my purse.

Gold pays the worth of all things here;
But not of Love;—that gem's too dear
For richest rogues to win it;
I, therefore, as a proof of Love,
Esteem thy present far above
The best things kept within it.

LINES ON HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorr'wing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse, that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd.
By expectation ev'ry day beguil'd,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;

And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a hist'ry little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Shortliv'd possession! but the record fair,
That mem'ry keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in mem'ry's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in Heav'n, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissu'd flow'rs,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,

(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
" Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy lov'd consort on the dang'rous tide
Of life long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

ERASMUS DARWIN.

BORN 1732.—DIED 1802.

Erasmus Darwin was born at Elton, near Newark, in Nottinghamshire, where his father was a private gentleman. He studied at St. John's college, Cambridge, and took the degree of bachelor in medicine; after which, he went to Edinburgh, to finish his medical studies. Having taken a physician's degree at that university, he settled in his profession at Litchfield; and, by a bold and successful display of his skill in one of the first cases to which he was called, established his practice and reputation. About a year after his arrival, he married a Miss Howard, the daughter of a respectable inhabitant of Litchfield, and by that connexion strengthened his interest in the place. He was, in theory and practice, a rigid enemy to the use of wine, and of all intoxicating liquors; and, in the course of his practice, was regarded as a great promoter of temperate habits among the citizens: but he gave a singular instance of his departure from his own theory, within a few years after his arrival in the very place, where he proved the apostle of sobriety. Having one day joined a few friends, who were going on a water party, he got so tipsy after a cold collation, that, on the boat approaching Nottingham, he jumped into the river, and swam ashore. The party called to

the philosopher to return; but he walked on deliberately, in his wet clothes, till he reached the market-place of Nottingham, and was there found by his friend, an apothecary of the place, haranguing the town's people on the benefit of fresh air, till he was persuaded by his friend to come to his house and shift his clothes. Dr. Darwin stammered habitually, but on this occasion wine untied his tongue. In the prime of life, he had the misfortune to break the patella of his knee, in consequence of attempting to drive a carriage of his own Utopian contrivance, which upset at the first experiment.

He lost his first wife, after thirteen years of domestic union. During his widowhood, Mrs. Pole, the wife of a Mr. Pole, of Redburn, in Derbyshire, brought her children to his house, to be cured of a poison, which they had taken in the shape of medicine, and, by his invitation, she continued with him till the young patients were perfectly cured. He was soon after called to attend the lady, at her own house, in a dangerous fever, and prescribed with more than a physician's interest in her fate. Not being invited to sleep in the house in the night after his arrival, he spent the hours till morning beneath a tree, opposite to her apartment, watching the passing and repassing lights. While the life which he so passionately loved was in danger, he paraphrased Petrarch's celebrated sonnet on the dream which predicted to him the death of Laura. Though less favoured by the muse than Petrarch, he was

more fortunate in love. Mrs. Pole, on the demise of an aged partner, accepted Dr. Darwin's hand, in 1781; and, in compliance with her inclinations, he removed from Litchfield to practise at Derby. He had a family by his second wife, and continued in high professional reputation till his death, in 1802, which was occasioned by angina pectoris, the result of a sudden cold.

Dr. Darwin was between forty and fifty before he began the principal poem by which he is known. Till then he had written only occasional verses, and of these he was not ostentatious, fearing that it might affect his medical reputation to be thought a poet. When his name as a physician had, however, been established, he ventured, in the year 1781, to publish the first part of his "Botanic Garden." Mrs. Anna Seward, in her life of Darwin, declares herself the authoress of the opening lines of the poem; but as she had never courage to make this pretension during Dr. Darwin's life, her veracity on the subject is exposed to suspicion. In 1789 and 1792, the second and third part of his Botanic poem appeared. In 1793 and 1796, he published the first and second parts of his "Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life." In 1801, he published "Phylologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening;" and, about the same time, a small treatise on female education, which attracted little notice. After his death appeared his poem, "The Temple of Nature," a mere echo of the "Botanic Garden."

Darwin was a materialist in poetry no less than in philosophy. In the latter, he attempts to build systems of vital sensibility on mere mechanical principles; and in the former, he paints every thing to the mind's eye, as if the soul had no pleasure beyond the vivid conception of form, colour, and motion. Nothing makes poetry more lifeless than description by abstract terms and general qualities; but Darwin runs to the opposite extreme of prominently glaring circumstantial description, without shade, relief, or perspective.

His celebrity rose and fell with unexampled rapidity. His poetry appeared at a time peculiarly favourable to innovation, and his attempt to wed poetry and science was a bold experiment, which had some apparent sanction from the triumphs of modern discovery. When Lucretius wrote, science was in her cradle; but modern philosophy had revealed truths in nature more sublime than the marvels of fiction. The Rosicrucian machinery of his poem had, at the first glance, an imposing appearance, and the variety of his allusion was surprising. On a closer view, it was observable that the Botanic goddess, and her Sylphs and Gnomes, were useless, from their having no employment; and tiresome, from being the mere pretexts for declamation. The variety of allusion is very whimsical. Dr. Franklin is compared to Cupid; whilst Hercules, Lady Melbourne, Emma Crewe, Brindley's canals, and sleeping cherubs, sweep on like images in a

dream. Tribes and grasses are likened to angels, and the truffle is rehearsed as a subterranean empress. His laborious ingenuity in finding comparisons is frequently like that of Harvey in his "Meditations," or of Flavel in his "Gardening Spiritualized."

If Darwin, however, was not a good poet, it may be owned that he is frequently a bold personifier, and that some of his insulated passages are musical and picturesque. His Botanic Garden once pleased many better judges than his affected biographer, Anna Seward; it fascinated even the taste of Cowper, who says, in conjunction with Hayley,

"We, therefore pleas'd, extol thy song,
"Though various yet complete,
"Rich in embellishment, as strong
"And learned as 'tis sweet.

"And deem the bard, whoe'er he be,
"And howsoever known,
"That will not weave a wreath for thee,
"Unworthy of his own."

DESTRUCTION OF CAMBYSES'S ARMY.

FROM THE BOTANIC GARDEN, CANTO II.

When Heaven's dread justice smites in crimes o'ergrown
The blood-nursed Tyrant on his purple throne,
Gnomes! your bold forms unnumber'd arms out stretch,
And urge the vengeance o'er the guilty wretch.—
Thus when Cambyses led his barbarous hosts
From Persia's rocks to Egypt's trembling coasts,
Defiled each hallowed fane, and sacred wood,
And, drunk with fury, swell'd the Nile with blood;
Waved his proud banner o'er the Theban states,
And pour'd destruction through her hundred gates;
In dread divisions march'd the marshal'd bands,
And swarming armies blackened all the lands,
By Memphis these to Ethiop's sultry plains,
And those to Hammon's sand-encircled fanes.
Slow as they pass'd, the indignant temples frown'd,
Low curses muttering from the vaulted ground;
Long aisles of cypress waved their deepen'd glooms,
And quivering spectres grinn'd amid the tombs;
Prophetic whispers breathed from Sphinx's tongue,
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung;
Burst from each pyramid expiring groans,
And darker shadows stretch'd their lengthen'd cones.
Day after day their deathful route they steer,
Lust in the van, and Rapine in the rear.

Gnomes! as they march'd, you hid the gather'd
fruits,
The bladed grass, sweet grains, and mealy roots;
Scared the tired quails, that journey'd o'er their heads,
Retain'd the locusts in their earthy beds;
Bade on your sands no night-born dews distil,
Stay'd with vindictive hands the scanty rill.—
Loud o'er the camp the fiend of Famine shrieks,
Calls all her brood, and champs her hundred beaks;
O'er ten square leagues her pennons broad expand,
And twilight swims upon the shuddering sand;
Perch'd on her crest the griffin Discord clings,
And giant Murder rides between her wings;
Blood from each clotted hair, and horny quill,
And showers of tears in blended streams distil;
High poised in air her spiry neck she bends,
Rolls her keen eye, her dragon claws extends,
Darts from above, and tears at each fell swoop
With iron fangs the decimated troop.
Now o'er their head the whizzing whirlwinds
breathe,
And the live desert pants, and heaves beneath;
Tinged by the crimson sun, vast columns rise
Of eddying sands, and war amid the skies,
In red arcades the billowy plain surround,
And whirling turrets stalk along the ground.
—Long ranks in vain their shining blades extend,
To demon-gods their knees unhallow'd bend.
Wheel in wide circle, form in hollow square,
And now they front, and now they fly the war,

Pierce the deaf tempest with lamenting cries,
Press their parch'd lips, and close their blood-shot
eyes.
Gnomes! o'er the waste you led your myriad powers,
Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers!
Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains urge;
Wave over wave the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling
limbs;
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush,—
Wheeling in air the winged islands fall,
And one great earthy ocean covers all!—
Then ceased the storm,—Night bow'd his Ethiop
brow
To earth, and listen'd to the groans below,—
Grim Horror shook,—awhile the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes,—and all was still!

PERSUASION TO MOTHERS TO SUCKLE THEIR OWN CHILDREN.

FROM CANTO III.

Connubial Fair! whom no fond transport warms
To lull your infant in maternal arms;
Who, bless'd in vain with tumid bosoms, hear
His tender wailings with unfeeling ear;

The soothing kiss and milky rill deny,
To the sweet pouting lip, and glistening eye!—
Ah! what avails the cradle's damask roof,
The eider bolster, and embroider'd woof!
Oft hears the gilded couch unpity'd plains,
And many a tear the tassel'd cushion stains!
No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow, as his mother's breast!—
Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,
The cherub, Innocence, with smile divine
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on Beauty's shrine.

MIDNIGHT CONFLAGRATION, CATASTROPHE OF THE FAMILIES OF WOODMASON AND MOLESWORTH.

FROM THE SAME.

From dome to dome when flames infuriate climb,
Sweep the long street, invest the tower sublime;
Gild the tall vanes amid the astonish'd night,
And reddening heaven returns the sanguine light;
While with vast strides and bristling hair aloof
Pale Danger glides along the falling roof;
And giant Terror howling in amaze
Moves his dark limbs across the lurid blaze.
Nymphs! you first taught the gelid wave to rise,
Hurl'd in resplendent arches to the skies;
In iron cells condensed the airy spring,
And imp'd the torrent with unfailing wing;

—On the fierce flames the shower impetuous falls,
And sudden darkness shrouds the shatter'd walls;
Steam, smoke, and dust, in blended volumes roll,
And night and silence repossess the pole.
Where were ye, Nymphs! in those disast'rous hours,
Which wrap'd in flames Augusta's sinking towers?
Why did ye linger in your wells and groves,
When sad Woodmason mourn'd her infant loves?
When thy fair daughters with unheeded screams,
Ill-fated Molesworth! call'd the loitering streams?—
The trembling nymph, on bloodless fingers hung,
Eyes from the tottering wall the distant throng,
With ceaseless shrieks her sleeping friends alarms,
Drops with singed hair into her lover's arms,—
The illumin'd mother seeks with footsteps fleet,
Where hangs the safe balcony o'er the street,
Wrap'd in her sheet her youngest hope suspends,
And panting lowers it to her tiptoe friends;
Again she hurries on affection's wings,
And now a third, and now a fourth, she brings;
Safe all her babes, she smooths her horrent brow,
And bursts through bickering flames, unscorch'd below:
So, by her son arraigned, with feet unshod
O'er burning bars indignant Emma trod.
E'en on the day when Youth with Beauty wed,
The flames surprised them in their nuptial bed;—
Seen at the opening sash with bosom bare,
With wringing hands, and dark dishevel'd hair,

The blushing bride with wild disorder'd charms
Round her fond lover winds her ivory arms;
Beat, as they clasp, their throbbing hearts with fear,
And many a kiss is mixed with many a tear;—
Ah me! in vain the labouring engines pour
Round their pale limbs the ineffectual shower!—
—Then crash'd the floor, while shrinking crowds
retire,
And Love and Virtue sunk amid the fire!—
With piercing screams afflicted strangers mourn,
And their white ashes mingle in their urn.

THE HEROIC ATTACHMENT OF THE YOUTH IN HOLLAND, WHO ATTENDED HIS MISTRESS IN THE PLAGUE.

FROM CANTO IV.

Thus when the Plague, upborne on Belgian air,
Look'd through the mist and shook his clotted hair;
O'er shrinking nations steer'd malignant clouds,
And rain'd destruction on the gasping crowds;
The beauteous Ægle felt the venom'd dart[1],
Slow roll'd her eye, and feebly throbb'd her heart;

[1] When the plague raged in Holland, in 1636, a young girl was seized with it, had three carbuncles, and was removed to a garden, where her lover, who was betrothed to her, attended her as a nurse, and slept with her as his wife. He remained uninfected, and she recovered, and was married to him. The story is related by Vinc. Fabricius, in the Misc. Cur. Ann. II. Obs. 188.

Each fervid sigh seem'd shorter than the last,
And starting Friendship shunn'd her, as she pass'd.
—With weak unsteady step the fainting maid
Seeks the cold garden's solitary shade,
Sinks on the pillowy moss her drooping head,
And prints with lifeless limbs her leafy bed.
—On wings of love her plighted swain pursues,
Shades her from winds, and shelters her from dews,
Extends on tapering poles the canvas roof,
Spreads o'er the straw-wove mat the flaxen woof,
Sweet buds and blossoms on her bolster strows,
And binds his kerchief round her aching brows;
Soothes with soft kiss, with tender accents charms,
And clasps the bright infection in his arms.—
With pale and languid smiles the grateful fair
Applauds his virtues, and rewards his care;
Mourns with wet cheek her fair companions fled
On timorous step, or number'd with the dead,
Calls to her bosom all its scatter'd rays,
And pours on Thyrsis the collected blaze;
Braves the chill night, caressing and caress'd,
And folds her hero-lover to her breast.—
Less bold, Leander at the dusky hour
Eyed, as he swam, the far love-lighted tower;
Breasted with struggling arms the tossing wave,
And sunk benighted in the watery grave.
Less bold, Tobias claim'd the nuptial bed
Where seven fond lovers by a fiend had bled.
And drove, instructed by his angel-guide,
The enamour'd demon from the fatal bride.—

—Sylphs! while your winnowing pinions fann'd the
air,
And shed gay visions o'er the sleeping pair;
Love round their couch effused his rosy breath,
And with his keener arrows conquer'd Death.

JAMES BEATTIE.

BORN 1735.—DIED 1803.

James Beattie was born in the parish of Lawrence Kirk, in Kincardineshire, Scotland. His father, who rented a small farm in that parish, died when the poet was only ten years old; but the loss of a protector was happily supplied to him by his elder brother, who kept him at school till he obtained a bursary at the Marischal college, Aberdeen. At that university he took the degree of master of arts; and, at nineteen, he entered on the study of divinity, supporting himself, in the mean time, by teaching a school in the neighbouring parish. Whilst he was in this obscure situation, some pieces of verse, which he transmitted to the Scottish Magazine, gained him a little local celebrity. Mr. Garden, an eminent Scottish lawyer, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, and Lord Monboddo, encouraged him as an ingenious young man, and introduced him to the tables of the

neighbouring gentry, an honour not usually extended to a parochial schoolmaster. In 1757, he stood candidate for a mastership of the high-school of Aberdeen. He was foiled by a competitor, who surpassed him in the minutiæ of Latin grammar, but his character, as a scholar, suffered so little by the disappointment, that at the next vacancy he was called to the place without a trial. He had not been long at this school, when he published a volume of poems, in 1761, which (it speaks much for the critical clemency of the times) were favourably received, and highly commended in the English Reviews. So little satisfied was the author himself with those early effusions, that, excepting four, which he admitted to a subsequent edition of his works, he was anxious to have them consigned to oblivion; and he destroyed every copy of the volume which he could procure. About the age of twenty-six, he obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy, in the Marischal college of Aberdeen, a promotion which he must have owed to his general reputation in literature: but it is singular, that the friend who first proposed to solicit the High Constable of Scotland to obtain this appointment, should have grounded the proposal on the merit of Beattie's poetry. In the volume already mentioned, there can scarcely be said to be a budding promise of genius.

Upon his appointment to this professorship, which he held for forty years, he immediately prepared a

course of lectures for the students; and gradually compiled materials for those prose works, on which his name would rest with considerable reputation, if he were not known as a poet. It is true, that he is not a first-rate metaphysician; and the Scotch, in undervaluing his powers of abstract and close reasoning, have been disposed to give him less credit than he deserves, as an elegant and amusing writer. But the English, who must be best able to judge of his style, admire it for an ease, familiarity, and an Anglicism, that is not to be found even in the correct and polished diction of Blair. His mode of illustrating abstract questions is fanciful and interesting.

In 1765, he published a poem, entitled "The Judgment of Paris" which his biographer, Sir William Forbes, did not think fit to rank among his works[1]. For more obvious reasons Sir William excluded his lines, written in the subsequent year, on the proposal for erecting a monument to Churchill in Westminster Abbey—lines which have no beauty or dignity to redeem their bitter expression of hatred. On particular subjects, Beattie's virtuous indignation was apt to be hysterical. Dr. Reid and Dr. Campbell hated the principles of David Hume as sincerely as the author of the Essay on Truth; but they never betrayed more than

[1] It is to be found in the Scottish Magazine; and, if I may judge from an obscure recollection of it, is at least as well worthy of revival as some of his minor pieces.

philosophical hostility, while Beattie used to speak of the propriety of excluding Hume from civil society.

His reception of Gray, when that poet visited Scotland in 1765, shews the enthusiasm of his literary character in a finer light. Gray's mind was not in poetry only, but in many other respects, peculiarly congenial with his own; and nothing could exceed the cordial and reverential welcome which Beattie gave to his illustrious visitant. In 1770, he published his "Essay on Truth," which had a rapid sale, and extensive popularity; and, within a twelvemonth after, the first part of his "Minstrel." The poem appeared, at first, anonymously, but its beauties were immediately and justly appreciated. The second part was not published till 1774. When Gray criticised the Minstrel, he objected to its author, that, after many stanzas, the description went on, and the narrative stopped. Beattie very justly answered to this criticism, that he meant the poem for description, not for incident. But he seems to have forgotten this proper apology, when he mentions, in one of his letters, his intention of producing Edwin, in some subsequent books, in the character of a warlike bard, inspiring his countrymen to battle, and contributing to repel their invaders. This intention, if he ever seriously entertained it, might have produced some new kind of poem, but would have formed an incongruous counterpart to the piece as it now stands, which, as a picture of

still life, and a vehicle of contemplative morality, has a charm that is inconsistent with the bold evolutions of heroic narrative. After having pourtrayed his young enthusiast with such advantage in a state of visionary quiet, it would have been too violent a transition to have begun in a new book to surround him with dates of time and names of places. The interest which we attach to Edwin's character, would have been lost in a more ambitious effort, to make him a greater or more important, or a more locally defined being. It is the solitary growth of his genius, and his isolated and mystic abstraction from mankind, that fix our attention on the romantic features of that genius. The simplicity of his fate does not divert us from his mind to his circumstances. A more unworldly air is given to his character, that instead of being tacked to the fate of kings, he was one "Who envied not, who never thought of kings;" and that, instead of mingling with the troubles which deface the creation, he only existed to make his thoughts the mirror of its beauty and magnificence. Another English critic[1] has blamed Edwin's vision of the fairies as too splendid and artificial for a simple youth; but there is nothing in the situation ascribed to Edwin, as he lived in minstrel days, that necessarily excluded such materials from his fancy. Had he beheld steam-engines or dock-yards in his sleep, the vision might have been pronounced to be too artificial; but he might have heard of fairies and

[1] Dr. Aikin.

their dances, and even of tapers, gold, and gems, from the ballads of his native country. In the second book of the poem there are some fine stanzas; but he has taken Edwin out of the school of nature, and placed him in his own, that of moral philosophy, and hence a degree of languor is experienced by the reader.

Soon after the publication of the "Essay on Truth," and of the first part of the "Minstrel," he paid his first visit to London. His reception, in the highest literary and polite circles, was distinguished and flattering. The university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws, and the Sovereign himself, besides honouring him with a personal conference, bestowed on him a pension of £200 a year.

On his return to Scotland, there was a proposal for transferring him to the university of Edinburgh, which he expressed his wish to decline, from a fear of those personal enemies whom he had excited by his Essay on Truth. This motive, if it was his real one, must have been connected with that weakness and irritability on polemical subjects which have been already alluded to. His metaphysical fame perhaps stood higher in Aberdeen than in Edinburgh; but to have dreaded personal hostility in the capital of a religious country, amidst thousands of individuals as pious as himself, was a weakness unbecoming the professed champion of truth. For reasons of delicacy, more creditable to his memory, he de-

clined a living in the church of England, which was offered to him by his friend Dr Porteus.

After this, there is not much incident in his life. He published a volume of his Essays in 1776, and another in 1783; and the outline of his academical lectures in 1790. In the same year, he edited, at Edinburgh, Addison's papers in the Spectator, and wrote a preface for the edition. He was very unfortunate in his family. The mental disorder of his wife, for a long time before it assumed the shape of decided derangement, broke out in caprices of temper, which disturbed his domestic peace, and almost precluded him from having visitors in his family. The loss of his son, James Hay Beattie, a young man of highly promising talents, who had been conjoined with him in his professorship, was the greatest, though not the last calamity of his life. He made an attempt to revive his spirits after that melancholy event, by another journey to England, and some of his letters from thence bespeak a temporary composure and cheerfulness; but the wound was never healed. Even music, of which he had always been fond, ceased to be agreeable to him, from the lively recollections which it excited of the hours which he had been accustomed to spend in that recreation with his favourite boy. He published the poems of this youth, with a partial eulogy upon his genius, such as might be well excused from a father so situated. At the end of six years more, his other son, Montague Beattie, was also cut off in

the flower of his youth. This misfortune crushed his spirits even to temporary alienation of mind. With his wife in a madhouse, his sons dead, and his own health broken, he might be pardoned for saying, as he looked on the corpse of his last child, "I have done with this world." Indeed he acted as if he felt so; for though he performed the duties of his professorship till within a short time of his death, he applied to no study, enjoyed no society, and answered but few letters of his friends. Yet, amidst the depth of his melancholy, he would sometimes acquiesce in his childless fate, and exclaim, "How could I have borne to see their elegant minds "mangled with madness!" He was struck with a palsy in 1799, by repeated attacks of which his life terminated in 1803.

THE MINSTREL; OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BOOK I.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of Fame;
Supremely blest, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

The rolls of fame I will not now explore;
Nor need I here describe, in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey:
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wild responsive rung:
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide:
The gentle Muses haunt the sylvan reign;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely swain
Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on Nature's charms.
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on russet pinions float:
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er, with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire:
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
No; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene),
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride?

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields!
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy, impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart:
For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed theme.

There lived in Gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree;
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might dwell,
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady;
But he, I ween, was of the north countrie;
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms;
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock:
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er
they went.

From labour health, from health contentment springs:
Contentment opes the source of every joy.
He envied not, he never thought of, kings;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy:
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd;
He mourned no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smiled,
And her alone he loved, and loved her from a child.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
Each season look'd delightful as it past,
To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
Of pride, each bud of joy industrious to deform.

The wight, whose tale these artless lines unfold,
Was all the offspring of this humble pair:
His birth no oracle or seer foretold;
No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
You guess each circumstance of Edwin's birth;
The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
The gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and worth;
And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy:
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad;
And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet bless'd the lad:
Some deem'd him wondrous wise, and some believed
him mad.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps; but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head,
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, released the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested; those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for a while;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.
But lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, tost
In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul:
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to control.

" O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!"
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)
" Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful thro' the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

" Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty crown'd!
Ah! see, th' unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrown'd;
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound,
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray:
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders, and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks
away.

" Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales a while the nursling fan.
O smile, ye Heavens, serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,
Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

"And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn:
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the sun's eternal bed?
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No: Heaven's immortal springs shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th' eternal year of Love's triumphant
reign."

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught.
In sooth, 'twas almost all the shepherd knew.
No subtile nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.
"Let man's own sphere," said he, "confine his view,
Be man's peculiar work his sole delight."
And much, and oft, he warn'd him, to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
By pleasure unseduc'd, unaw'd by lawless might.

"And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
own."

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer-rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn, that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's rage,
And disappointment of her sting disarm.
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire;
Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and fancy's pleasing fire:
Fancy and hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves, and corses pale;
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entranced sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanor bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'd'st the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer! who oft hath reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill!
O to thy cursed scream, discordant still,
Let harmony aye shut her gentle ear:
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so.
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow!
Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due!
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye, who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain!
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form! Hence! lest the Muse should
deign,
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide;
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! neglected on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legend when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And sing enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
And ply in caves th' unutterable trade,
'Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in blood,
Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
That heart, by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
To latest times shall tender souls bemoan
Those hopeless orphan babes by thy fell arts undone.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles torn,
The babes now famish'd lay them down to die:
Amidst the howl of darksome woods forlorn,
Folded in one another's arms they lie;
Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry:
" For from the town the man returns no more."
But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st defy,
This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
When Death lays waste thy house, and flames consume thy store.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear,
" But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe?"
O Edwin! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel:
Dark even at noontide is our mortal sphere;
But let us hope; to doubt is to rebel;
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego:
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat, with discontent and rage,
Exclaim that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend!
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gainsay,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages without
end!

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish dream;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies:
For thou art but of dust; be humble, and be wise.

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years.
For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping, pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore:
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why? Their powers, inadequate before,
This idle art makes more and more unfit;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth:
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social hearth;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat, or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.
Ah! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heav'n's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village youth were join'd,
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly melancholy!

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how is that rugged heart forlorn;
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the Muse; he is her scorn.
The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or mourn,
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine;
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glutton
swine.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd;
Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
The wild harp rang to his advent'rous hand,
And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute.
His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute:
Of elegance as yet he took no care;
For this of time and culture is the fruit;
And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare:
As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,
He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
Roused him, still keen to listen and to pry.
At last, though long by penury controll'd,
And solitude, her soul his graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are bound;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling sound,
Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are crown'd;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart o'er-
flow.

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while;
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But on this verse if Montague should smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame;
And her applause to me is more than fame;
For still with truth accords her taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of human-
kind.

CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY.

BORN 1724.—DIED 1805.

This light and amusing poet was the son of the Rev. Dr. Anstey, rector of Brinkeley, in Cambridgeshire, who had been a fellow of St. John's college, Cambridge. When very young, he was sent to school at Bury St. Edmunds. From thence he was removed to Eton, and placed at the fourth form, as an oppidan, and afterwards on the foundation. He finished his studies at Eton with a creditable character, and in 1741 went as captain to the Mount. From thence he went to Cambridge, where he obtained some reputation by his Tripos verses. In 1745, he was admitted fellow of King's college, and in the following year took his bachelor's degree in the university. When he had nearly completed the terms of his qualification for that of master of arts, he was prevented from obtaining it in consequence of what his own son, his biographer, calls a spirited and popular opposition, which he shewed to the leading men of the university. The phrase of "popular and spirited opposition," sounds promising to the curiosity; but the reader must not expect too much, lest he should be disappointed by learning that this popular opposition was only his refusing to deliver certain declamations, which the

heads of the university (unfairly it was thought) required from the bachelors of King's college. Anstey, as senior of the order of bachelors, had to deliver the first oration. He contrived to begin his speech with a rhapsody of adverbs, which, with no direct meaning, hinted a ridicule on the arbitrary injunction of the university rulers. They soon ordered him to dismount from the rostrum, and called upon him for a new declamation, which, as might be expected, only gave him an opportunity of pointing finer irony in the shape of an apology. This affront was not forgot by his superiors; and when he applied for his degree it was refused to him.

In the year 1756 he married Miss Calvert, sister to his oldest and most intimate friend John Calvert, Esq. of Albury Hall, in Hertfordshire, and sat in several successive parliaments for the borough of Hertford. Having succeeded, after his marriage, to his father's estate, he retired to the family seat in Cambridgeshire, and seems to have spent his days in that smooth happiness which gives life few remarkable eras. He was addicted to the sports of the field and the amusements of the country, undisturbed by ambition, and happy in the possession of friends and fortune. His first literary effort which was published, was his translation of Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard into Latin verse, in which he was assisted by Dr. Roberts, author of "Judah Restored." He was personally acquainted with Gray, and derived from him the benefit of some remarks on his translation.

His first publication in English verse was "The New Bath Guide," which appeared in 1766. The droll and familiar manner of the poem is original; but its leading characters are evidently borrowed from Smollett. Anstey gave the copy price of the piece, which was £200, as a charitable donation to the hospital of Bath; and Dodsley, to whom it had been sold, with remarkable generosity restored the copyright to its author, after it had been eleven years published.

His other works hardly require the investigation of their date. In the decline of life he meditated a collection of his letters and poems; but letters recovered from the repositories of dead friends are but melancholy readings; and, probably overcome by the sensations which they excited, he desisted from his collection. After a happy enjoyment of life (during fifty years of which he had never been confined to bed, except one day, by an accidental hurt upon his leg), he quietly resigned his existence, at the house of his son-in-law, Mr. Bosanquet, in his eighty-first year, surrounded by his family, and retaining his faculties to the last.

FROM THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. SIMKIN B—N—R—D to Lady B—N—R—D, at —— Hall, North.

A Public Breakfast—Motives for the same—A List of the Company—A tender Scene—An unfortunate Incident.

WHAT blessings attend, my dear mother, all those
Who to crowds of admirers their persons expose!
Do the gods such a noble ambition inspire;
Or gods do we make of each ardent desire?
O generous passion! 'tis yours to afford
The splendid assembly, the plentiful board;
To thee do I owe such a breakfast this morn,
As I ne'er saw before since the hour I was born;
'Twas you made my Lord Ragamuffin come here,
Who they say has been lately created a Peer,
And to-day with extreme complaisance and respect ask'd
All the people at Bath to a general breakfast.
You've heard of my Lady Bunbutter, no doubt,
How she loves an assembly, fandango, or rout;
No lady in London is half so expert
At a snug private party her friends to divert;
But they say that, of late, she's grown sick of the town,
And often to Bath condescends to come down:
Her ladyship's fav'rite house is the Bear:
Her chariot, and servants, and horses are there;

My Lady declares that *retiring* is good;
As all with a separate maintenance should:
For when you have put out the conjugal fire,
'Tis time for all sensible folk to retire;
If Hymen no longer his fingers will scorch,
Little Cupid for others can whip in his torch,
So pert is he grown, since the custom began
To be married and parted as quick as you can.
Now my Lord had the honour of coming down post,
To pay his respects to so famous a toast;
In hopes he her Ladyship's favour might win,
By playing the part of a host at an inn.
I'm sure he's a person of great resolution,
Though delicate nerves, and a weak constitution;
For he carried us all to a place cross the river,
And vow'd that the rooms were too hot for his liver:
He said it would greatly our pleasure promote,
If we all for Spring-Gardens set out in a boat:
I never as yet could his reason explain,
Why we all sallied forth in the wind and the rain;
For sure, such confusion was never yet known;
Here a cap and a hat, there a cardinal blown:
While his Lordship, embroider'd and powder'd all o'er,
Was bowing, and handing the ladies a-shore:
How the misses did huddle and scuddle, and run:
One would think to be wet must be very good fun;
For by waggling their tails, they all seem'd to take pains
To moisten their pinions like ducks when it rains;

And 'twas pretty to see how, like birds of a feather,
The people of quality flock'd all together;
All pressing, addressing, caressing, and fond,
Just the same as those animals are in a pond:
You've read all their names in the news, I suppose,
But, for fear you have not, take the list as it goes:
There was Lady Greasewrister,
And Madam Van-Twister,
Her Ladyship's sister.
Lord Cram, and Lord Vulture,
Sir Brandish O'Culter,
With Marshal Carouzer,
And old Lady Mouzer,
And the great Hanoverian Baron Pansmowzer:
Besides many others, who all in the rain went,
On purpose to honour this great entertainment:
The company made a most brilliant appearance,
And ate bread and butter with great perseverance:
All the chocolate too, that my Lord set before 'em,
The ladies despatch'd with the utmost decorum.
Soft musical numbers were heard all around,
The horns and the clarions echoing sound:
Sweet were the strains, as od'rous gales that blow
O'er fragrant banks, where pinks and roses grow.
The Peer was quite ravish'd, while close to his side
Sat Lady Bunbutter, in beautiful pride!
Oft turning his eyes, he with rapture survey'd
All the powerful charms she so nobly display'd.
As when at the feast of the great Alexander,
Timotheus, the musical son of Thersander,

Breath'd heavenly measures;
The prince was in pain,
And could not contain,
While Thais was sitting beside him;
But, before all his peers,
Was for shaking the spheres,
Such goods the kind gods did provide him.
Grew bolder and bolder,
And cock'd up his shoulder,
Like the son of great Jupiter Ammon,
Till at length quite opprest,
He sunk on her breast,
And lay there as dead as a salmon.
O had I a voice that was stronger than steel,
With twice fifty tongues to express what I feel,
And as many good mouths, yet I never could utter
All the speeches my Lord made to Lady Bunbutter!
So polite all the time, that he ne'er touch'd a bit,
While she ate up his rolls and applauded his wit:
For they tell me that men of *true taste*, when they treat,
Should talk a great deal, but they never should eat:
And if that be the fashion, I never will give
Any grand entertainment as long as I live:
For I'm of opinion 'tis proper to cheer
The stomach and bowels, as well as the ear.
Nor me did the charming concerto of Abel
Regale like the breakfast I saw on the table:
I freely will own I the muffins preferr'd
To all the genteel conversation I heard,

E'en though I'd the honour of sitting between
My Lady Stuff-damask and Peggy Moreen,
Who both flew to Bath in the *nightly* machine.
Cries Peggy, "This place is enchantingly pretty;
"We never can see such a thing in the city:
"You may spend all your life-time in Cateaton-street,
"And never so civil a gentleman meet;
"You may talk what you please; you may search London through;
"You may go to Carlisle's, and to Almanac's too:
"And I'll give you my head if you find such a host,
"For coffee, tea, chocolate, butter, and toast:
"How he welcomes at once all the world and his wife,
"And how civil to folk he ne'er saw in his life!"—
"These horns," cries my Lady, "so tickle one's ear,
"Lard! what would I give that Sir Simon was here!
"To the next public breakfast Sir Simon shall go,
"For I find here are folks one may venture to know:
"Sir Simon would gladly his Lordship attend,
"And my Lord would be pleased with so cheerful a friend."
So when we had wasted more bread at a breakfast
Than the poor of our parish have ate for this week past,
I saw, all at once, a prodigious great throng
Come bustling, and rustling, and jostling along:
For his Lordship was pleas'd that the company now
To my Lady Bunbutter should curt'sy and bow:
And my Lady was pleased too, and seem'd vastly proud
At once to receive all the thanks of a crowd:

And when, like Chaldeans, we all had ador'd
This beautiful image set up by my Lord,
Some few insignificant folk went away,
Just to follow th' employments and calls of the day;
But those who knew better their time how to spend,
The fiddling and dancing all chose to attend.
Miss Clunch and Sir Toby perform'd a *Cotillion*,
Just the same as our Susan and Bob the postillion;
All the while her mamma was expressing her joy,
That her daughter the morning so well could employ.
—Now why should the Muse, my dear mother, relate
The misfortunes that fall to the lot of the great?
As homeward we came—'tis with sorrow you'll hear
What a dreadful disaster attended the Peer:
For whether some envious god had decreed
That a Naiad should long to ennoble her breed;
Or whether his Lordship was charm'd to behold
His face in the stream, like Narcissus of old;
In handing old Lady Bumfidget and daughter,
This obsequious Lord tumbled into the water;
But a nymph of the flood brought him safe to the boat,
And I left all the ladies a-cleaning his coat.
Thus the feast was concluded, as far as I hear,
To the great satisfaction of all that were there.
O may he give breakfasts as long as he stays,
For I ne'er ate a better in all my born days.
In haste I conclude, &c. &c. &c.

S—— B—N—R—D.

Bath, 1766.

THE END.

T. Davison, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.